WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 6, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,500,000
AVERAGE
NET PAID

Leslie Thrasher

"A Day in June"

PHILIP WYLIE ~ **LADY CONAN DOYLE** ~ **J. P. McEVOY** ~ **ROBERT BENCHLEY** ~ **FRANK CLARKE**

A summer away from mirrors . . .

taught this Colorado girl the same complexion secret I learned from 73 eminent dermatologists

If you spent a summer out on a ranch with no mirrors to tell you what was happening to your sensitive complexion, wouldn't you be happy if you went back to town and your friends all began admiring your lovely skin?

That's exactly what happened to this Colorado girl. But let her tell the story as she told it to me in a letter:

"My best friend, Dot, who does have the *loveliest* skin, told me she never used anything but Camay. But I wouldn't risk it. I'd always had such a silly skin—hadn't touched my face with soap for years. I always had a slightly greasy look and I never felt really clean, but I thought that was better than blotches."

Last summer this girl went to her brother's ranch. She says that at the end of a day's riding her face used to be covered with dust.

She found that using cold cream was like rubbing sand into her skin. "So," as she writes, "I took courage and made a fine lather of Dot's favorite Camay. It felt so good to be clean that I rubbed it in well and then rinsed and rinsed with clear warm water.

"We spend no time at mirrors on the ranch, so I took little notice of my face.

"When I came back to town, my friends began to call attention to my lovely skin. I was so puzzled that one day I took a hand-mirror and studied my face carefully." My correspondent writes she was amazed at what she saw. Her skin was clear and creamy. And it seemed to have that *underneath* cleanliness she had admired so much in her friend's complexion.

Of course, there's every good scientific reason why Camay was gentle enough for this Colorado girl's sensitive skin. The 73 eminent dermatologists who examined an analysis of Camay's formula and made careful tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of skin, gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild complexion soap, gentle enough for *even the most delicate complexions*.

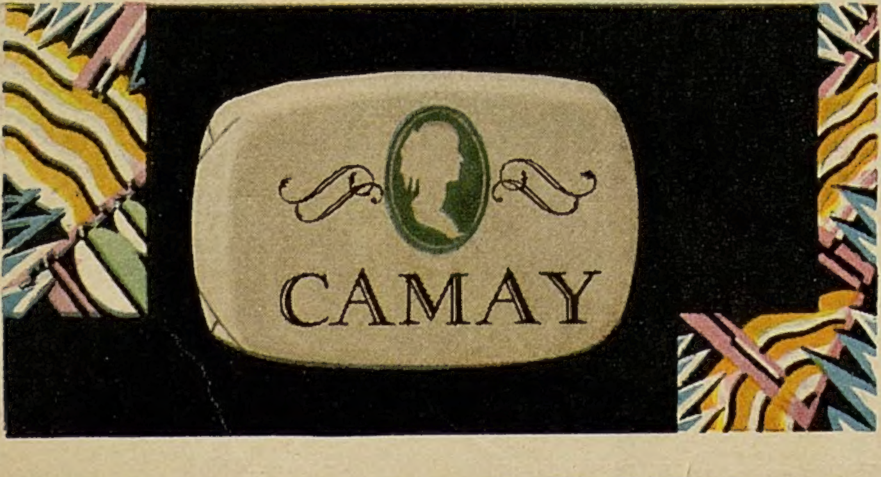
Doesn't that wonderful approval make you realize that Camay is simply the best complexion soap there is?

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-31, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists – no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.



What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

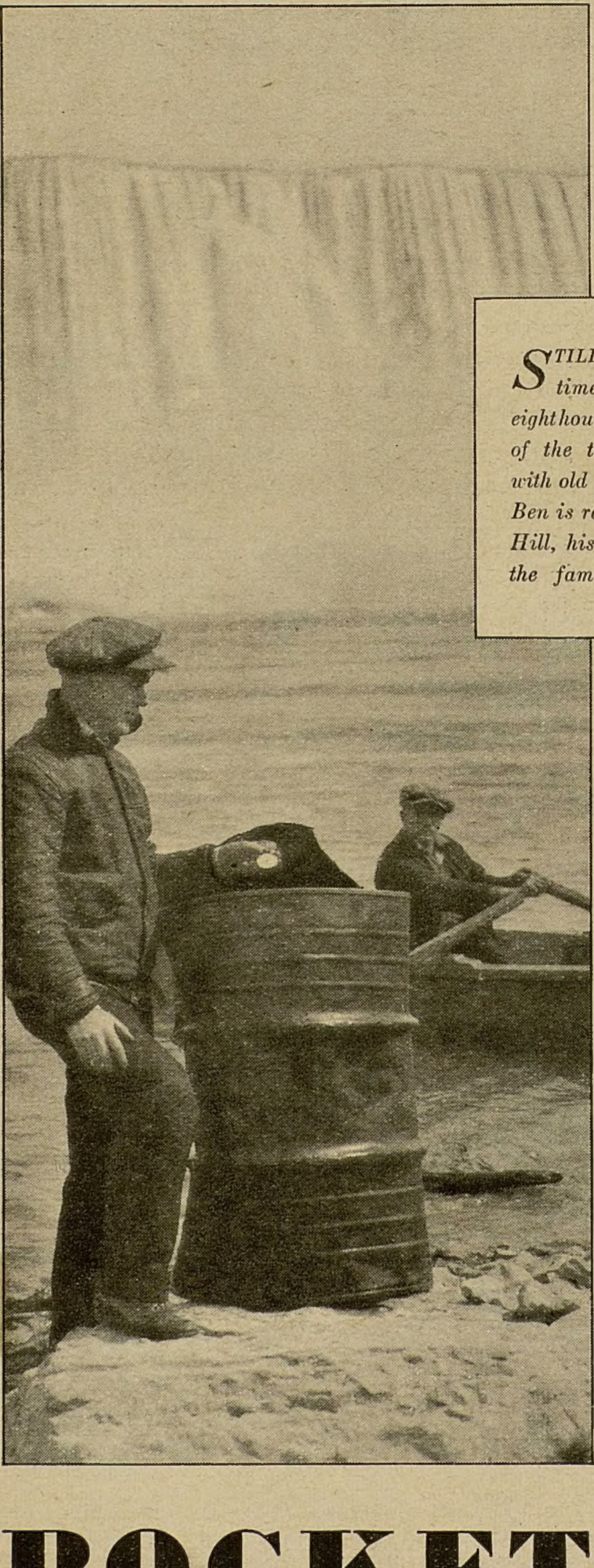
Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

CAMAY [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA] IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP—10¢ A CAKE

POCKET BEN PLUNGES OVER NIAGARA

. . . *and still keeps accurate time!*



STILL ticking and on time to the dot after eight hours and 20 minutes of the toughest battling with old Niagara, Pocket Ben is rescued by "Red" Hill, his "manager" for the famous big jump!

ONLY three people in all Niagara's history have gone over the Falls and lived to tell the tale . . . Now Pocket Ben has taken the leap, and come out not only alive *but still keeping accurate time!*

His hands pointing to 9 a. m., Pocket Ben was sealed in a steel barrel by his "manager", "Red" Hill, who has superintended nearly every attempt to conquer the Falls during the past 20 years. He was tossed into the water a quarter of a mile above Horseshoe Falls, but the incredibly swift current carried him across the river where he was mercilessly thrown against the breakwater on the Canadian side.

Freed from these whirlpools after nearly three hours of punishment, he floated nearer and nearer the brink . . . At last, the big jump — 165 feet over Horseshoe Falls! Soon "Red" Hill sighted the barrel, badly battered and crushed from jagged rocks but still afloat on the treacherous eddies at the base of the Falls.

Hours later the barrel was tossed on shore where the rescuing party, led by "Red", worked frantically to release Pocket Ben. It seems impossible that even *this* sturdy watch could still be alive. . . . Yet after eight hours and 20 minutes of the toughest battling with old Niagara, Pocket Ben was found still ticking heartily—his hands reading 5:20 p.m. on the dot.

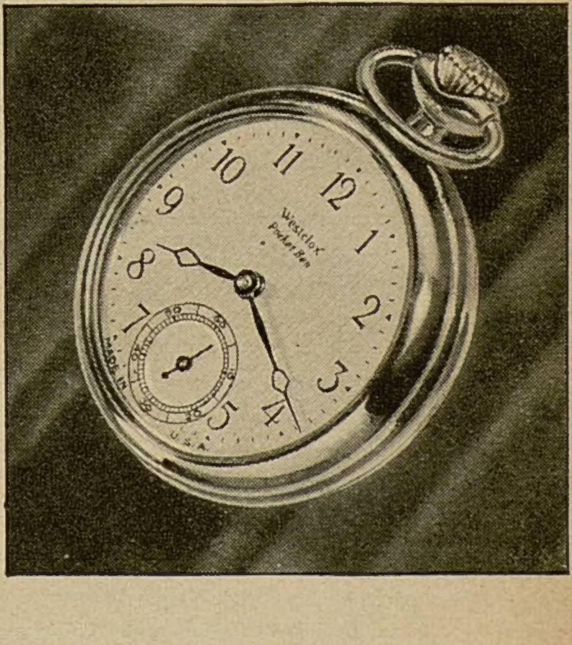
There's a red blooded watch for you—a watch that well deserves to be called "shock-proof". Handsome, dependable, Pocket Ben is just the watch to enjoy "roughing it" with you.

•

POCKET BEN, $1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of LaSalle, Illinois.



POCKET BEN

Westclox . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . ALARMS . . . AUTO CLOCKS

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VOL. 8 No. 23

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> *—Abraham Lincoln.*

OUR NATIONAL HYPOCRISIES

This is an age of pretense. We are taught that honesty is the best policy, but we find out later in life that " white lies " are necessary at times.

Our biggest hypocrisy just now is prohibition —our legislators and others who drink wet and vote dry, who are superficially radical advocates of teetotalism but whose appetites are beyond their control. They must have their stimulant. There are millions of such people.

Life is said to be a stage and we are all playing our parts.

Most of us undoubtedly do the best we can; but the necessity for deceit—dishonesty—can hardly be avoided.

There is the religious hypocrite—there are many of them. They assume a sanctimonious air. They are pure in heart—superficially. But not infrequently they are suave, oily pretenders. Internally they are often foul and dirty. They even see nastiness in God's masterpiece, the human form. That which clean-minded people might find inspiring they often brand obscene.

Ever since Christ drove the Pharisees from the Temple we have had these falsifying hypocrites. They will always be with us.

There is no real religion in the hearts of such people. They are a discredit and a disgrace to the Christian world.

Real religion teaches the brotherhood of mankind. It makes one amiable and friendly. You have a feeling of affection for your fellow man. You want to help him. You are ready to make personal sacrifices to relieve human suffering. You want to spread happiness to all mankind.

It is upstanding Christians of this sort that sanctify religion, that make people everywhere worship at its shrine.

Then there is the moral laxity that has gradually grown worse since the World War. Not so many years ago divorce was a disgrace. You were banned from good society if you dared to turn to it for relief. The rigid principles of old-time morality are gradually fading away. Human instincts are demanding freer license. And it is to be commended that everywhere we are struggling to hide the products of this change.

Our public men find it difficult at times to live up to the ideals to which they are expected to adhere. They fall by the wayside. The temptations that beset them cannot be resisted. All sorts of stories about them are handed around. But they are only published by word of mouth. The newspapers rarely comment on the failings of such people. They cannot forget the words of the Master, " He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

Human nature has not changed since the time of Christ. Certain definite instincts have been implanted within human souls. And the strength of will and character essential to follow the straight and narrow path is possessed by but few people.

Perhaps a certain amount of falsifying is necessary. If to tell the truth means to bring heartaches and trouble into the lives of people, a little falsifying is commendable. You would not want to tell your neighbor, for example, that she looked like an old hag, even if it were true. If you knew that the husband of your best friend was a disloyal adulterer, you would question the advisability of being the informer. Why bring misery into the lives of people unnecessarily?

But there are some kinds of hypocrisy that do make us indignant. Shallow pretenders who continuously live a life of deceit, who are not in any way what they pretend to be, who talk of the heavenly realm and live in Satan's inferno.

It is people of this sort that we would like to uncover to the eyes of the public. And though we will still say that honesty is the best policy, we will admit it can be carried too far.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

"*Why look your age?...* I am 39!" *says* BILLIE BURKE

Famous stage Beauty declares no woman needs look her age

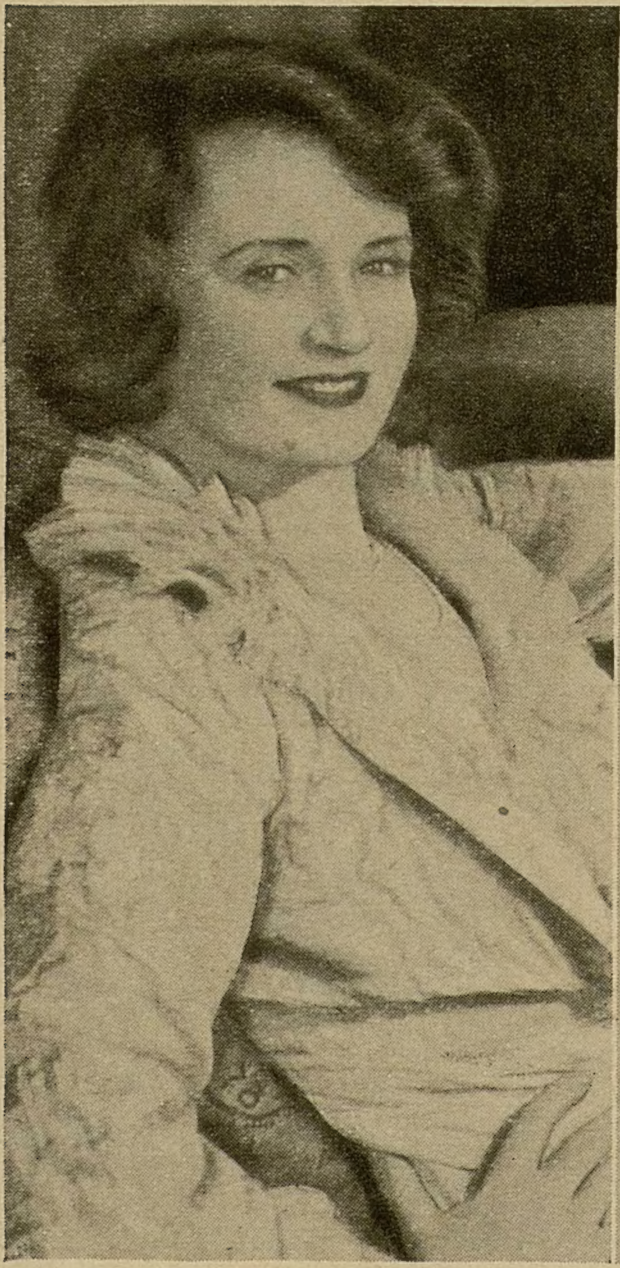
"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why *any* woman should look her age.

"On the stage one must be wise enough to *keep* the charm of youth right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty — to keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It does leave my skin so amazingly clear and soft."

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! She will find the actresses there, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—regularly! *You* will want to try it!



As the wife of a prominent theatrical manager and mother of a beloved young daughter, she presides gracefully over a luxurious home!

BILLIE BURKE. As this recent photograph shows, the years have only increased her charm! Appearing this year triumphantly in *The Truth Game,* she says: "To keep youthful charm, it is important above all to guard complexion beauty. I use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly.*"

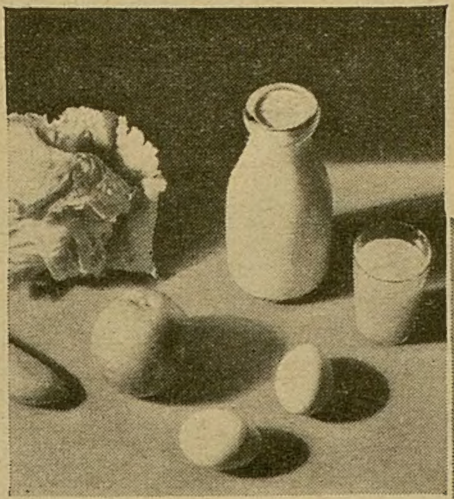
Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

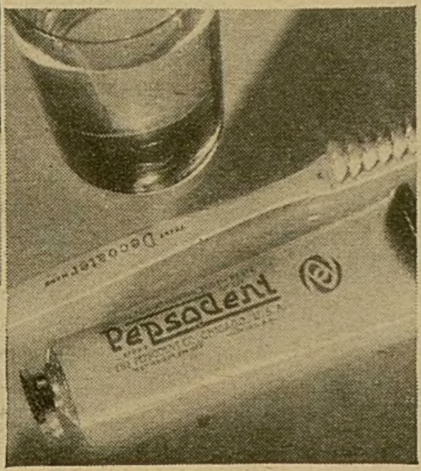
"Use Pepsodent twice a day" —the great American habit

It is helping millions to possess strong, healthy teeth by removing dingy film . . . Eat right. See your dentist.

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Include these in your daily diet:
One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.





2. Use Pepsodent twice a day

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

YOU know as well as we do there are several good tooth pastes on the market. You know they will clean teeth satisfactorily and safely.

Then why should anyone insist on having Pepsodent? Why should dentists by the thousands *urge* and *recommend* it to their patients?

Because medical people and hundreds of thousands of others believe the best is not too dear when healthy teeth are in the balance.

Pepsodent—a supreme achievement

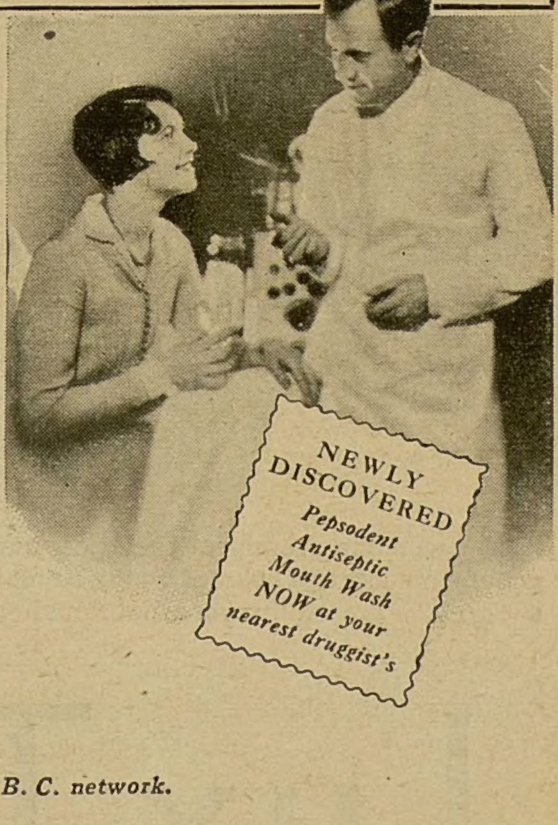
The scientific purpose of Pepsodent is to remove film from teeth. Removing film requires special properties in a tooth paste. Film is a gluelike coating. It clings stubbornly, absorbs stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Ordinary ways fail to remove this film as effectively as Pepsodent. Scientific tests have been made that prove this beyond all question.

Film contains germs. It holds them against the tooth surface—teeth decay. Removing film is *imperative*. Eating the right foods and seeing your dentist every six months completes the only sound rule known for safeguarding teeth.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE for children's as well as adults' teeth.

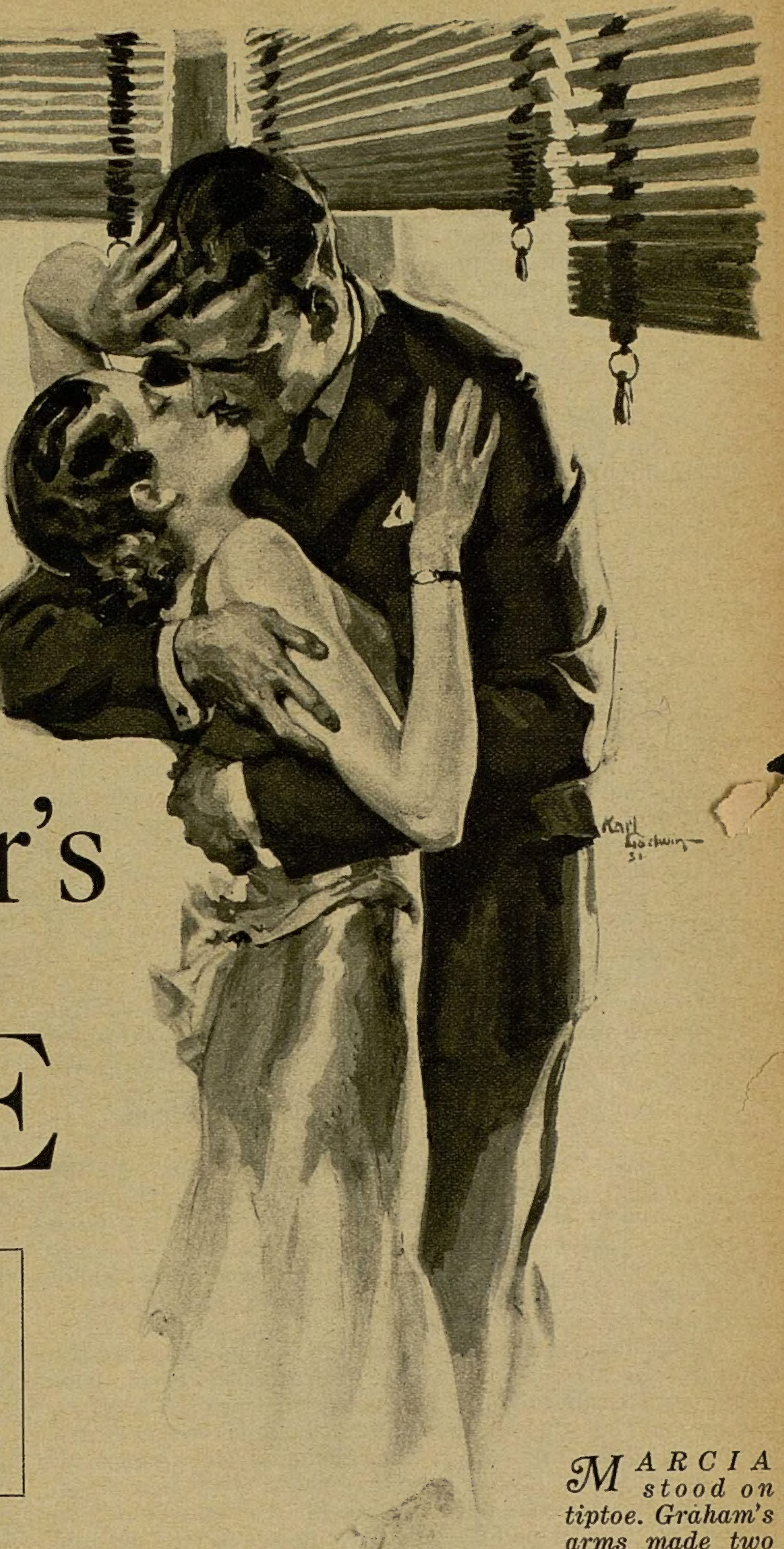
Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.


NEWLY DISCOVERED
Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash NOW at your nearest druggist's

AMOS 'N' ANDY brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*



MARCIA stood on tiptoe. Graham's arms made two black bands, one across her dress and one over her shoulders.

Pictures by KARL GODWIN

The Story of a Kiss and a Craven Heart

THY Neighbor's WIFE

By

PHILIP WYLIE

who has done a number of things, beginning with big-game hunting and deep-sea sailoring and including advertising work and fiction. He was born in Massachusetts, a minister's son, and now divides his time between Florida and Connecticut.

(Reading time: 36 minutes 59 seconds.)

IF you found another man kissing your wife in years gone by, you made plans for killing that man. Under the same circumstances in the present era, you are expected to act as if nothing had happened.

David King did both.

He came downstairs before they expected him, and he made no sound. That was accidental. The stairs were carpeted. He could see through the drawing-room, through the library, and into the solarium. Marcia stood on tiptoe. Graham's arms made two black bands, one across her pale green dress and one over her white shoulders.

King went back upstairs very quietly. His hands were icy. Perspiration dampened him beneath his clothes. A series of bright spots burst before his eyes, and his ears rang. He bit his lips so hard they bled. He might have gone to his room, taken his revolver, and shot Graham on the spot. But he caught sight of himself in the hall mirror, and stopped dumbly to study the apparition.

He could not arrest the working of muscles in his face for some time. When he did, he brushed back his stiff pompadour with his hand, straightened the wings of his dress tie, pushed in the bosom of his shirt, and turned around. He went downstairs again—noisily.

Marcia was showing the narcissus bulbs to Graham. King said, " Hello, old man! "

Graham smiled; his dark face was illuminated with good will. Graham was a handsome man.

" Hello, King! " He shifted his cocktail from his right hand and held it out. His host took it.

Graham sipped his cocktail and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. He glanced at it and put it quickly into his pocket. There was lipstick on it. Marcia knew it. King knew it. Nobody knew that anyone else was conscious of the gesture.

He'll be dead, King thought coldly, in a day. Two at most.

Marcia sat at the table and talked. She was as beautiful and as inscrutable as the day King had married her. He watched her hand on the stem of the winegla

THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE
Continued from page seven

He watched her face. He looked at her hair. It might have been molded on her head in metallic gold. The smooth waves never stirred. She was perfect then. She had always been perfect. A perfect wife. A perfect dancer, rider, swimmer, pilot, chauffeur, pianist. A beautiful woman, an expensive woman, a perfect woman.

When his turn came, Graham talked. He talked about the woods; about camping and canoeing and hunting, and his passion for them.

"Why don't you come along with me, Dave?" he asked. "Do you good. You never get out of that office of yours—although heaven knows you can afford a few months of leisure."

King smiled in the manner of a man playing with an idea—the idea of leisure and recreation. Another idea was in his brain, however. A burning idea. Somewhere in the forest, alone with Graham . . . And who would be kissing his wife while this lover was away? Did it matter—now?

The sole was rolled and over it was a delicate sauce made of wine. He broke apart the flakes of the fish. He felt awake, alive, dramatic, dangerous—all the things he had never allowed himself to appear.

Marcia said, "Why don't you go with Bill, Dave? It would be splendid for you."

King surprised both of them. "I might."

"Bully for you!" Graham seemed genuinely glad. Perhaps he was. King felt that he had no scruples, no sense of human relationships, no decency. He should have been revolted.

"Up in the North Woods," Graham began—and King thought about those woods. The darkness, the trees, the quiet. The opportunity to work out a revenge (or a punishment) with careful precision.

"Would you miss me?"

"Of course," Marcia answered her husband. "But we've been married three years now. And it's supposed to be good for married couples to separate from each other—isn't it?"

"I might go," King said. He nodded to Graham.

WHEN Graham came back to the edge of the river the canoe had gone. He scrambled out on a rock promontory and looked. Nothing. He called. There was no answer. The water whispered and gurgled. The trees moved secretly in the wind. White clouds sailed along in the sky. He fired his rifle three times. After that he waited—and nothing happened.

He sat down to think. Something had happened to the guide. He should have waited there on the river, fishing, until Graham returned. They had agreed on that. King and the other guide could not have come for him—camp was too far away. The elements were peaceful.

The guide might have been taken sick, but if he were so sick that he felt compelled to leave his post he would have been too sick to paddle back to camp. A wild animal might have attacked him. A moose or a bear? It was improbable. The guide had spent his life on the fringe of this vast area of forest. A bear or a moose. It was absurd.

Then why had the man gone? Why? Graham wondered if he had gone into the bush. He made his way for some distance along the bank of the river, looking for a place where the canoe might have been pulled up. There was no canoe.

He sat down on a log near the water. The sun moved across the sky toward the western horizon.

. . . . .

The guide reached camp. He ran the canoe up on the sand. King was waiting for him.

"Well?" King said.

The guide grunted. He shook the lank black hair out of his eyes and on his leathery face was an expression that might have been a grin.

King lit a cigarette. "Did you leave him?"

"Yeah. I leeve heem."

"Good. We'll break camp, then."

The three men commenced to break camp. They took they rolled up the sleeping bags—including Graham's; they stowed the food in waxed sacks and the sacks in duffel bags. They carried the duffel bags on their shoulders to the canoes. They put out the fire. When they were done, the canoes were down deep in the water and the camp site scarcely showed a trace of their presence. Ashes and two rectangular areas of spruce boughs.

"We'll go back slowly," King said to the guides. "We will say that we spent two weeks looking for him and three more hurrying out to give the alarm. You're sure he can't get back, Pierre?"

"No. Sure."

King stepped into his canoe. The other guide pushed off alone. "We'll throw away the food we don't use," King said.

THE man called Pierre hesitated before digging his paddle into the water.

"The money?" he asked.

"When we get to the end of the trip—and not before," King replied. "Remember. When you're paid, you're paid. Neither of you can say anything without being as guilty as I am. Is that clear?"

"We say nothing. We say he is lost."

It was dark when they stopped paddling. They went up on the Stygian shore and made camp again. They were far away from the place where they had deserted Graham. Supper was cooked.

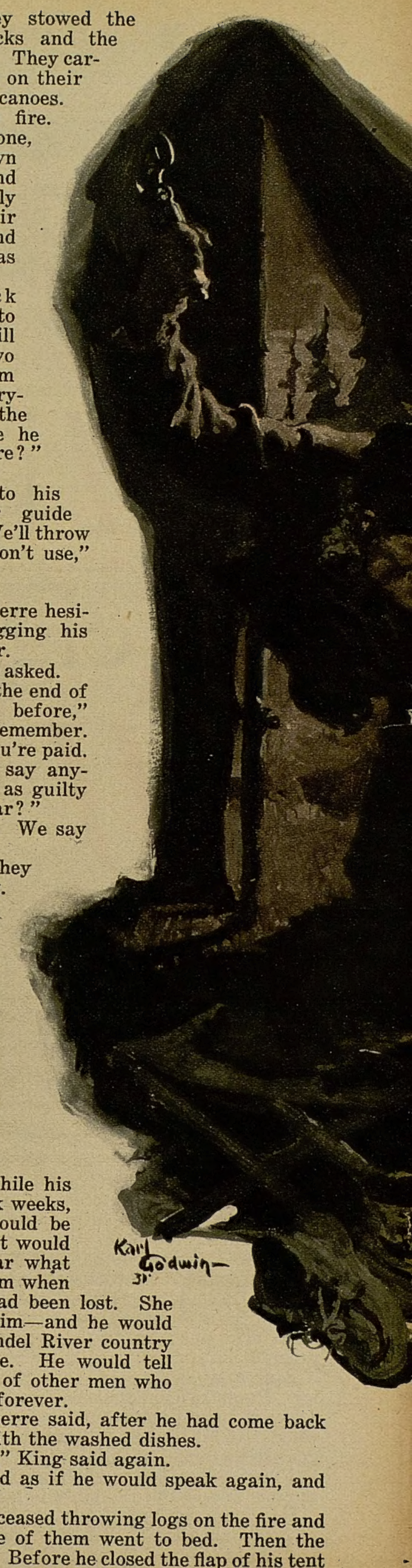
King thought about Graham up there alone in the dark. Perhaps he would have a fire. He might even have something to eat—while his bullets lasted. In six weeks, King thought, he would be back with Marcia. It would be interesting to hear what she said about Graham when she found that he had been lost. She would be angry at him—and he would explain that the Grindel River country was a dreadful place. He would tell her about the scores of other men who had been lost there—forever.

"The money?" Pierre said, after he had come back from the riverside with the washed dishes.

"When we get out," King said again.

The guide hesitated as if he would speak again, and finally turned away.

After a while they ceased throwing logs on the fire and it flickered low. One of them went to bed. Then the other. Finally King. Before he closed the flap of his tent he looked up in the sky toward the North Star. Perhaps Graham was watching it—frightened now.



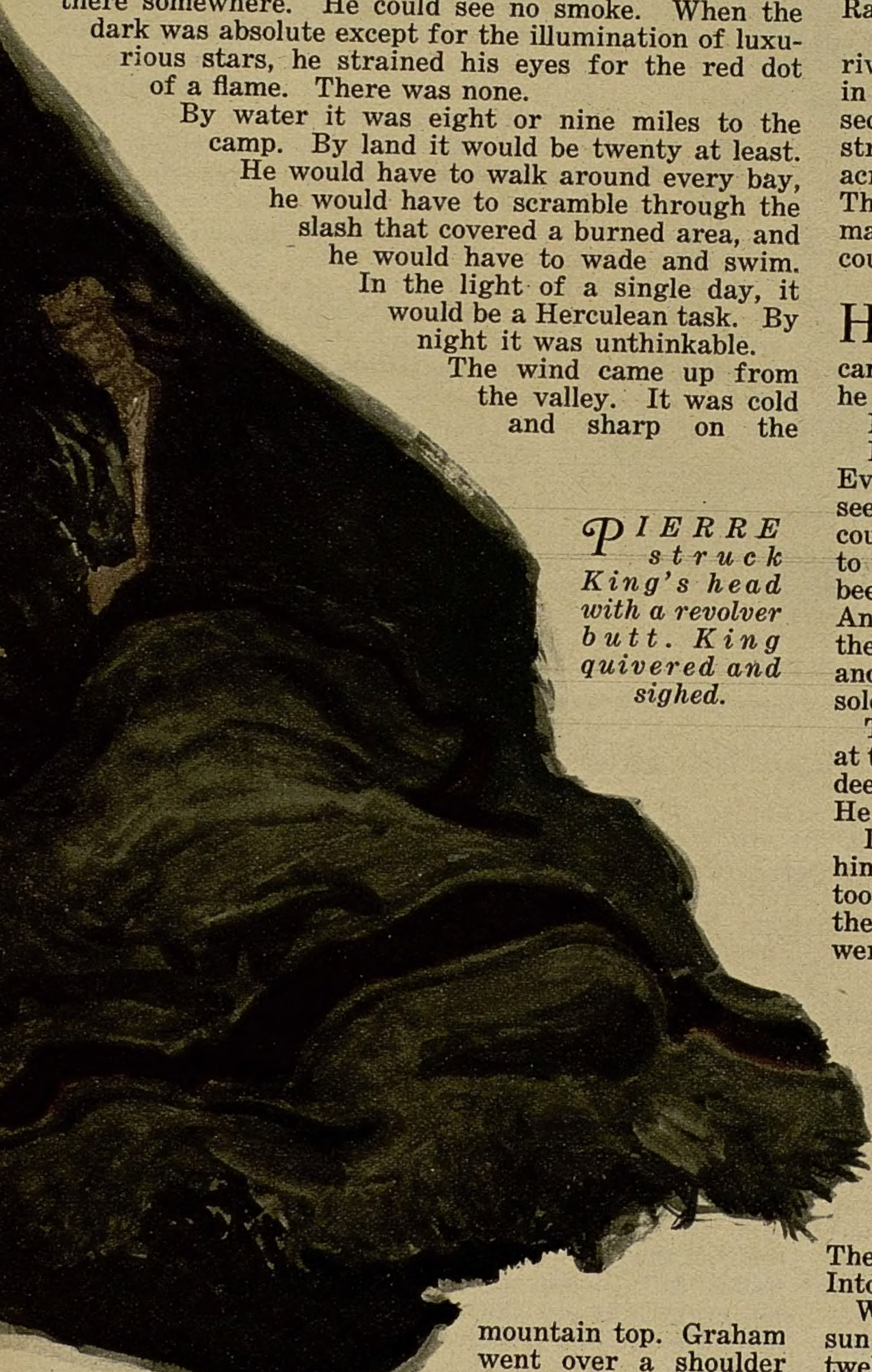
It did not occur to Graham that he had been deserted until the sun set. He was a steadfast man.

When the thought came into his mind, it was accompanied by a terrible fear. He knew that King had considerable money on his person. He thought that the guides might have murdered King for it. There are long twilights in the north country. Graham made use of this twilight to climb the small mountain which he had already scaled once that day. He reached the summit just before dark. The western sky was yellow. Blue-black clouds stood in it like becalmed ships. Graham ignored the lonely beauty of the sunset. He fastened his eyes on the country that lay to the south.

Far below was the river, widening into a long lake and becoming a river again at the remote end. Beyond the lake, through the trees, he caught the dull steel of more water—a smaller lake. There should be smoke rising there somewhere. He could see no smoke. When the dark was absolute except for the illumination of luxurious stars, he strained his eyes for the red dot of a flame. There was none.

By water it was eight or nine miles to the camp. By land it would be twenty at least. He would have to walk around every bay, he would have to scramble through the slash that covered a burned area, and he would have to wade and swim. In the light of a single day, it would be a Herculean task. By night it was unthinkable.

The wind came up from the valley. It was cold and sharp on the mountain top. Graham went over a shoulder slowly—a tiny man in an empty universe. Next month the wind from the valleys would freeze things. On a lower ledge of rock he found bleached dry wood. He built a fire of that. He warmed a little niche in the rocks. After an hour or two he fitted himself in the niche. He did not sleep much.



PIERRE struck King's head with a revolver butt. King quivered and sighed.

With the coming of dawn he rose. He fanned his fire into a blaze and warmed his stiff joints. He started down the southern slope of the mountain. With the appearance of the sun he reached the river. There was big timber along its sides—hard wood, and at intervals a growth of white pine. He walked steadily, as near the water as convenience of bank and swam permitted. On the stretches of pine needles he mad excellent speed.

When he came to the burned country, he flushed tw grouse. One of them perched on a tree not far from hi head. He raised his rifle and shot it. Afterward he wished he had not done that until he knew about King. He might need his cartridges, and in the north country the grouse are very tame; a stone will bring them down—sometimes. He put the grouse in the pocket of his leather coat.

The burned country was difficult. Sometimes, on an intricate maze of slash and fallen logs, he made good progress, running on charred tree stems, like a tightrope walker, five or ten feet above the ground. At other times he crawled and pushed beneath the maze, forcin his way through young growth. Poplar, birch, elder Raspberries, once. He stopped to eat them.

He slaked his thirst by lying flat at the edge of the river and drinking with his mouth in the water. Late in the afternoon he approached the headwaters of the second lake. He launched two dry logs in the river. He stripped and put his clothes on them. Then he swam across, pushing the cumbersome float ahead of himself. The current edged him toward the lake and he might have made good time in the water, but it was chilly and he could not stand it for a long while.

HE dressed without drying himself and pushed on. The sun was slanting down when he reached the camp site. At a distance of two or three hundred yards he put his hands to his mouth and called, "Hello-o-o-o!"

Nobody answered.

He hastened to the place. His heart contracted. Everything was gone. He glanced around—expecting to see the body of King. Then he made a wider search. He could not find so much as a spot of blood. He went down to the beach. Here was the place where the canoes had been launched. Here were the shoe-prints of the guides. And here was the moccasin King had worn. Funny—the guides, who were at least part Indian, wore shoes; and King wore moccasins that had been made for and sold by an exclusive New York sporting-goods store.

The significance of the moccasin-prints struck Graham at that point in his reflection. The last two or three were deep at the toes. King had helped push off the canoe. He had gone with the guides voluntarily. Voluntarily!

It meant, very simply, that all three men had deserted him. Graham pulled at his short, stiff mustache. He took off his hat and tossed it upon the pine bench where the tents had been. He looked at the footprints, that were now twenty-four hours old. Presently fatigue made itself felt. His knees were quivering and his arm, resting against a tree, trembled. The effort of that day had been immense. He was nauseated from hunger.

He lay down on the sand and drank water. Then he plucked and cleaned his grouse. After that he built a fire. The grouse was roasted on a stick. He ate all of it. He went wearily into the woods and collected a heap of fuel. He piled the fire high. Half of the spruce boughs he heaped near the blaze. The other half he wove above them in a sort of covering. Into the middle he eased his body. He went to sleep at once.

When he woke the fire was out, he was cold, and the sun was well above the horizon. But he had slept for twelve hours and he felt rested. He rebuilt the fire and began to consider the problem of food. There were ducks in the bay. He shot one of them and wet himself to the hips to retrieve it. The duck he treated as he had the grouse, except that he saved half for his dinner.

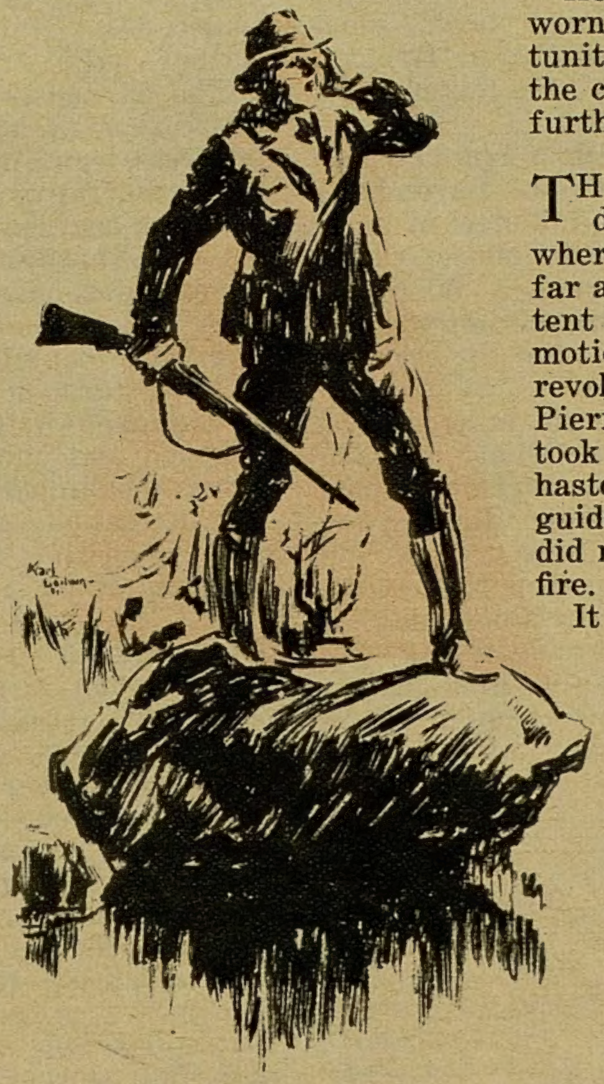
After breakfast he made two inventories: one of his ideas, and one of his possessions.

Of them, ideas were more scarce. King had deserted him. He knew why. There had never been a question in his mind—after he had seen the footprints. Marcia. But how had King guessed? He thought about that. He had told Marcia only once, and kissed her then. Had King seen the kiss? It was possible. He tried to remember the timing of incidents on that night. Whe

THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE
Continued from page nine

Marcia had stood. When King had come down the stairs. What he had said. Perhaps Marcia had confided in King. Graham decided that was what had happened. Well— He smiled very faintly.

His next ideas were about himself. King evidently expected he would perish in the Grindel River country. And that was quite likely. By exposure, by exhaustion, by hunger, by fear—by all four. Graham had no illusions about the north country. He had talked to sourdoughs who had been lost—and lived through it. He and King had planned to stay in the woods until Thanksgiving; so there would be no hope of timely search and possible rescue. A man who knew the woods and who loved the woods could come to be afraid in them after a while—if he was alone.



He could not walk out on the river edge. It was too far. He would have to wait for all the water to freeze and then try to make it on the ice. It would probably freeze him, too—that autumnal cold. And even he might get lost—especially if he attempted cross-country short cuts. A man could not travel seven hundred miles over mountains, across glaciers, around lakes, in one pair of shoes. He might do forty or fifty miles by raft now, and then wait for the freeze.

He had told King stories about the number of men who had been swallowed by the Grindel River and its network of tributaries. King would use those stories, now, to cement his alibi. Graham wondered what he would do to his friend if he did cover the distance and escape the cold, the hunger, the fatigue, the loneliness, and the fear. He put the thought from his mind.

He counted his possessions. He had a leather coat, a wool shirt, a cotton shirt, a jersey, track pants, corduroy breeches, wool stockings, heavily soled shoepacks that came up to his knees, a bandana handkerchief, a hunting knife, a .30-.40 rifle, eighteen cartridges, a tin of tobacco, a pipe, twenty-nine waterproof matches, a compass, a notebook, a pencil, a felt hat with a fishhook in the ribbon, and a piece of twine about ten feet long.

He could fish. He could discharge eighteen shots. He could build fires in twenty-nine places.

IT was the 23d of September. To the first human habitation, by raft and then by walking on the ice, four hundred miles. It might be done. If he had had a hatchet or an ax and another pair of shoes and a blanket, he would have felt sure of himself. But King—or more probably the guides—had known that the absence of those things would prevent his escape. He was in the largest prison on earth. Time was his jailer; hardship his sentence; hunger and cold his executioners. He could build no decent shelter. The first blizzard would almost surely kill him.

His fire smoldered and the ash increased. He rose to tend it. On the west side, the lake sparkled in the sunlight. It was a magnificent day. The early yellows in the trees were vivid. The dark blue of the distant spruces was beyond the capture of art. The lake and the sky were one in a color that was too deep for the eye to reflect completely. From somewhere came the sepulchral laughter of a loon.

Graham shivered. . . .

King did not go to sleep for a long time after he had closed the flap of his tent. He kept thinking of Graham up there, watching the North Star and listening for noises. There was no remorse in King's conscience—[illegible] He [illegible] whose imagination had been modeled by rigid self-discipline. He had passed through no emotional struggle. There was no literal blood on his hands. He was as completely estranged from his wife as he was from Graham—with the difference that a gentleman does not kill his wife. He thought of himself as a gentleman.

His hate for Graham was homicidal. For his wife it was cold and negative.

He did go to sleep finally. He had been worn by days of waiting for the opportunity, and his unconscious effort to speed the canoe from the place of desertion had further fatigued him.

THE entrance of the guide into his tent did not disturb him. Owls hooted somewhere. The river gurgled. Dawn was not far away. Pierre put back the flap of the tent so that his arm would have room for motion, and struck King's head with a revolver butt. King quivered and sighed. Pierre ripped his clothes with a knife, took his money belt, emptied it, and hastened to the fireside. With the other guide he struck camp again. What they did not take with them they threw on the fire.

It made a bright pyre in the increasing light. They put the canoe on top of it all, and they set fire to King's tent just before they went out on the river.

Rising mist enveloped them. Their paddles made a quick rhythm. The river bent into another of the innumerable lakes. Ducks, sitting with their heads under their wings on the mirror-still water, moved mechanically into the reeds as they passed.

"Hurry," Pierre said.

The other man grunted.

The heat of the fire, coughing induced by the smoke, or the recuperative effect of time roused King. Choking and befuddled, he came back to partial consciousness. Flames were eating a hole in the tent wall. He watched them at first with stupid interest. Then he tottered out into the air.

He saw the blazing fire with the canoe on top. He turned to the tent, and it was falling upon itself, smothering most of the flame in dense smoke. He understood very little. He tried to call, but his voice was too inadequate for sound.

He sat down beyond the tongues of fire. The tent subsided to a slow smoldering. The other fire continued to blaze and crackle. He edged himself toward the water. Near the shore the river was still. He could see his reflection. His head was covered with blood. He washed himself.

The water laved away the blood and some of the vapors in his mind. It restored a measure of strength to his limbs and relieved his stupor. He began to think. The fire. He remembered that the canoe was on the fire. He realized that he would have to get it off. But when he walked to the camp site he saw that it was too late. He saw everything else then: his slashed clothes, the burned tent, the charred remains of what the guides had not taken.

He knew they had robbed him, left him for dead, and burned every sign of their erstwhile occupation of the place—expecting that he, too, would be cremated.

He wept.

He wept and talked to himself. Presently he decided that he would be compelled to find out how badly he had been hurt. He went back to the water. There was a gash in his scalp. He shut his teeth and denied his screaming nerves while he investigated the edges of that gash with his fingers. The bones did not seem to be broken. He would recover if he did not get an infection.

He stumbled and tottered and trembled, but he went ahead with the business of preserving himself. He took a pole and prodded apart the fire, until all that had been heaped upon it lay in separate smoking bunches on the ground. Not much food, but he did not notice that. He was looking for something, and he found it. The medicine chest. It was metal. Its contents were relatively unharmed. He dressed his wound. He drank aromatic spirits of ammonia. Then he sat down, and presently he drifted into a fitful, reactive sleep which lasted until the afternoon sunlight fell in his face.

In the afternoon he was better. He hunted in the débris until he found a bag of rice, some raisins, and a tin of milk. All of them were fire-damaged. He secured a pail and made a fire, and cooked milk, rice, and raisins together. He ate the porridge with his hands, when it had cooled.

He felt feverish. He found morphine in the medicine box, but he did not know how much to take. Aspirin and quinine he took. Then, building up the fire as much as his strength allowed, he crawled into the blackened remains of tent and blankets. He slept again.

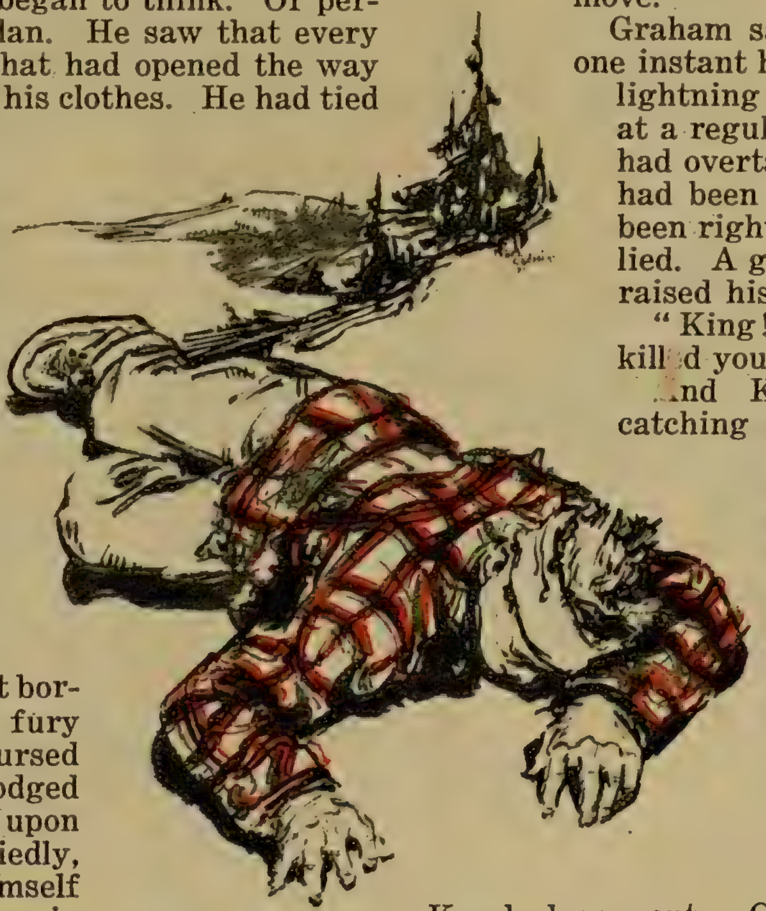
In the morning he was only weak. His mind was active. His headache was nearly gone. He had no nausea —only hunger. He found that the rice and raisins he had left had been devoured during the night. So, apparently, had many other things he had succored from the fire. There were tracks and marks of claw and tooth. He looked around, then, with terror. But the woods on three sides were as silent as they were impenetrable, and on the fourth side was the river, chuckling impersonally.

The animals had eaten all the raisins. There was still a good deal of rice, heat-browned and uninviting. There was also a case of tinned things—the "luxuries" treasured for the homeward trip. The labels had been burned off, but the nocturnal marauders had not broken into the metal.

There was no knife, no firearm, no ax. King burst open a can with two rocks. It proved to be pineapple. He ate the pineapple. Then he began to think. Or perhaps it was then he began to plan. He saw that every plan was hopeless. The knife that had opened the way to his money belt had devastated his clothes. He had tied them together on himself. It was not cold, but it was uncomfortable. He had medicines to spare, a few canned goods, three paper packages of matches, a dozen cooking utensils, a bag of flour burned around the outside—and nothing else that was not charred beyond use or recognition.

His head hurt. He was black from his close association with burned things.

He saw that he was going to die.



ALL that day he alternated between a morose silence that bordered on coma and periods of fury when he rose to his feet and cursed the guides. His reason was dislodged by his calamity. Night fell upon him. He built a fire frenziedly, defensively. He propped himself against a tree. He heard things in the woods—things that made him turn his head and listen, only to twist it back for fear of what he might not be seeing in the opposite direction, or for fear of what he might see. When the fire died, the sounds came closer. When he tossed on fuel, sending an inverted rain of sparks to the tree branches, the sounds whispered into the distance.

It was sometime during the night that a fugitive thought became a fact in his mind. He had remembered Graham without thinking of his actual presence in the vicinity. Graham, during those first nightmare hours, had seemed like someone who belonged to another life.

But suddenly it occurred to him that Graham was only a few miles away. Graham! A human being. A friend. A companion. Almost, but not quite coincidentally, he remembered why Graham was in the vicinity, and his instant of surging relief turned to hideous fear. Already Graham might be coming down the river, trying desperately to escape. Graham, whom he had set out to kill. Graham, whom he had arranged to murder. Graham walking in his last strength like a vengeful ghost. Even now, from some near-by spot, Graham might be stalking toward his fire. Graham with a rifle. Graham coming to even the score before he paid his own unnecessary price. Graham!

King stood up with the intention of dousing the telltale flame, and standing there he recalled all the stealthy sounds that came from outside the lucent cave made by the fire. In the dark they would get closer, closer, closer —claw and tooth, small beast, monstrous shadow. Death in agony. And if the fire were not put out Graham would come for him.

King moaned. The sound of his own voice set his skin prickling with fear. He moaned again, involuntarily. And then he screamed. It would have been a dreadful thing to come upon—King alone in the forest in his black, tattered clothes, with wild eyes and a bloody bandage on his head, screaming before his fire.

THERE was still some vestige of sanity left in him. Daylight brought it back into control. He shook so that he could scarcely use his hands, and his breath was unsteady; but he went to the river for a drink, he changed the bandage on his head, and he broke open another tin. It contained meat. He gorged himself.

While King was taking his second drink of water, after his meal, Graham came down the river on his raft. It was crude and clumsy. Vines and notched poles held it together. He navigated it with the utmost difficulty, standing in the center with a pole in his hands. King stood still, watching him come. He could not move.

Graham saw him almost immediately. For one instant his face paled. He was struck by a lightning of dismay. Then, moving nearer at a regular pace, he saw that some tragedy had overtaken King. He guessed that King had been left here by the guides. He had been right the first time. The footprint had lied. A great smile came on his face and he raised his voice in a bellow of delight:

"King! God bless you! I thought they'd killed you!"

And King, standing there, teetering, catching at his unruly jaw with his hand, understood. Graham did not guess the truth. Graham believed they were both victims of the guides. King fainted.

When he came to, he saw Graham, remembered a little, and closed his eyes until everything was planned. He guessed Graham had been at the last place where they had all camped together. He told his story accordingly.

"They forced me to leave with them. Tied me up. Then they brought me here. Took my money. Knocked me out. Grabbed everything they wanted. Burned the rest. Set fire to the tent I was in. Beat it. I came to just in time to save myself—" He whimpered at that point.

He repeated the details endlessly. Each time he cried a little.

And each time Graham said: "Sure. Sure. I know. Well—we'll be all right. We'll get out somehow."

King had his first peaceful sleep. While he slept Graham made a fresh inventory. There were new things. He picked up the rice grain by grain at the last, and he gathered the flour as if it were gold dust.

Graham's nature was forthright; his reticences were imposed upon him by external things. He wanted to tell King about his former suspicions. He wanted to tell King

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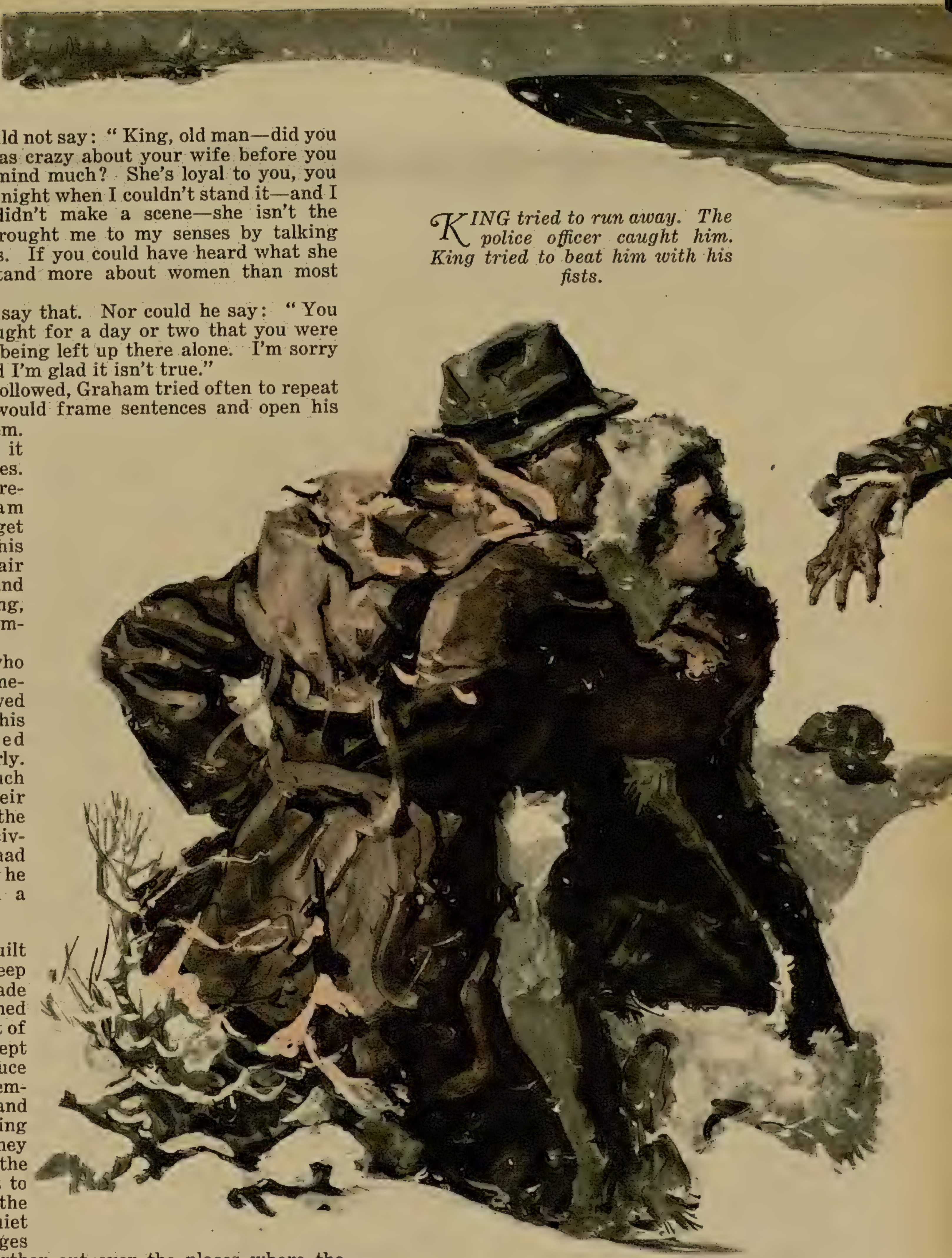
THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE
Cont'd from page 11



KING tried to run away. The police officer caught him. King tried to beat him with his fists.

about Marcia. King's manner dammed back the words. Graham could not say: "King, old man—did you ever know that I was crazy about your wife before you met her? Do you mind much? She's loyal to you, you know. There was a night when I couldn't stand it—and I kissed her. She didn't make a scene—she isn't the type. She just—brought me to my senses by talking to me after the kiss. If you could have heard what she said, you'd understand more about women than most men do."

But he could not say that. Nor could he say: "You know, King—I thought for a day or two that you were responsible for my being left up there alone. I'm sorry I thought that—and I'm glad it isn't true."

In the days that followed, Graham tried often to repeat those words. He would frame sentences and open his mouth to utter them. But when he spoke it was in commonplaces. A man in his predicament, Graham thought, ought to get such matters off his chest—with the air growing colder, and blizzards threatening, with the wolves coming closer at night.

It was King who prevented it. Sometimes Graham believed that the blow on his head had changed King. He was surly. He would not do much toward relieving their discomfort. Even the ordinary forms of civilized intercourse had deserted him and he spent his time in a fixed silence.

GRAHAM had built a lean-to in a deep hollow. He had made a log fire that burned perpetually in front of the abode. They slept in thick beds of spruce tips, with the remnants of tent and blankets and sleeping bags for cover. They were waiting for the river and the lakes to freeze. Each day the ice thickened on quiet water and its edges reached a little farther out over the places where the current still flowed.

Over the lean-to, high in a tree fork, hung the quarters of a moose. Three of them. They had eaten the fourth. It was good meat and the wild animals could not reach it. The ripe raspberries were gone, but Graham had a bucketful of them stewed in molasses—which had been in one of the cans. He had caught several fish.

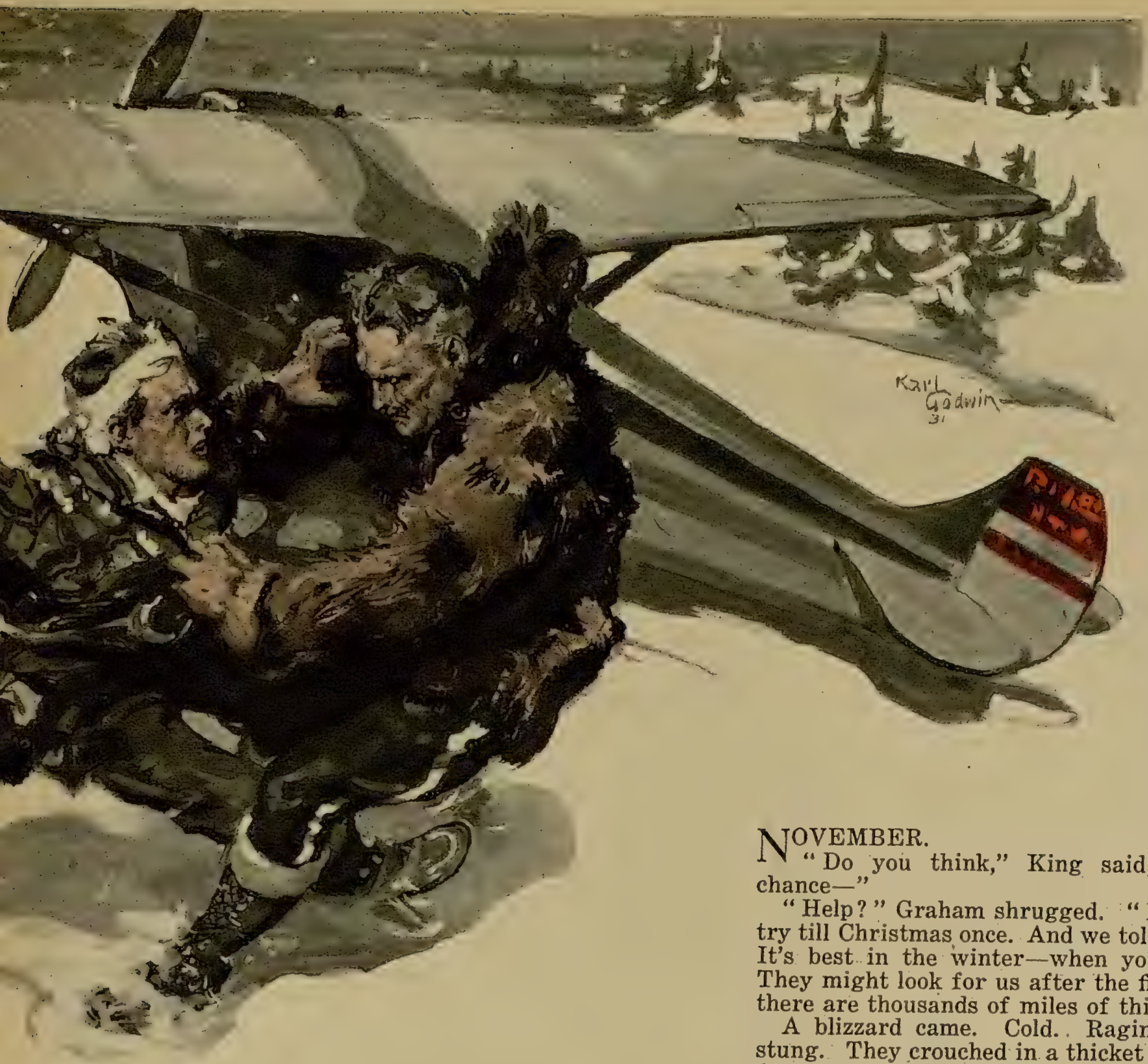
One day the ice met and the river was hard. It crackled and boomed with the mysterious expansion of freezing. Graham slid across it and found it adequately strong. King's scalp had healed. And on that day Graham determined to tell his friend about his conscience, and also to make the start of the long march southward.

He came up to King, who sat stonily beside the fire.

"Think we better go now. If the snow doesn't get too [illegible] if we don't freeze, if the wolves—" He shrugged. "We'll go, eh? But there's something I've been nearly bursting apart to confess to you, Dave. Something that hasn't anything to do with this—" He waved at the black trees waiting for winter. "About Marcia."

King made a sound, but Graham did not look at him.

"I used to be in love with her. One evening—after she married you—I—I kissed her. She didn't make a scene—but she told me—what she thought of me." Graham paused and threw a log on the fire. "She's perfectly loyal to you, you know. I knew it, too. Just— got out of hand. And afterward—I thought you'd guessed. I thought for a while that you'd—you'd deliberately arranged my exile up the line. You see—one's felonies compound themselves. I even doubted you."



He looked straight at King.

"I'm telling you this—and it's hard to tell—just because I don't think there ought to be anything between us during—the trip ahead. If we get out, I hope you'll forget it. If we don't—I'm glad you know it. See?"

King nodded stolidly. The workings of his mind did not show on his face. He probably recognized the truth of Graham's statement. Perhaps he doubted it. But it no longer made any difference to him. He admitted no irony in the present situation. He hated Graham as intensely as he had on the night when he kissed Marcia.

Graham held out his hand. King shook it. After that Graham was almost gay. They made bundles of their load. Graham took most of it, and he carried, in addition, forty pounds of moose meat. The moose meat kept the wolves following them, behind ridges, across bays, sniffling and howling all day long. They walked on the ice—two mobile specks in a sullen, silent land.

ONCE, when they sat beside a high fire in the gathering dusk, watching a desultory fall of snow, Graham heard the snap of the rifle bolt. He whirled around. He was conscious that King had made a quick motion. The rifle was in King's lap.

King bitterly smiled. "You don't keep this thing loaded?"

"No. Might accidentally waste a cartridge."

King nodded. "Good thing. I almost did waste one. By accident."

"That's why it isn't loaded."

King tugged at his ragged beard. Graham went to the edge of the lake on which they camped, and chipped ice into a pail. He came back and melted it over the fire.

They had covered almost half the distance.

The sky was gray. No snow fell from it, but the snow that lay on the ice was three inches deep. A keen wind blew, moving the tops of the spruces and waving the arms of tall white pines. They dragged behind them a rough sled on which were their belongings. They had part of the carcass of a deer and the raw hide. It had taken Graham two days to get the deer. The wolves had been visible occasionally during the day—wolves trotting and standing, following the carcass and the men.

They did not walk fast but they walked steadily. The country was flat. There was danger of taking a wrong stream, of turning into another inlet of a lake instead of choosing the outlet. The black-and-white landscape gave no impression of slope.

NOVEMBER.

"Do you think," King said, "that there's any chance—"

"Help?" Graham shrugged. "I stayed in this country till Christmas once. And we told them Thanksgiving. It's best in the winter—when you're prepared for it. They might look for us after the first of the year. But there are thousands of miles of this country—"

A blizzard came. Cold. Raging wind. Snow that stung. They crouched in a thicket of evergreens, with a fire. There was no comfort.

They had to rub each other's ears to keep the frost out. A hundred and fifty miles lay ahead. When Graham looked at the Grindel River in the morning, he knew that it had won.

They could not remain where they were. Progress would be almost impossible. He did not need to count their resources. Every fire had made an indelible subtraction of one match—occasionally two. Every shot had been an irreparable loss.

King had said nothing for three days. They packed their sled, after removing it from a heap of snow. They went out on the river, struggling through the deep quilt that lay upon it. The world was white. Water ran from their aching eyes into their beards. Cold, deep snow, hunger, wolves—and now the probability of blindness.

At noon they made their way to shore. They put frozen gobbets of meat in a pail of snow and made a stew.

When they had eaten it, King said, "We aren't going to make it, are we?"

"Guess not," Graham replied.

"Why don't we stay here? Or use the rifle? I can't stand this."

"Oh—" Graham answered slowly, "—we don't quit. We might hit a long bare stretch. There's a big lake, you know. And the river widens. We don't quit. People don't do that. They keep on going until—"

"Until?"

Graham broke the ice on his beard with his fist. He stamped his feet and waved his arms.

"Until," he said. "Until. That's all."

He returned to the sled. "A hundred miles of bare ice. A wind behind us of forty or fifty miles an hour. A miracle, eh?"

They pushed through the snow. . . .

They heard the airplane before they saw it. Graham

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE
Continued from page thirteen

looked at it without speaking. King gibbered. It approached them, losing altitude. Once it swept in a circle, and then it landed. Graham turned to King and put his arm around the man's thin shoulders. King shook it off and staggered toward the plane.

A door in the cabin opened and a man jumped out. He helped someone who came behind him. Both of them wore parkas.

Graham had not adjusted his mind to the situation. The plane was there. It was a fact. He was not capable of further surprise when he discovered that one of the rescuers was Marcia.

King ignored his wife. He ran to the man, fell upon him, and said, “Take me out!”

The man spoke to Marcia: “Which is your husband?”

“He is.”

“And this man?”

“This is Graham.”

Marcia smiled at Graham. She seemed unable to say much. King shivered and muttered. Ice in his beard and the brim of his felt hat tied down on his ears with a bandana.

The man from the plane stamped his feet and looked piercingly at the pair he had found.

“I'm a police officer,” he said bluntly. “I have a warrant for the arrest of David King on a charge of attempted murder. I see he failed.”

“It isn't true,” Graham said. “The guides deserted us.”

Marcia looked at him again. “The guides confessed.”

“What!”

“A week ago. They were caught in Quebec—drunk. They had too much money and the police were suspicious. Traced them. Found out they had guided you two and then got the truth.” Marcia did not look at her husband. “The whole story has been in the papers. I came up here with a plane from Montreal. We've been looking for four days on the rivers and lakes—”

KING tried to run away. They were so astonished that they did not move for a few seconds. He lurched and trotted. The police officer caught him. King tried to beat him with his fists. There was no sanity on his face.

“We only have room for three,” the officer said. He lifted King bodily into the cabin of the plane. “We'll have to come back for you, Mr. Graham. You see, we didn't expect to find you—at least, not with him.”

Marcia went over to the plane abruptly. She lifted herself up on a stirrup and reached into the fuselage. She brought out a fur parka, which she put around Graham.

Graham had spoken only twice. Now he said, “You three go. I'll wait here for the next trip.”

“Right.” The officer beat his gauntlets together. “Back before dark, sure. Come on, Mrs. King.”

Graham touched her shoulder. “I'm sorry about this, Marcia.”

“Come on, Mrs. King! Engine'll get cold.”

“I think I'll wait for the next trip, too,” Marcia said.

The other man stood still. His eyes met Marcia's and then Graham's. He looked at the low, white hills, the blue sky, the flat sheet of snow-covered ice. He turned to the plane. King was lying on the floor of the cabin, whimpering.

“I wouldn't let you stay here—even for a few hours,” Graham said to her.

The officer tossed a duffel bag from the plane. He adjusted the controls, leaning way inside. Once more he stared at the couple on the ice. Then he climbed in.

“Can you turn a propeller over, Mr. Graham?”

“I can,” Marcia said. But Graham stepped forward.

The plane became a cross against the sky, and then a small dot. At last it vanished. Marcia stood with her arm linked in Graham's. The wonder of seeing the plane in the sky had left him numb; the added wonder of having Marcia beside him struck him speechless. Death had been his companion in this cold wilderness for so long that he was accustomed to nothing else.

Marcia picked up the duffel bag that had been tossed from the plane, and she pointed to the nearest shore.

“We can build a fire over there and make some coffee—if it isn't too far to walk.”

GRAHAM built the fire silently. Marcia made the coffee.

“Aren't you glad to see me?” she said, when they had drunk the first cup.

“Yes.”

“Won't you kiss me?”

Graham tried to be nonchalant. “In my present condition?” He saw that the effort had failed. He averted his eyes. “I kissed you once—and that was too often.”

Marcia walked around the blazing fire and stood beside him. “And you think that you were responsible for—this?”

“Wasn't I?”

“No. I was. Did you ever know that Dave saw that kiss? I let him see it. He came down the stairs”—Marcia shook her head slowly—“and I let him see us. I thought he'd understand. I thought that when he agreed to go on a trip with you, it was to tell you he understood. Dave and I never loved each other. But I suppose jealousy—and his stainless pride— Can you guess what I felt when I heard what he had done to you?”

“He suffered enough,” Graham said, after a long pause.

“He deserved to suffer. So did I. But you didn't. You even saved his life, although he'd tried to kill you. You”—she began to understand his mood—“you shouldn't be punished.”

“I never thought of life as a system of punishments.”

“Or rewards?”

“Or rewards.”

“Then what have I done? What should I do?” she asked.

“Go back. Divorce him.”

“And afterward? Can't there be an afterward for you and me?”

“Who knows?” Graham answered abruptly.

The wind shook the pines overhead and powdered their shoulders with snow. Marcia took his arm again. Far out on the lake the expanding ice made a long, dull explosion and its echoes rolled through the frigid hills.

THE END

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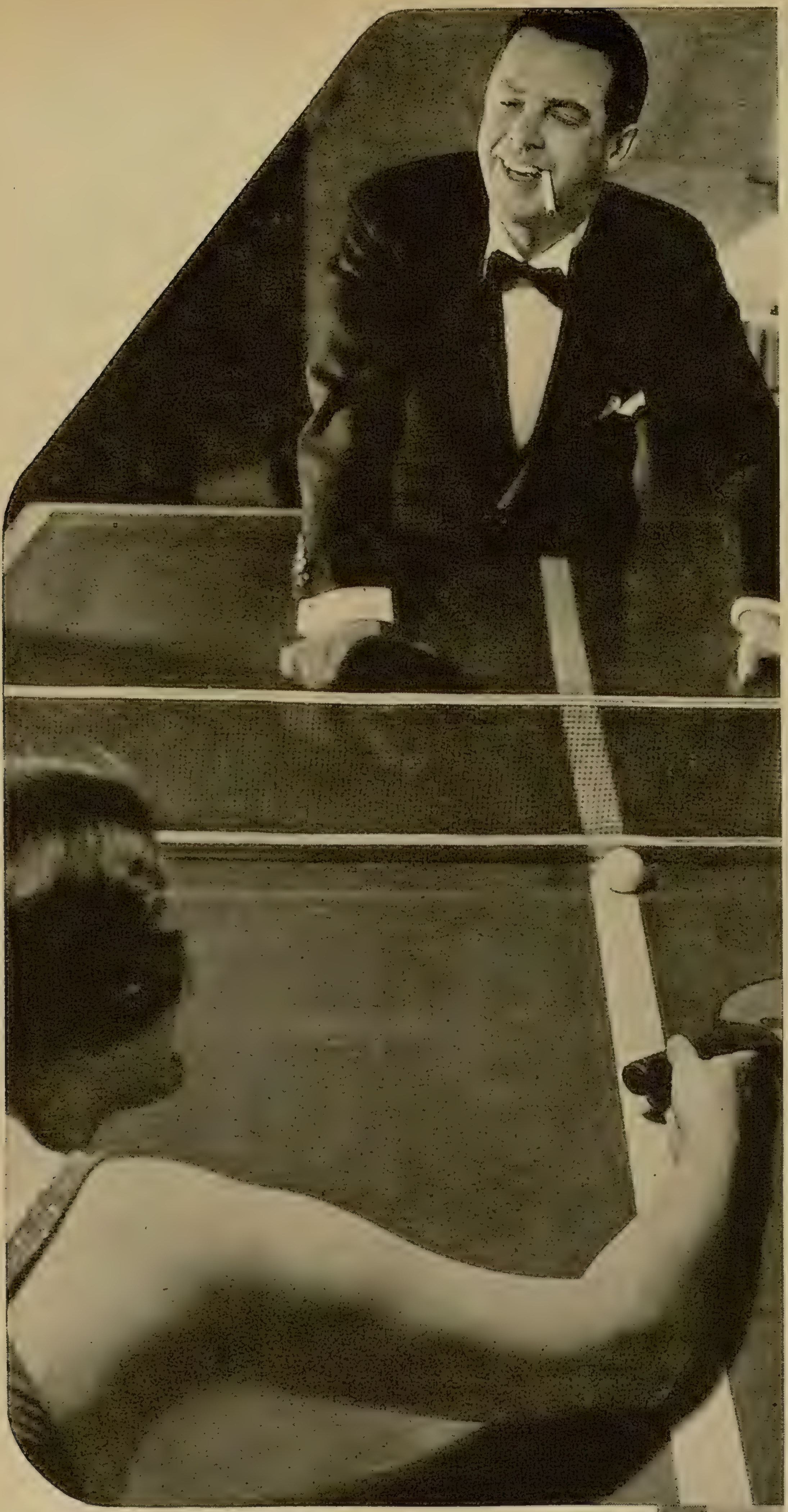
4—What is a predatory animal?
5—How is the Speaker of the House of Representatives chosen?
6—What is a gibbon?
7—Who composed Afternoon of a Faun?
8—What is a vortex?
9—What Dickens novel includes Dick Swiveller?
10—What is Platonic love?
11—What is Daltonism?
12—What is balderdash?
13—What is a *mésalliance?*
14—What is a moot question?
15—Which state is touched by four of the Great Lakes?
16—What is the fourth book of the New Testament?
17—Which extends farther south, California or South Carolina?
18—What is pulchritude?
19—What African people once ruled much of Spain?
20—Who is the Supreme Being in Mohammedism?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-three)



THE "OCCASION" SMOKER* SAID,

"...on account of the Clean Taste."

"I'm not a particularly heavy smoker," he explained, "except on occasion . . . such as at parties, when there's a lot of conversation and good fun going on. That's why I smoke Spuds. Because no matter how much I smoke, Spuds always leave my mouth sort of moist-cool . . . you know, with a swell clean taste . . ."

Yes, we know. That seems to be everybody's Spud story! In one way or another, they all say Spuds keep them mouth-happy! Try Spud's cooler smoke for this *cleaner taste,* ladies and gentlemen! Then you'll know why Spuds are being hailed everywhere, by new thousands of smokers daily, as the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

*One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

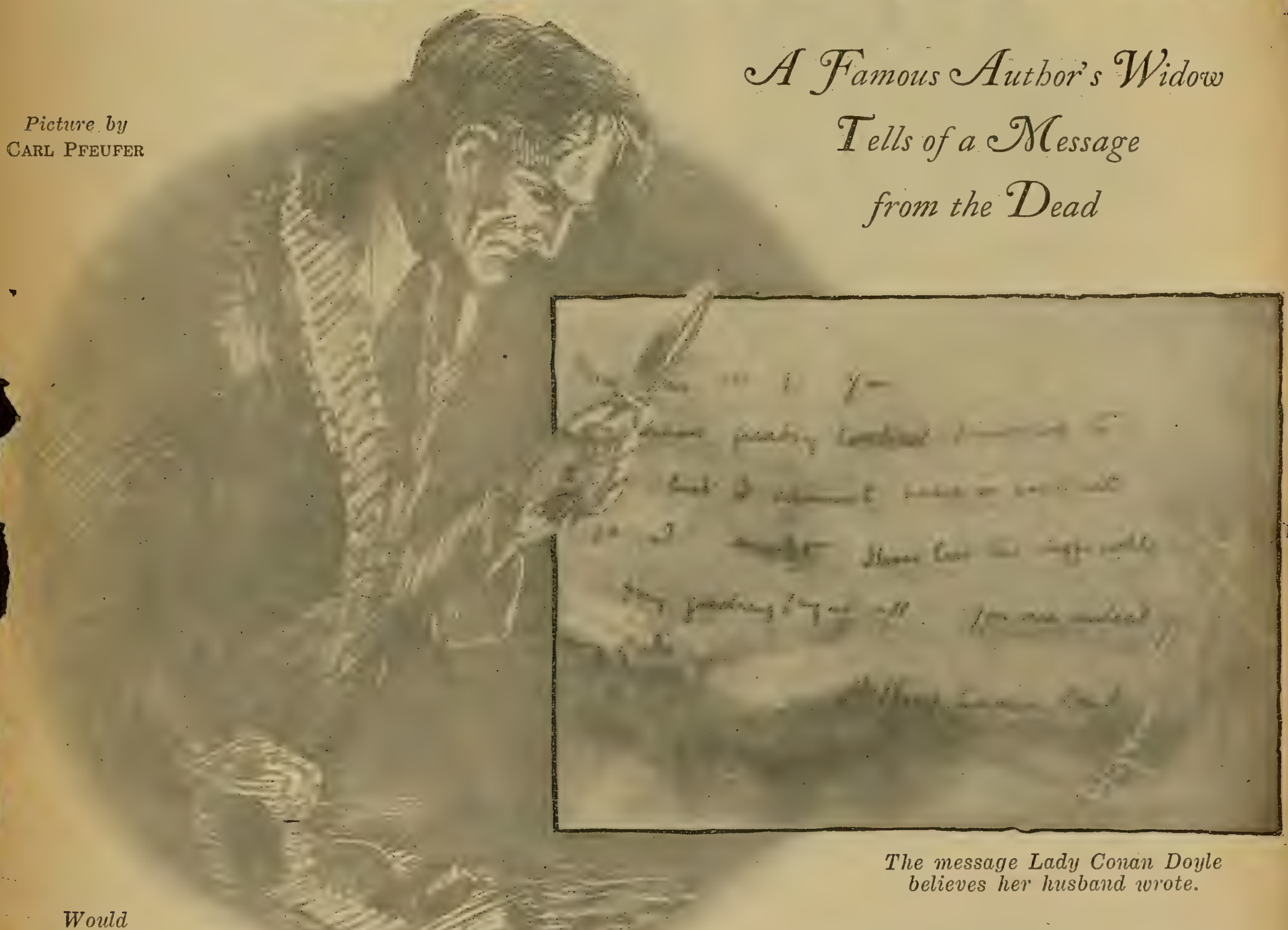
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

My HUSBAND

A Famous Author's Widow Tells of a Message from the Dead

Picture by
CARL PFEUFER



The message Lady Conan Doyle believes her husband wrote.

Would Sherlock Holmes have accepted it?

(Reading time: 11 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE newspapers of the world carried recently the announcement of Lady Conan Doyle that she had received a written message from her dead husband. "Anyone," she said, "can see it is genuine in the light of the evidence."

Here is the message, and Lady Doyle's own story of what occurred. They are presented without prejudice, and as a matter of wide interest. And in the same way, as a matter of further interest, there is presented on page 18 the report of a widely-known handwriting expert whom Liberty invited to examine a copy of the message. The reader is invited to weigh for himself the evidence thus laid before him.

PSYCHIC photography offers strong evidence of the thinness of the barrier between this earth plane of existence and the etheric vibration of life.

The sensitive photographic plate can register so much more than the retina of the human eye. That is why it is so valuable as a material witness for the truths of spirit return. Unfortunately, there are very few strongly developed photographic mediums.

People often ask what are the qualities which constitute a medium. The basis of all physical phenomena is ectoplasm—a substance which the human frame emits, although we are unaware of it, just as we only see our breath emitted on a frosty day, though it is functioning so all the time.

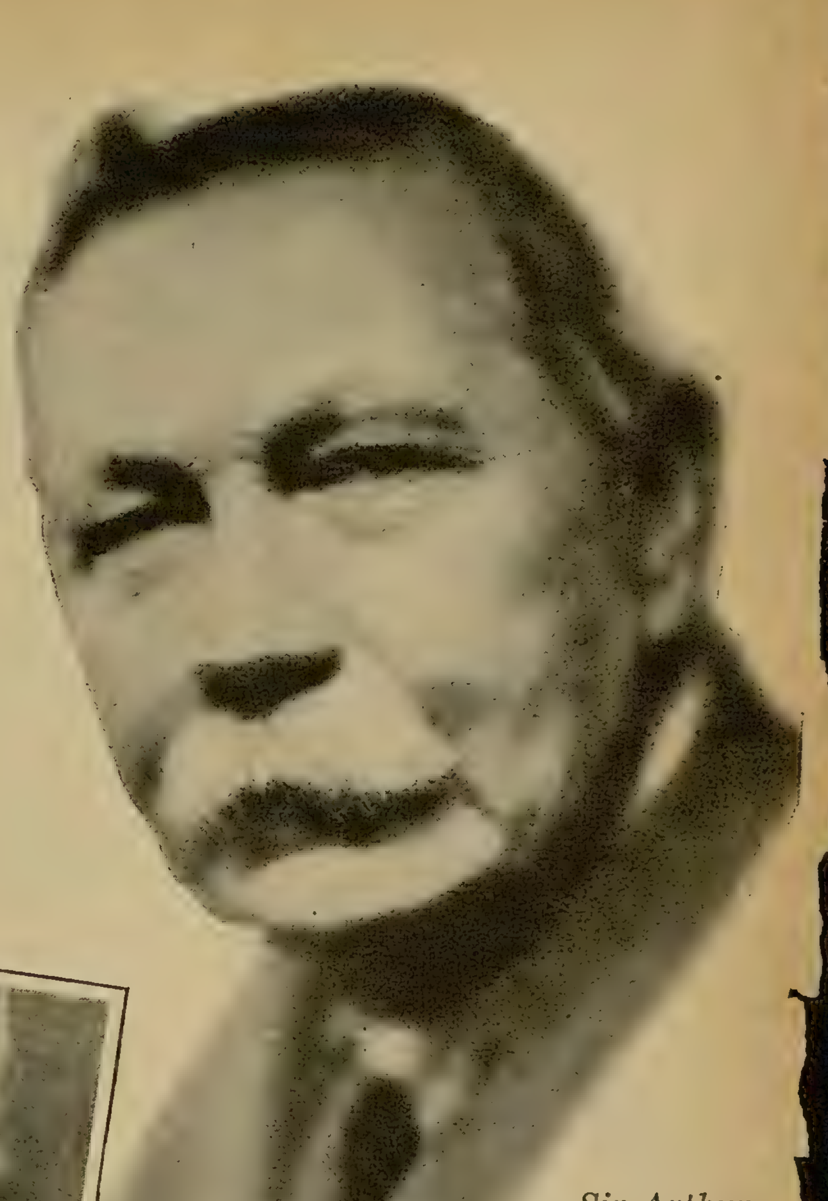
Some scientific investigators put all the sitters at a séance on weighing chairs, and each during the séance will register the loss of from one to one and a half pounds in weight and the medium will register a gain of twelve pounds or more. Each sitter has given out ectoplasm which returns at the end of a séance. When there is enough, the spirit people can demonstrate their presence by using the power supplied—for ectoplasm is the half-way house, as it were, between spirit and matter.

The spirit entity will use that power to make ectoplasmic rods, by which it will make raps or lift things. At a physical phenomena sitting, under the most rigid test conditions with a red light in the room, a large wooden table was levitated into the air and remained there. Then four men got on to it, but could not get it down. It remained suspended in the air until the spirit entity who was controlling matters from the psychic side lowered it at the request of the sitters.

A photographic medium is one who gives out enough

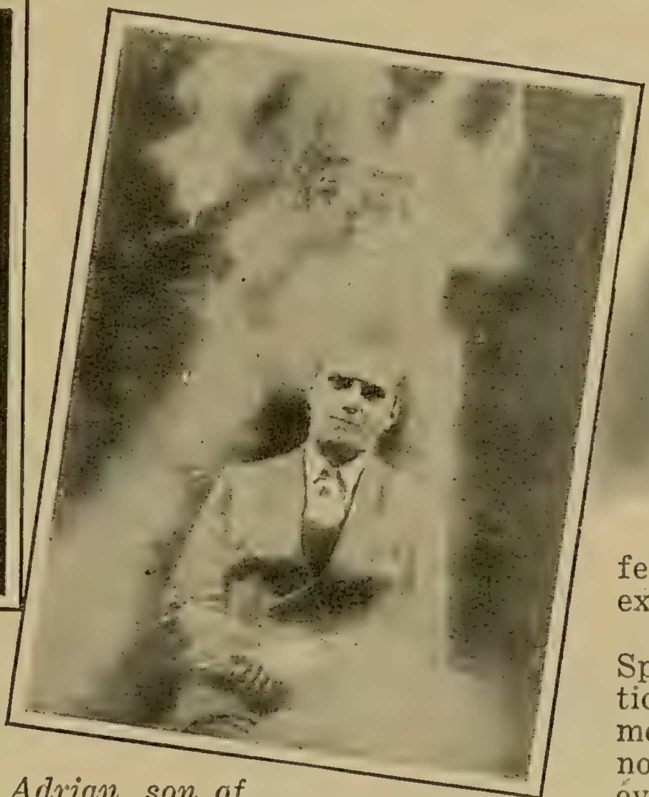
Comes Back

By LADY CONAN DOYLE



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holme who died on July 7, 1930.

Lady Jean Conan Doyle, widow of Sir Arthur.



Adrian, son of the author, and, above him, the dimly visible face of a friend who died two years before.

special ectoplasm, called the photographic ray, for the spirit folk to use in impressing their faces on the plate with the human sitter.

The Rev. Charles Tweedale, a clergyman in Yorkshire, for many years an experienced investigator in Spiritualism, who has strong mediumship in his own family, at one of their home séances had a message from a spirit control on the "other side" on the 9th of July, 1930, saying that my husband would try to show himself photographically the next week.

ON July 14 Mr. Tweedale had a sitting with the great psychic photographic medium, Mr. Hope of Crewe. I will now quote Mr. Tweedale's own account of it:

"Monday, July 14. Sat with that wonderful psychic, Mr. William Hope of Crewe, under good test conditions. I took a new, unopened packet of plates, loaded the slides and signed the plates myself, carefully inspected the camera, lens, slide, and background. After loading the slide, I put it in my pocket and proceeded to the camera and thence back to the dark room after the exposure, where I developed the plates myself, and Hope was never allowed to touch them or place his hands over them.

"On the first plate are three faces in cloud banks of ectoplasm around my head, upon which one face is partly superimposed. They are clearly recognizable as pictures of Sir Arthur, thus fulfilling the forecast of July 9."

The two sitters in the next photographs hoped to get someone belonging to them, but my husband, to their astonishment, appeared by them.

In connection with this medium, a professional photographer had an interesting experience.

The photographer in question was not a Spiritualist. He was, in fact, a great skeptic, and he thought he would test out the medium, expecting to find the psychic power nonexistent. He took his own plates and even his own developer, etc., and developing dishes for the experiment. He examined th simple camera inside and out, and no han but his own touched the plates.

He sat in a very light place (with a glas roof). It was twelve o'clock on a bright summer day The medium kept the cap off the lens for twenty minute —she always waits to hear clairaudiently from the spirit control how long to expose a plate. The professional photographer said it was simply absurd to expect anything on the plate with so long an exposure and so brilliant a light. He said to her, "The plate will be jet-black. It could not be otherwise." Well, he carried it into the dark room and developed it himself, when suddenly he gave a great cry, for there on the plate by him was an extra face—splendidly clear—the face of a near relative who had died two years previously.

From that day, after that overwhelming personal proof of survival, the photographer went on investigating and is now a very ardent Spiritualist. And so the ball of knowledge rolls.

My elder son, Denis, had a photograph taken by Mr. Hope. It was taken at the British College of Psychic Science. My son took his own plates, upon which he put a private mark, and did everything himself, and when h developed the picture, there was his dear father's fac over his shoulder.

A few weeks later, when Mr. Hope was again at the Psychic College, my younger son, Adrian, and I went.

Mr. Hope had no idea we were coming for a sitting, as

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

he is never told the names of the sitters at the college. The secretary only says to him, " We have an appointment booked for you at eleven o'clock, Mr. Hope, and another at three P. M." Nothing more. You take your own plates—he always prefers that—and examine the camera thoroughly.

After a simple prayer, my son and I took the plates out of the packet, put private marks on them, put them into the carrier, put the carrier into the camera, took them out of the carrier, and developed them ourselves—and on the first plate was the face of an old friend who passed to the other side two years ago. On the second was a message in *my husband's own writing* across the plate. No hand but my own and my son Adrian's touched those plates.

Now, my husband at a private séance a month previously had said to my son Denis that he wanted me to have a psychic photo taken and that he would try to write a message on the plate—and he succeeded!

The message is:

> MY DEAR ALL OF YOU:
>
> I have greatly looked forward to this, but I cannot come in contact as I ought. There lies the difficulty.
>
> My greeting to you all. You are indeed doing God's work.
>
> ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

I will explain what he means. There are two explanations. The first is that my husband, having found a psychic source to write through in his own handwriting, naturally wanted to write something from his heart to us all—something expressing his deep love and tenderness for me and the family—but had he done so, it would have been much too sacred and precious to us to have given it to the world—just as much that has come to us from him through other channels has been, and therefore has not been published.

Now he saw a most valuable chance of proving to the world his continued existence in another vibration of life, and so he had to write something which I could let the world see, with the wonderful evidence of his signature.

The second explanation is that he wanted to impress upon us all the great difficulties in connection with communication, as our knowledge and methods are at present experimental and imperfect. A lot has still to be done in achieving perfect means of transmission; but all those who knew my husband's writing will at once recognize that no hand but his wrote that message on that photographic plate.

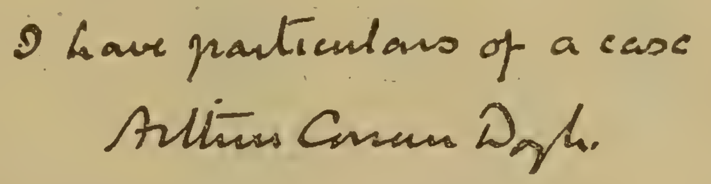
This is definite and tangible evidence of the personal survival of my husband—the handwriting of a so-called " dead " man from the other side, done under the most rigid test conditions.

Truly there is no death—only transition into another sphere of life.

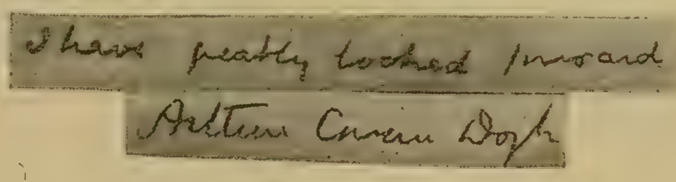
Ultra-Violet Ray and Scrutiny of Writing Show Message Is Spurious

Says HUBERT R. ERLBROOKES *widely-known handwriting expert of New York City, whom Liberty invited to examine the communication referred to above. Here, in part, is his report.*

I HAVE examined specimens of the known handwriting of he late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and have made comparisons of he same with the questioned andwriting on the document described in the preceding article. For matters of reference he questioned handwriting will be referred to as Exhibit A, while the known standards of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's handwriting will be referred to as Exhibits B. All exhibits examined in this case are photoaphic reproductions.


I have particulars of a case
Arthur Conan Doyle.

Sir Arthur's known handwriting.


I have greatly looked forward
Arthur Conan Doyle

The writing in the message.

I have subjected the photograph of Exhibit A to an amination under the ultra-violet ray. It is apparent to e that the writing of this exhibit was originally written n a piece of paper upon which there were other writings hat had been erased. Several of the erased words are lmost readable, while the outlines of erased writing and evidence of erasures are unmistakably present.

My examination of the photographic reproduction itself suggests that the sensitized plate was light-struck. By that I mean that an exposure was apparently made without an object and that this extra objectless exposure blunted the sharpness of the outlines of the writing that had been previously photographed on the sensitized plate. Whether the sensitized plate was itself old or whether he emulsion was old is not clearly determinable, although it is apparent to me that the blotches on the negative late from which the positive was obtained are caused rgely by the soiled condition of the paper upon which he alleged spirit message was inscribed prior to its being hotographed.

The handwriting of the message contained in Exhibit indicates that it is a simulation or imitation of the ndwriting of the writer of Exhibits B by someone king a certain quality or acquaintance with the natural and unconscious reproduction of the individual characteristics by which the handwriting of the writer of Exhibits B is individualized. To the ordinary observer the reproduction could be considered as being perfect.

The first betrayal of unnaturalness is that, in the several admittedly genuine signatures of the writer of Exhibits B, the arch of the capital letter " A " of the name " Arthur " is made without a break in it. In the simulated writing of Exhibit A there is a break in the arch toward the top of the minor or upward stroke.

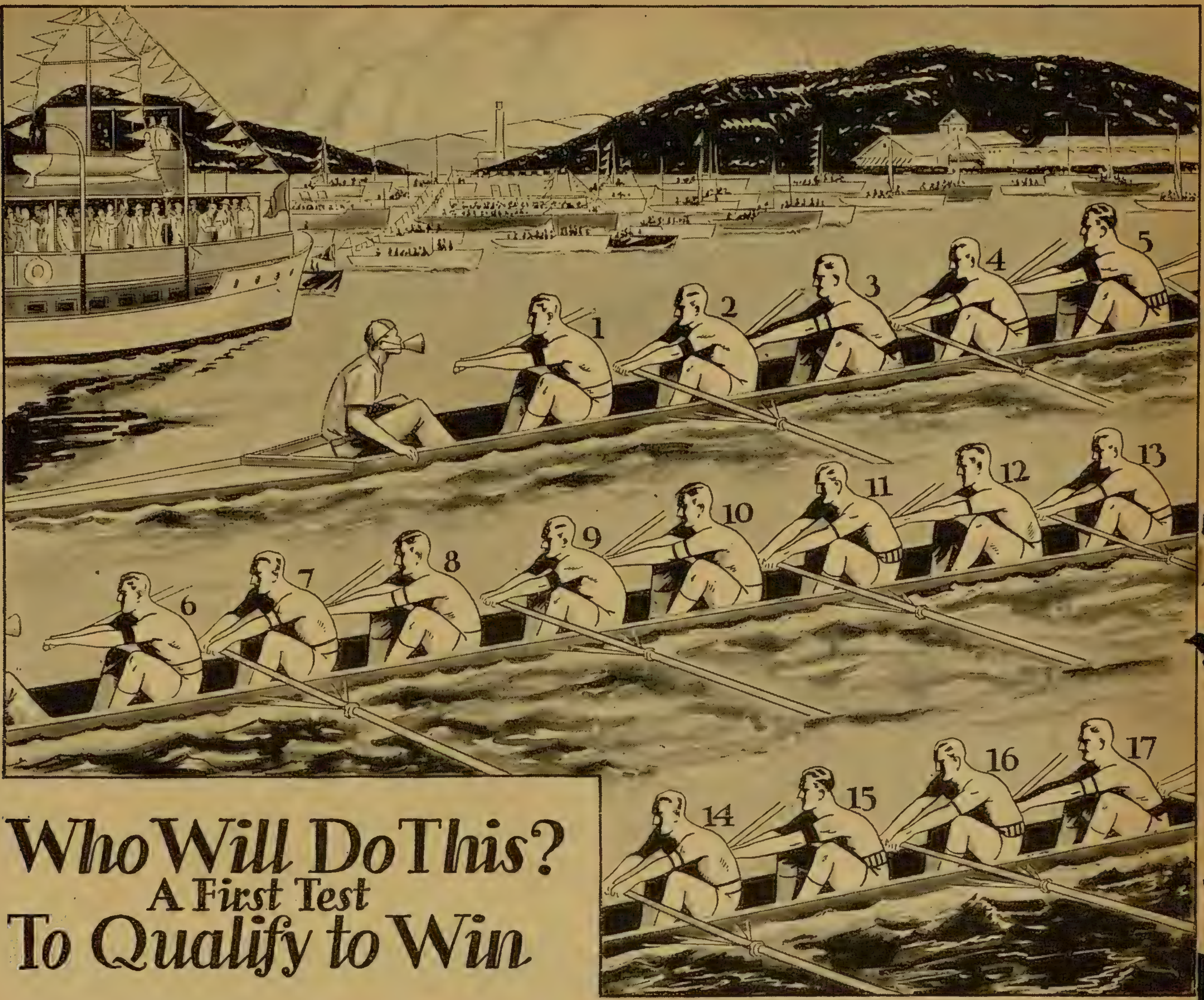
The next point of unnaturalness observed in the formation of the same capital letter "A" in Exhibit A is the manner of making the lateral stroke. It touches heavily against the upward stroke, while in the known handwriting of the writer of Exhibits B the incline is away from the minor stroke and more toward the center of the arch.

In the writing of Exhibit A the capital letter " I " occurs three times. The lower part of each capital letter " I " is observed to be extended unnaturally, with the weight of the pen stroke being heavier at the lower end than it is at the upper end of the curves or loops. In two of the three instances there is a pronounced re-coil of the terminal loop, at the same time throwing an unnatural accentuation toward the lower part of the formation of the capital letter " I."

In the handwriting of the writer of Exhibits B, the accentuation of the pen stroke is exactly the reverse of the simulation, being more at the upper part than it is at the lower part of the formation of the same capital letter " I." There is apparently no pronounced re-coiling of either loops in the admittedly genuine handwriting of Exhibits B.

As the result of my examination of the handwriting of Exhibit A and comparison of the same with the handwriting of the writer of Exhibits B, I am of the opinion that the handwriting appearing in Exhibit A was not written by the writer of Exhibits B, but that the same is a simulated handwriting, and that the simulation was made by some person other than the writer of Exhibits B.

THE END



Who Will Do This?
A First Test
To Qualify to Win

$8,275.00 in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and **only one**, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send. Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 3, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Show Girl in

By J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 15 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: *Dixie Dugan, film star, and Teddy Page, born to millions, are suddenly married. Teddy's parents are horrified. His young sister, Patricia, is thrilled. When his eighteen-year-old sister, Serena, absorbs the spotlight with her coming début, Patricia runs away and reaches Chicago en route for Hollywood. Joan Pratt, the newlyweds' fellow guest at the Dixon ranch, is an old flame of Teddy's. She disgusts Dixie by her intensive efforts to recapture him. Dixie wires her sister, Nita, that she's leaving for Hollywood.*

PART TWO—THE TIME OF HER LIFE

Hollywood, California.

NITA DARLING,

I guess maybe I'm crazy. Anyway I don't care I'm happy again. Don't pay any attention to my telegram. Besides this isn't the letter following this is another letter. I tore up the first because just as I was sending it to tell you I had left Teddy forever and would never see him again he came dashing into the room and threw his arms around me and started to eat me all up. I forgot to be mad at him about Joan and humiliating me the way he did. I just laughed and cried and chewed his ears and we made up so nice it was almost worth the fight and everything.

He told me how sorry he was and he would never drink like that anymore and was going to break away from this mob of playboys and girls and was going to take me away on a real honeymoon to Paris and he was never going to see Joan again and he was so heartbroken when I left he hopped on the next train and came tearing down after me and he'd never let me go again and then I told him I was glad and he told me he was sorry and then I told him I was sorry and he told me he was glad and then he kissed me some more and then it didn't seem like any time at all before it was all dark outside and the lights were lit and we were hungry but didn't care much.

Oh he's my sweet boy, Nita, he's so bad and so good and when he puts his arms around me—he's just like catnip.

Imagine us in Paris, Nita! Because that's where we're going to be in just no time at all. We're taking the train tomorrow to New York and Teddy has wired ahead to his lawyer to get our passports rushed through and he's reserved a big suite on the Ile de France and off we go to make love in Paris buy clothes and drink on the sidewalks like they do in the newsreels, and see the racing and putter around the ruins. Teddy is looking over my shoulder as I write this and he just said he was going to putter around me and I said I'm no ruin and he said you will be and I said that's a promise.

See you soon. Hot cha cha. DIXIE.

. . . . .

The Study of William Kellogg Page, The Oaks, Westbury, Long Island. The heavy door opens softly and a sleek-haired, ferret-eyed, tight-lipped secretary oozes in.

SECRETARY: Mr. Carmody is here, Mr. Page.

PAGE *(alert)*: Carmody?

SECRETARY: The Open Eye Detective Agency.

PAGE *(eager)*: Send him in. At once.

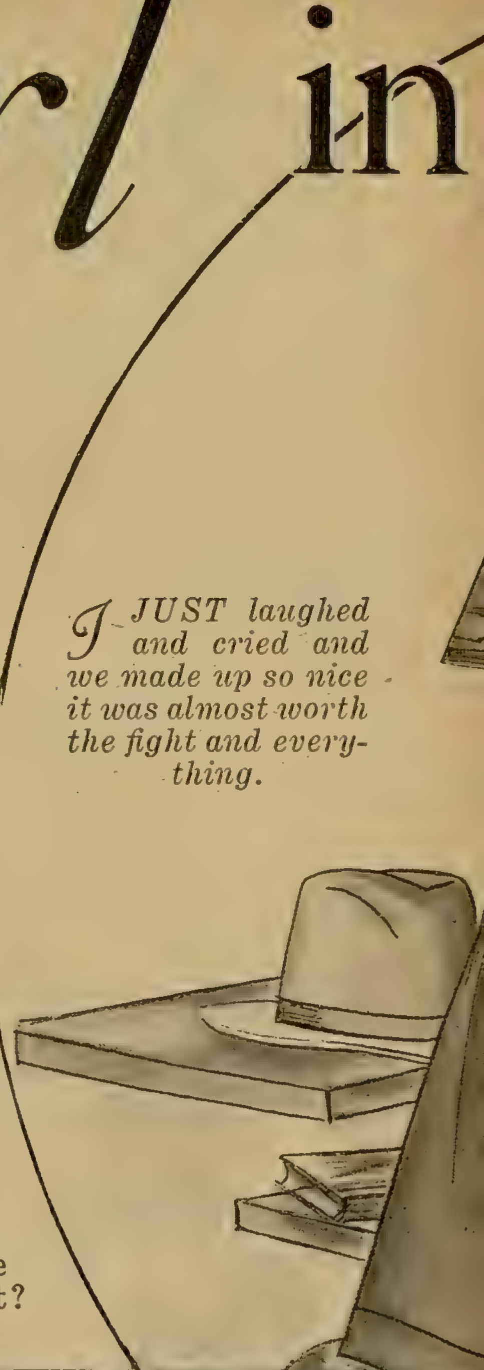
Carmody clumps in, black derby, black cigar, black shoes, black eyebrows—one of those fiction detectives who can be found only in real life. Carmody seats himself solidly, pushes back his derby, crosses his thick legs, and swings a heavy shoe with commendable pride. Carmody waits. Carmody is on the job.

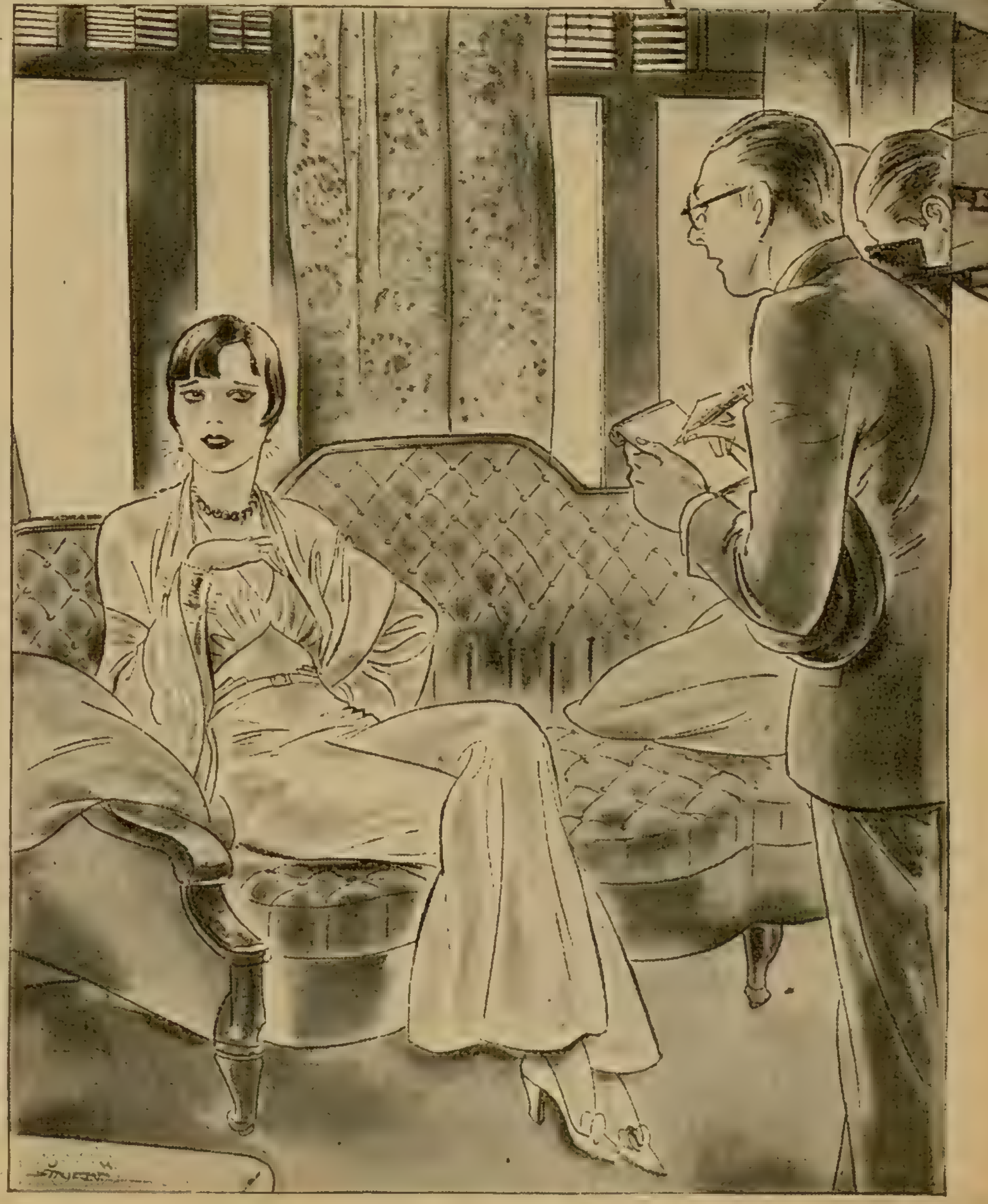
PAGE *(crisply)*: I sent for you because I heard you were discreet.

CARMODY *(proudly)*: We never sleep; that's our slogan.

PAGE *(impatiently)*: That doesn't concern me. What I want to know is, can you do a very delicate job for me and keep the newspapers from getting hold of it?

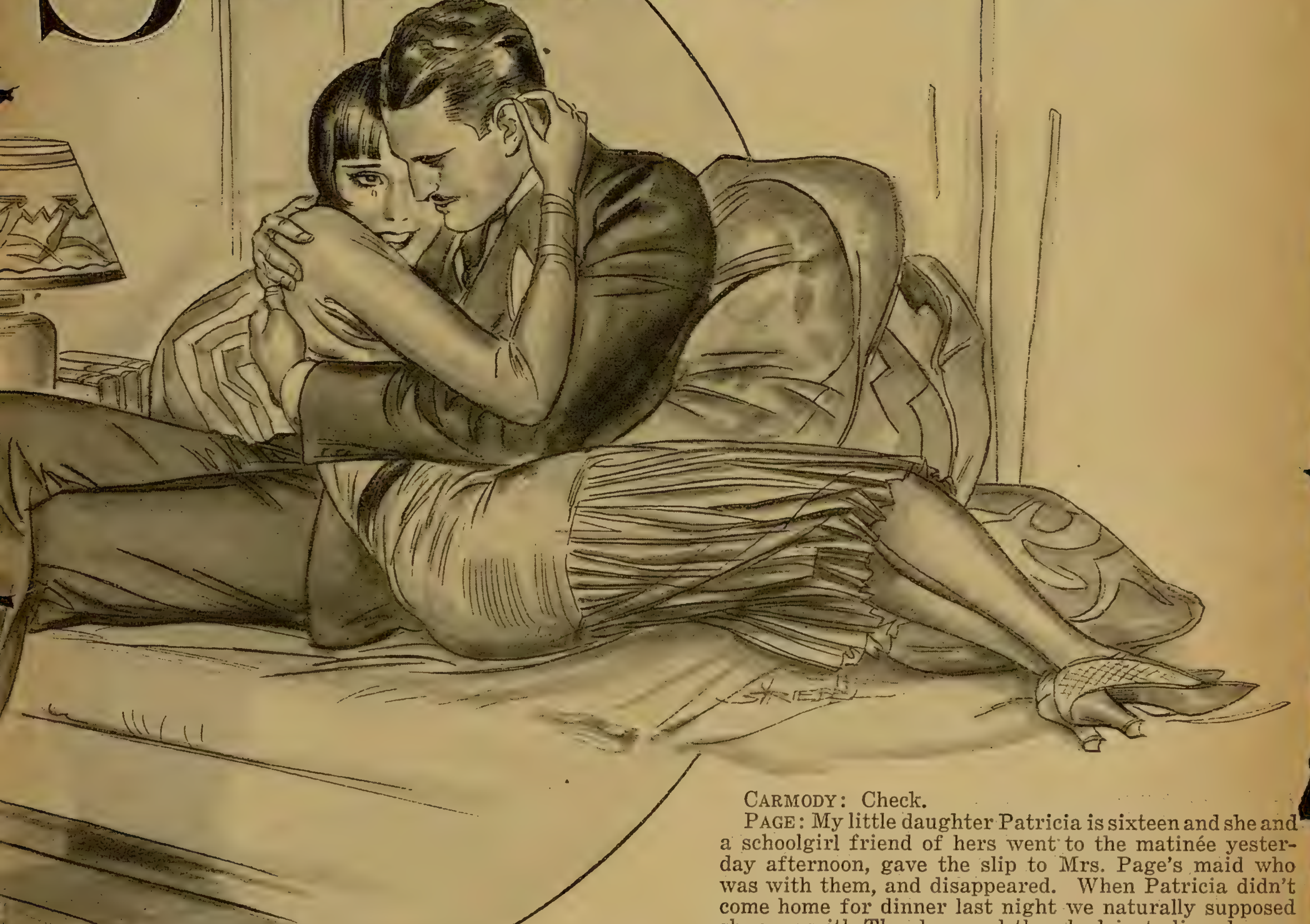
I JUST laughed and cried and we made up so nice it was almost worth the fight and everything.





SOCIETY

A New DIXIE DUGAN *Adventure*



WHEN asked about her career she replied with wifely simplicity, "Teddy is my career now."

CARMODY *(with simple pride):* You can trust the Open Eye Detective Agency, Mr. Page. Once my men get on the job they never let go. It may take weeks, it may take months, but they hang on like bulldogs. Why, do you know, Mr. Page, we tailed a car once from New York to San Francisco, up to Seattle, back to St. Paul, down to Omaha, and then where do you suppose they went?

PAGE: Look here, Carmody, I don't care where they went. I called you in here to find somebody.

CARMODY: Who?

PAGE: My little daughter.

CARMODY: Just a minute. *(Takes soiled envelope out of pocket and fishes up stub pencil which he holds poised with blunt fingers.)* What's the name?

PAGE *(helplessly):* Now what would my daughter's name be? Page, of course.

CARMODY *(nodding sagely):* That's right. *(Writes carefully.)* Well, I've got that. *(Ponders result and then looks up brightly.)* Married or single? What I mean is, was she married and living somewhere else or single and living with you?

PAGE: Suppose you let me tell you my own way.

CARMODY: Check.

PAGE: My little daughter Patricia is sixteen and she and a schoolgirl friend of hers went to the matinée yesterday afternoon, gave the slip to Mrs. Page's maid who was with them, and disappeared. When Patricia didn't come home for dinner last night we naturally supposed she was with Theodora and they had just slipped away from the maid and chauffeur for a lark; but then when she did not come home after dinner and we did not hear from her, we called up and learned to our astonishment she wasn't there and neither was Theodora.

Now, naturally, we cannot allow anything of this to get into the newspapers. The girls are both probably all right and somewhere in New York City because neither of them has any money so they couldn't get very far. We are worried, of course, but it is only a childish prank, I am sure, only I want you to find her and bring her home as quickly as possible without spreading a general alarm and letting the newspapers learn about it, as they would immediately if I notified the police in the regular way. Publicity like this, the way the tabloids would play it up, would be disastrous to a young girl like Patricia. Now, how soon can you get on the job?

CARMODY: I'm on it right now, Mr. Page. When I stepped in that door I was on the job. Right now my brain is working top speed. Inside of an hour I will have a network of operators combing New York with a fine-tooth comb. Why, your little girl has no more chance of getting out of New York once the Open Eye Detective Agency is on the job than I have of—of— Well, I'm a man of few words, Mr. Page, and I make all of them count. I've been in this game man and boy for nigh on forty years, and you can hardly name a big case I haven't had my finger in some way or other. Take the Ruth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells how Ed now GITS the TRAIN AHEAD of the one he's after

THERE'S a great moral lurkin' in the life of Ed Tyler who lives in the suburbs of a big city. Fer thirteen years Ed rode the train to work every mornin' an' didn't even know the station agent's name.

The other passengers would sit around the station laughin' an' jokin', but Ed wouldn't. He would stand there with his nose so high in the air that a sudden rain would have drowned him.

Well sir, Ed got to missin' trains. He would come dashin' up jest as the train pulled out. Maybe he had looked at a Sunday or a Holiday schedule on a week day or maybe he'd waited too long.

Havin' the good of the railroad at heart, the station agent took Ed aside an' talked to him an' gave him some little chocolate tablets from a blue tin box. Now Ed is the most regular passenger on that line. He's friendly, he calls the station agent George, he ain't missed a train fer weeks an' sometimes he even gits the train ahead of the one he's after.

"Chic" Sale

WOULDN'T you rather take "those little chocolate tablets" than a laxative that causes you to "make faces"?

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

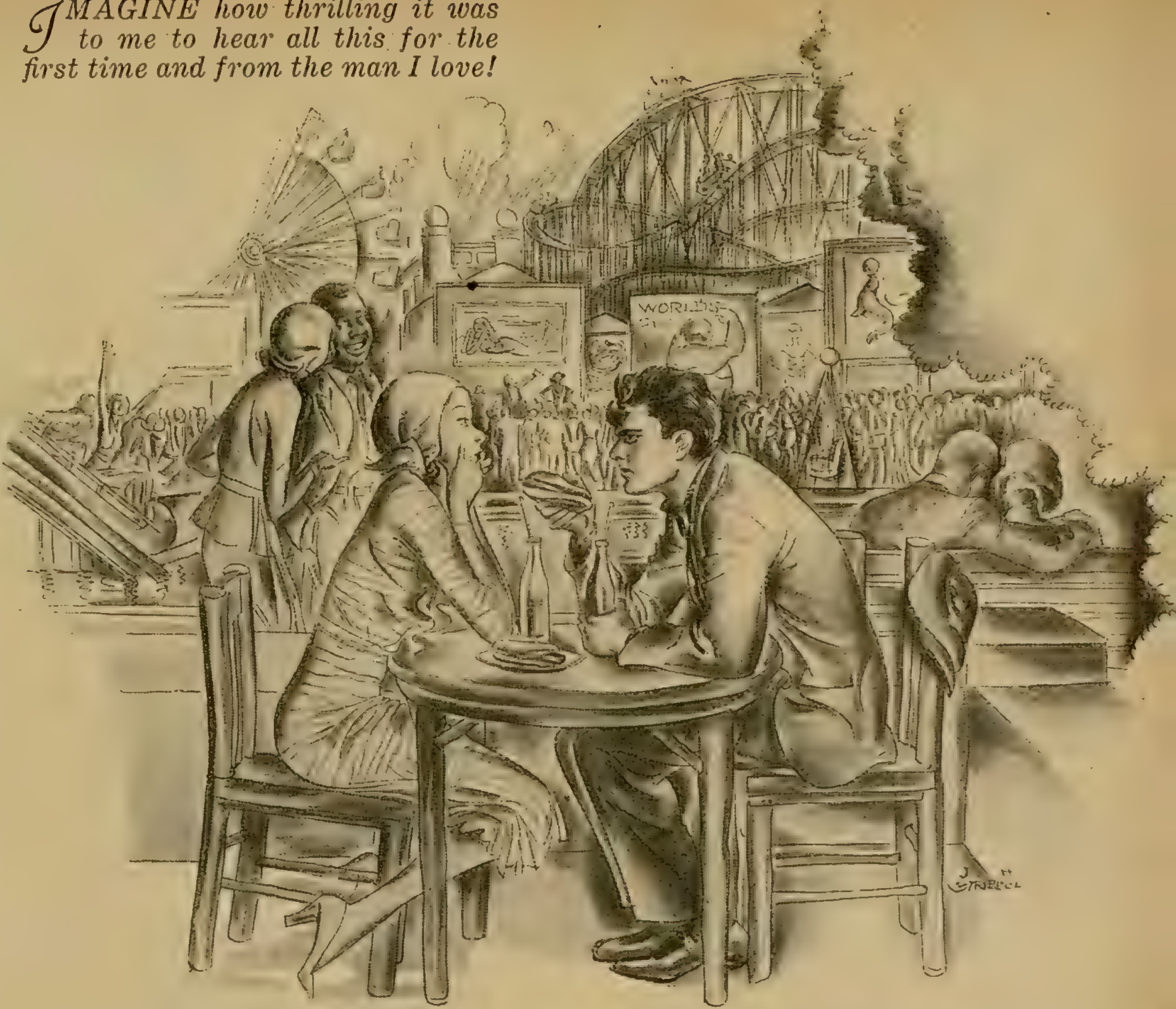
Ex-Lax is equally effective for young or old. It's safe, gentle, non-habit forming. It checks on everything your doctor looks for in a laxative. Your druggist has it in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

FREE Complete set of "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS and sample of Ex-Lax

Name...
Street and Number.................................
City.......................... State....................

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. L 611, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.



IMAGINE how thrilling it was to me to hear all this for the first time and from the man I love!

[SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page twenty-one]

Snyder case, for example. Did you know the real truth of the matter is . . .

PAGE: Look here, Carmody.

CARMODY: Sorry, Mr. Page. Enthusiasm! Love of one's work and vigilance, eternal vigilance. We never sleep. That's our slogan.

. . . . .

THE MEMOIRS OF
PATRICIA PAGE
By Patricia Page
(To Be Opened Fifty Years After Her Decease)

CHAPTER TWO

Oh I have met Dimi and I am in love and it's the most wonderful thing in the world!! I wonder if anyone has ever felt like this before? Probably not. It is so sweet and so sad and you want to laugh because you're happy and you want to cry because you're sorry for yourself and you don't know why because you aren't really and when you see him coming down the street your heart beats so fast you think you are going to swoon so what do you do? You say something perfectly idiotic instead of saying all the beautiful things which he inspires in you.

One of the things we learn from Life is that the most romantic things happen in the most unromantic fashion. I must develop this thought later. For instance what could be more unromantic than the way Dimintri or Dimi as I will always call him and I were thrown together by Fate? It was in the MacVickers Theatre on a calm Sunday afternoon no different from any other Sunday afternoon apparently and yet it is a day that will always be written in letters of fire in the calendar of my heart. I had had my luncheon, a modest repast, in a quainte little restaurant on North Clark Street and had strolled over the bridge gazing idly down on the river as I passed not knowing I was on the most fatefull journey of my life and awaiting me at the other end of the rainbow was Life and Love and all that matters!

AS I walked through the Loop, as they call the business district here, wondering why they didn't clean it up a little, I saw a big movie theatre and a big sign saying Clive Brook in something or other. You see I have forgotten and yet there was a time when I would have memoirized every gesture because I thought he was just too grand but now I can see that was only a childish crush to be laughed off lightly. Oh dear how quickly one grows out in the World. Isn't it thrilling! And isn't it a wonderful world to live in? Yes!!!

But I degress. I entered the lobby and bought my ticket and was quickly and most politely ushered through the lobby and inside where without a moment's notice and coming with quite a shock after all this bending and bowing I was shoved in with a lot of other people behind a rope which two ushers held so tight we were all herded together and there in that unromantic situation with the motley hord stepping on my toes and poking their elbow in my eyes, I met Him!

How we started talking I don't

know. It is all a blur now but such a dreamy delightful blur in which I can only see two enormous dark eyes and hear a soft mellow voice with a slight touch of Russian accent saying—Stop crowding this young lady or I'll poke you right in the nose. My hero! My knight!

We hardly noticed the picture because from the very first Dimi and I seemed to know we were made for each other from the beginning of the world so we talked and talked all through the picture and everybody saying shush and Dimi glaring back at them in his masterful fashion and saying Oh yeah? And believe me they didn't peep because they could tell from his ringing tone that here was a man who was captain of his soul and would stand no nonsense.

AFTER a while we floated down miles of steps to the street and walked all over the Loop which seemed to have changed magically and become bright and fair and sparkling, and then we got on a boat and were wafted over the blue waves of Lake Michigan one of the five Great Lakes to Jackson Park and there we walked over miles of grass and listened to the birds sing and Dimi told me about when he was a little child in Russia which he could just barely remember and how he came to this country in the steerage when he was eight years old and that was ten years ago so you can see he is only two years older than I but centuries older in wisdom because he has Lived.

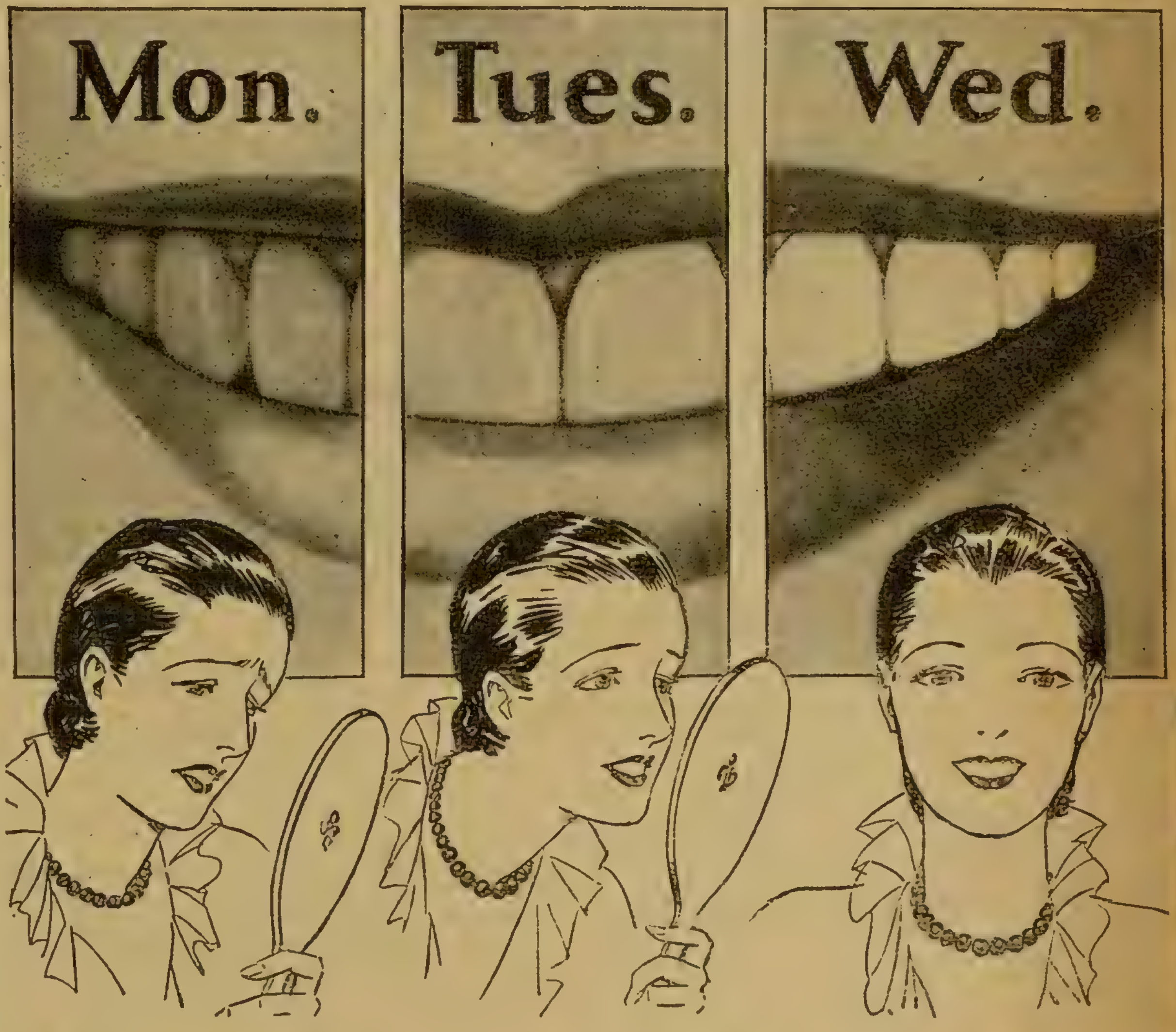
And from New York he drifted to Chicago where now he works all day long in a hatefull job but spends all his nights and holidays planning and working with his comrades for the Great Day when the Workers will arise and crush the capitalistical system which has its golden shod heel on the neck of downtrodden Labor. Imagine how thrilling it was to me to hear all this for the first time and from the man I love! How long has this sort of thing been going on, I wonder.

And now how can I tell about the rest of the day? How can I describe the magic hours which Dimi and I spent in White City riding on roller coasters up to the stars, eating candy like snowballs that melted in your mouth and laughing and chaffing like all the silly heedless people around us and then sitting and talking seriously together over our hot dogs and cocoa cola with Dimi's black eyes smoldering with anger over the wrongs of the working classes and then lightening up with Fire as he pictured the world to be. What a wonderful world it is going to be and how glorious it would be to walk all the rest of my life through this world hand in hand with Dimi.

Then there would be no Junior League, no Miss Chapwell's School, no horsey set in Aiken, no Newport and no Bar Harbor and those other dreary places and Dimi too will be freed from his galling chains as he so aptfully

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Brush Away That Ugly Yellow and Stain



Teeth 3 Shades Whiter in 3 Days

Now there's absolutely no excuse for stained, yellow, discolored or decayed teeth or sore, spongy gums. For science has discovered the way to destroy millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. It's the way to make teeth gleaming white. It's called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Start using this technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Overnight you'll note an improvement. In just 3 days your teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Breath and taste will be clean and sweet.

Kolynos is unique.

The very moment it enters the mouth this highly concentrated dental cream becomes a refreshing FOAM which permits the use of a dry brush, thus making KOLYNOS 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth-germs, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

Now if you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Buy a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

Why Mothers urge children to drink Hires Root Beer

WHEN questioned, 8 mothers out of 10 reveal that they have warned their children against harmful beverages, such as those containing artificial coloring and flavoring.

. . . and these same wise mothers urge their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is delicious *plus* invigorating *plus* nourshing . . . and absolutely pure.

Now, to win new friends, we offer a free rial bottle of Hires Extract . . . sufficient to ake 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract . . . it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries, and herbs . . . Nature's invigorating and healthful ingredients.

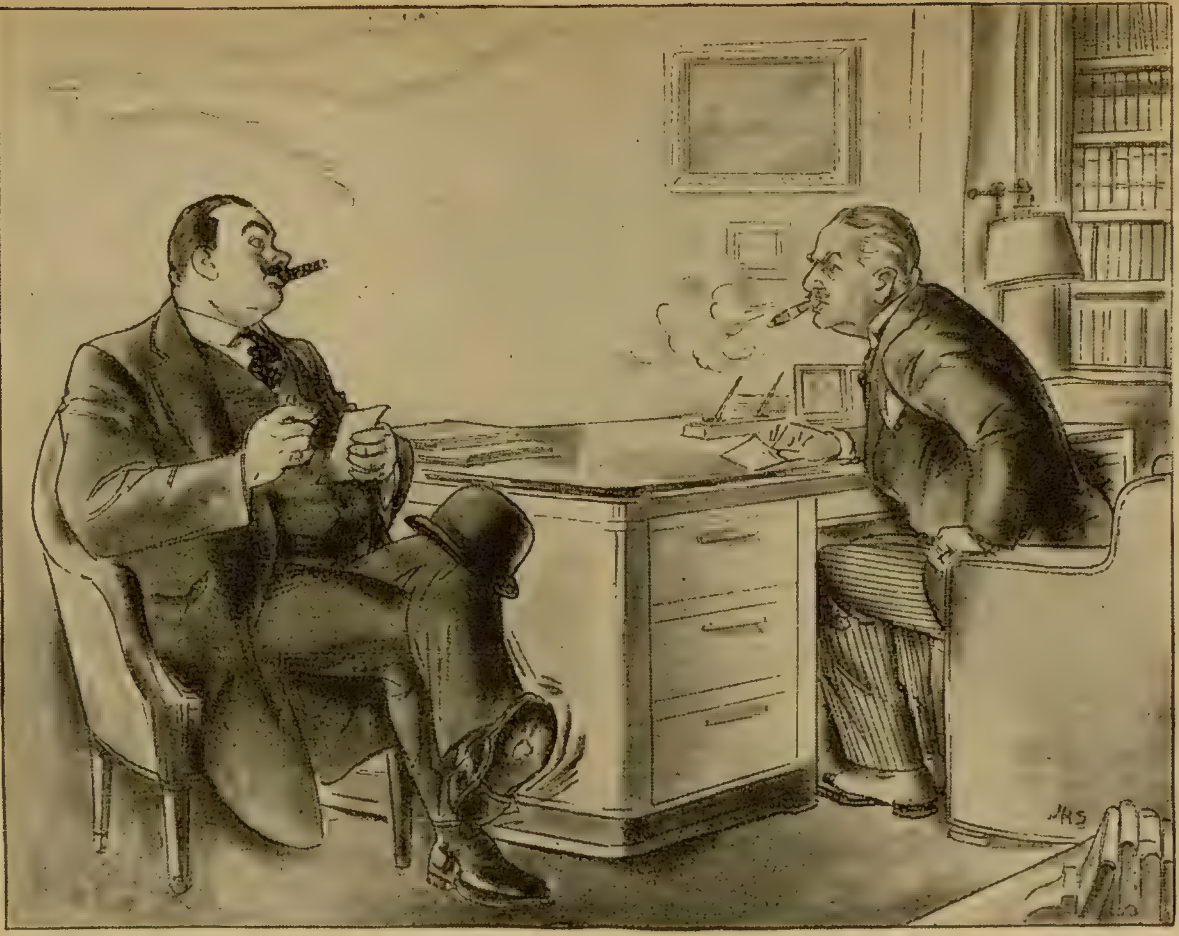
Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract . . . or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At Fountains and from Hires Kegs, you can get Hires Root Beer by the glass. Also it comes already bottled.

THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
DELICIOUS
HEALTHFUL
Hires
ROOT BEER
(HOUSEHOLD FORMULA)
Hires

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [2-6-6]
Please send me free sample
of Hires Root Beer Extract
*Name*__________
Address __________
*City*__________*State* __________
Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto



Page (helplessly): Now what would my daughter's name be? Page, of course.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page twenty-three

expresses it and won't have to spend his days of precious sunlight down in the dark shipping room basement of the True Faith Book Concern nailing up huge boxes of badly written religious tracks to be sent to unfortunate heathens who are much better off without them and know it too but can do nothing about it because they too, as Dimi says, are under the heel of the church and state.

Right now as I am writing these Memoirs in my little room Dimi is toiling down there in that dark basement but soon I will see him again because we have a date for dinner at the Pure Food Cafeteria on Wabash Avenue. There we will sit and talk or rather I will make Dimi talk and I will listen because I haven't told him the truth yet about myself because I am sure if he once knew I was the daughter of W. K. Page he would shun me as though I were a viper because he says all big business men and bankers and whatnot are mercyless monsters which is rather hard for me to believe about poor old daddy who looks so worried around the house all the time and seems to jump right out of his skin when Mother yells at him.

Poor daddy, I hope he isn't worried too much about my leaving home to make my career which I am postponing for a few days as what would Hollywood be without Dimi?

End of Chapter Two

OPEN EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY

To: W. K. Page
Wall and Broad Streets
New York City, New York

In re: Case No. 1,784

Pursuant to telephone advice from your secretary this morning that your daughter was last seen in Chicago by her friend who returned to New York last night, I have wired our Chicago office to canvass all railroad stations, hotels, girls' clubs, and rooming houses. In this way we will spot her if she is still in Chicago. If that fails we will be able to pick her up if she tries to leave for Hollywood, as I am also covering principal cities on all trunk lines west and have operatives stationed at Pasadena and L. A. to intercept her if she has already left Chicago and has passed through the aforementioned cities. This has all been handled with the splendid secrecy for which this agency is internationally noted.

So you need not worry about our ultimate success, for I have only to refer you to our slogan, "We never sleep." Meanwhile may I take the liberty of enclosing our initial bill to cover disbursements. CARMODY.

HOLLYWOOD CALIF
CITY EDITOR CHICAGO TRIBUNE
CHICAGO ILLINOIS
FEEL YOU WOULD BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT DIXIE DUGAN SENSATIONAL STAR OF LOVING SINNERS IS EN ROUTE TO EUROPE ON SECRET HONEYMOON WITH TEDDY PAGE INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN SOCIETY AND SON OF W K PAGE AND BOTH OF THEM ARE ARRIVING SANTA FE CHIEF TOMORROW AND WILL STOP OVER AT DRAKE HOTEL FOR DAY BEFORE LEAVING FOR NEW YORK KINDEST REGARDS
COLOSSAL FILM CORP
DEPT PUBLIC RELATIONS

(From the Tribune's picture page.)

(Above) Dixie Dugan, who has deserted the movies for society and is en route to Europe on her honeymoon with her new husband, the well known Teddy Page. Dixie was snapped yesterday in their suite at the Drake in the newest lounging pyjamas from Hollywood.

When asked about her career she replied with wifely simplicity, " Teddy is my career now."

DEAR DIXIE,

I know you very well and I know your husband better than you think but you have never met me and yet it is very important that I see you right away and see you alone because you can do something wonderfull for me as I am in great distress so when I saw your picture in the paper this morning it was like Provadence because I have spent all my money and must do something right away and you can help me and if you only knew who I was I am sure you would rush to help me but it is very necesary that I be descreet so I cannot come to your hotel so if you will please meet me at the Pure Food Cafeteria on Wabash Avenue at noon today it will be just too wonderfull of you because this is a matter of life and death. But you must come alone and above all do not bring Teddy.

JUST ME.

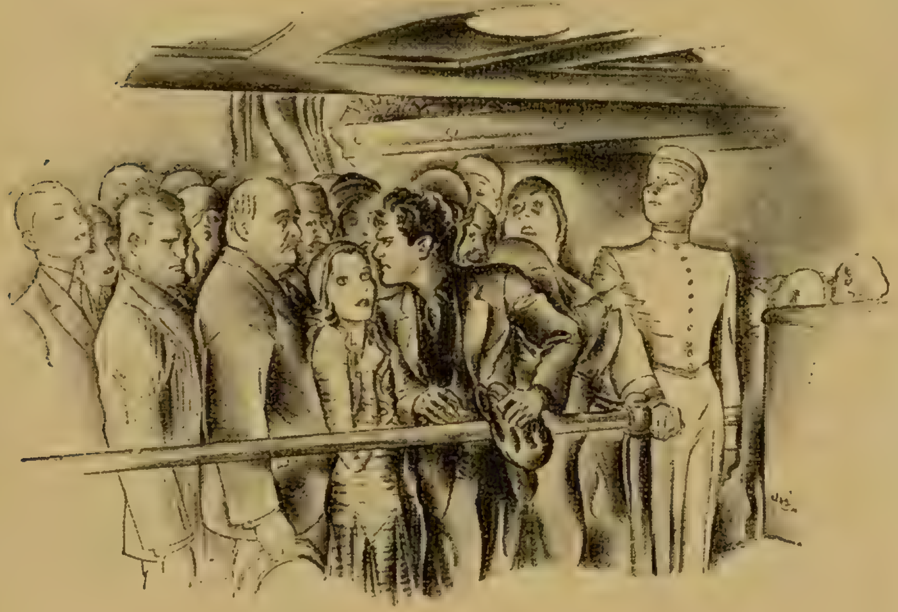
MRS W K PAGE CHICAGO ILL
THE OAKS
WESTBURY L I

ARRIVING NEW YORK TOMORROW CENTURY WITH DIXIE EN ROUTE TO PARIS FOR OUR HONEYMOON SAILING ILE DE FRANCE FRIDAY STOP WANT TO BRING HER OUT TO MEET YOU AND REST OF FAMILY BUT MUST BE SURE FIRST YOU WILL BE NICE TO HER STOP SURE YOU WILL LOVE HER WHEN YOU KNOW HER AS SHE ISNT ANYTHING LIKE YOUR IDEA WILL TELEPHONE YOU FROM MY APARTMENT ABOUT NOON LOVE TO ALL TEDDY

CARMODY CHICAGO ILL
OPEN EYE
NEW YORK CITY

OPERATIVE TWO SEVENTEEN COVERING DRAKE AS PER INSTRUCTIONS PICKED UP SUBJECT THREE OCLOCK THIS AFTERNOON INQUIRING AT DESK FOR MRS TEDDY PAGE STOP HOTEL MANAGEMENT TIPPED OFF INSTALLED SUBJECT IN SUITE ON PRETEXT AWAITING RETURN OF MRS PAGE WHO LEFT FOR NEW YORK CENTURY TODAY STOP HOLDING SUBJECT INCOMMUNICADO AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS

MULLIGAN CHICAGO



I can only hear a soft voice saying—Stop crowding this young lady or I'll poke you right in the nose.

MULLIGAN NEW YORK NY
OPEN EYE
CHICAGO ILL

FATHER SUBJECT NOTIFIED COMING PERSONALLY TO TAKE HER HOME LEAVING BY PLANE THIS AFTERNOON ARRIVING TONIGHT STOP TIP OFF HOTEL BUT NOT SUBJECT STOP ABOVE ALL KEEP PRESS OFF TRAIL STOP GOOD WORK CONGRATULATIONS CARMODY

Next week you'll learn what happens to Patricia, and get strictly confidential information on Dixie's adventures aboard the gay liner Ile de France.

It's a point of pride

to win men by sheer merit!

We ask you to accept a free supply of the world's largest selling shaving cream to try

GENTLEMEN: "More men use Palmolive Shaving Cream than any other kind. Of every 100 who try it, 86 remain our steady customers." These are established facts.

So instead of "selling" you, let us send a free supply. You try it for 7 days at our expense and be the judge.

The olive oil principle

The public is responsible for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Up to that time, men told us, other creams had failed. So we asked 1,000 men to write down their chief complaints. Then we went to work.

It took months to perfect our present product.

Based on the olive oil principle, it introduces five exclusive features:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in 1 minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

We base our case on showing you a product you'll like better than the rest. If we do, we've won another life-long customer. Won't you fill in your name and mail the coupon? We'll appreciate it if you do.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving
Cream

NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1239, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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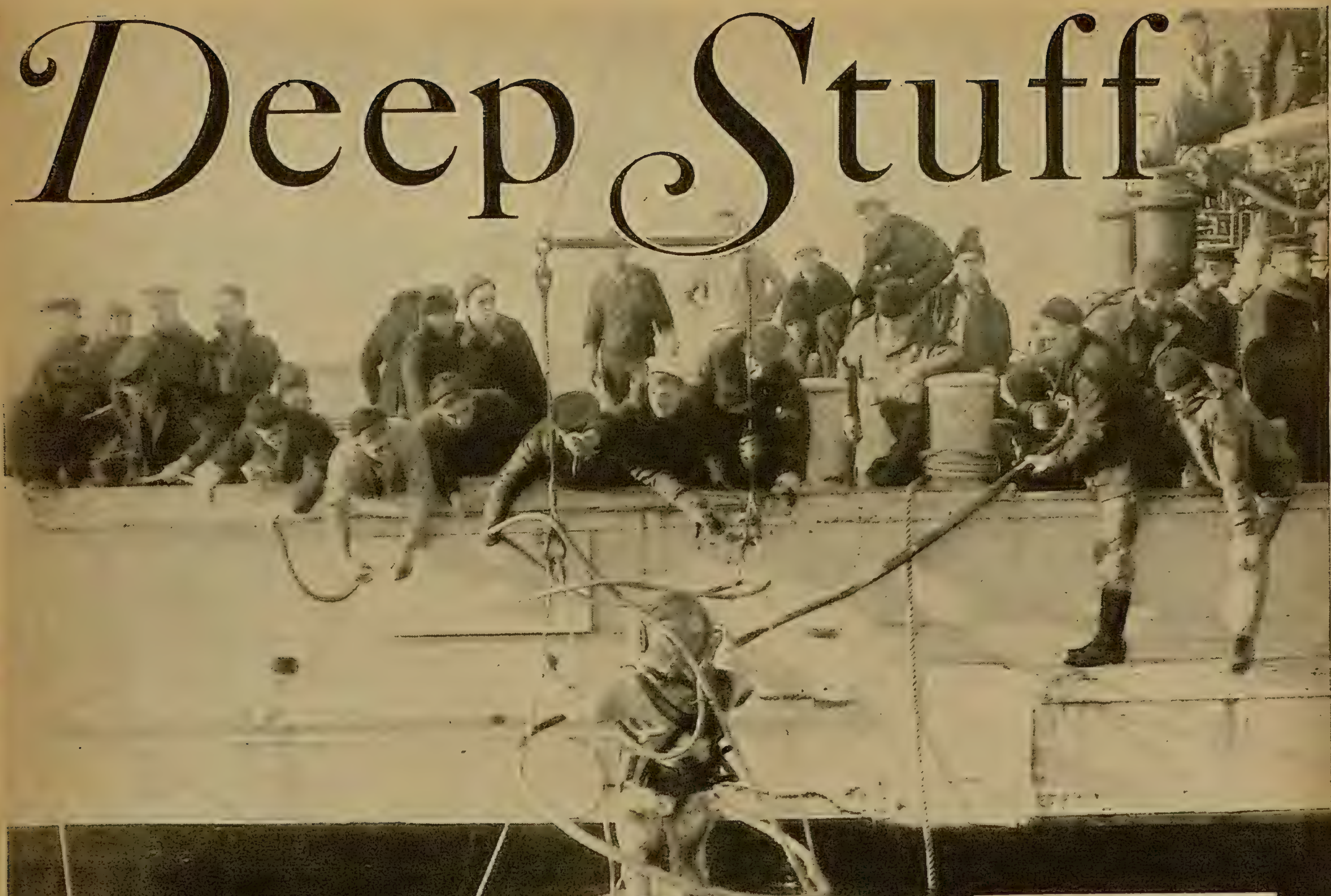
(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting

Deep Stuff



Frank Crilley about to dive to the S-4, which sank off Provincetown, Massachusetts, December 17, 1927.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 10 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Frank Crilley holds several medals for his exploits, including a Medal of Honor bestowed on him by President Coolidge for "extraordinary heroism" in rescuing a fellow diver tangled in a hawser of the sunken submarine F-4 in Hawaiian waters in 1915. Though he has passed the supposed age limit of first-class divers, Sir Hubert Wilkins has selected him to go on the 3,000-mile under-ice journey to the North Pole which is being undertaken in the submarine Nautilus, to make observations by leaving the submarine through a diving compartment in the hull.*

THE day I went down in 306 feet of water off Honolulu to get at the sunken F-4 I knew it was a lucky thing for me I lived by a canal when I was a kid.

I was born in Trenton; part of the time I lived in Bristol; the Delaware and Raritan Canal flows down through there, from New Brunswick through Trenton to Bordentown. My father got us used to the water early. There was a pump in our yard. When I got fresh my father would hold my head under the pump and let me have it. The first day he took us kids for a swimming lesson we dove, and he was still looking for us when we came to the surface on the far side of the canal.

The kids I ran with got the idea of trying to cross the canal under water. We had done our "primary" work about learning to swim. When we had settled who could dive furthest from the shore, we trained for diving to depth; we had depth marks on the wall of the canal.

We "bunked" stuff in the canal; that is, we hid stuff and dove down after it, and put the count on each kid to could stay down longest. It's the same sort of thing my kid does now at the Elm Tree Pool in West Caldwell and around. They sink bathing hats, and belts, and keys, and stuff like that, in the bottom of the pools—twelve feet at the greatest depth—and dive for them; sometimes with the homemade diving helmet, sometimes without.

Of course in the days when I was a kid learning to dive, all the kids were divided up into gangs. The "One-y" gang was the toughest. When you saw that crowd coming you had to get across the canal. And you took your clothes with you too, if you ever wanted to see them again. We tied our clothes in bundles on our heads—shoes, belts, pants, and all—and swam across.

Crilley getting ready for a dive.

It wasn't cowardly to run from the "One-y" gang. It was just darned good sense.

A little while ago I went to speak to a fathers' association meeting and a fellow there picked me up on my knowledge of the old gangs around Bristol. There were the "Kettle" gang and the Langtown bunch, the "Pike-s" and the Hollow gang. It was in the Hollow gang I ran. Those were grand days; now, when I remember them, I know just how my kid feels. I never rigged up a diving helmet out of a gasoline can the way he has,

Tales from the Floor of the Sea

By FRANK CRILLEY

Frank Crilley "as is."

Hal Phyfe photo

but we all had things we made that everybody else wanted to borrow. Maybe my kid is a "natural" for diving; he's never been afraid and he knows a lot about the business. The rigging up of his helmet out of an old gasoline can was funny.

He was ten years old. I had him down at Nassau with me before that. People said I ought to keep him off the dock while I was diving; he'd get scared. I didn't do anything about it. But I noticed when I was coming up from a dive that he had a bucket breaking the water and was watching me through the glass bottom just like everybody else.

Well, he wanted a diving helmet. He got himself a gasoline tin, knocked out the bottom, shaped the sides to fit his shoulders, knocked out part of the front side, turned the edges back around a four-inch square for the glass face piece, sealed up the sides around the glass, and fitted a piece of hose into the spout for an air line. He'll be fourteen pretty soon and he uses a helmet as big as mine now, but he still gets fun out of the gasoline tin; and, besides, it's good to have one to lend, too.

The kids are used to going over around the Montclair golf course looking for golf balls. A brook runs through the course into Verona Lake; part of it makes a water hazard and part of it is just in the rough. Well, the kids decided they'd get more golf balls if they could dive. They could make short dives without a helmet, but they could make longer ones with a helmet; so Junior's came in handy.

And it isn't so different from the way I fell into learning to dive myself. We used to think it would be fun to be able to cross the canal all the way under water. At the deepest the water was eighteen feet. We used to take a rock, lace our fingers together to make a cradle to hold it, then, with the twenty- to thirty-pound rock for ballast, walk into the water and straight across. When I was twelve I could cross over in less than three minutes. We learned good breath control that way, and about not getting scared under water; and, besides, we had pretty good health in general; breathing right fixed that.

All set to clamp on the lid.

My father followed the sea; he was an engineer. My mother died when I was seven. I worked a while on the spinning mules at the woolen mills after I got out of Our Lady of Lourdes School; and then at the ironworks, tapping out the cubilo. But I liked water and wanted to follow the sea. So I enlisted in 1900, third-class apprentice. I went to sea on my minority cruise in June, outbound from Newport. That was in a square rigger, the U. S. S. Monongahela, with no steam. We cruised ten months in European and Mediterranean waters. I graduated to apprentice, second class, and got transferred to battleship service. I finished my minority cruise on the U. S. S. Alabama in southern waters, but I reënlisted right off, and they sent me to gunnery school; six months at Newport, six months more at Washington.

At gunnery school one of the first subjects to come up was volunteers for diving service. I volunteered. They give you a special medical examination, especially your heart. Right off you "get in ballast" from the diving manual; you bone up on chemistry and physics. A prospective diver must have perfect health and an even temperament; he must not be full-blooded nor have even a slight abnormality of the lungs or ears; he mustn't be subject to colds. In a dive you have to swallow constantly to keep your head clear. I know of a diver who smears his face plate with vinegar which he licks to keep a good flow of saliva.

The theoretical training for diving is like Tennyson's brook: it goes on forever. Three days after you sign on for diving instruction they have you out on a barge as helper, working the hand pumps first. You work up until you get a chance to dress a diver; then you get a chance to dress yourself for a dive; then you're ready for your first dive.

Two weeks of diving ought to make you ready to go down in sixty feet. You get everything there is anyhow in the way of essential diving conditions in the first thirty-three feet, because in that depth you get a 100-percent change from land atmospheric conditions. In the two weeks between going into the water and getting down to sixty feet you get a lot of odd jobs to do—things to recover, lines to put down, tools to use, and so on—to show you can do some work when you get down, as well as keep yourself alive.

One of the few compensations of a diver's existence is the chance to explore the natural wonders at the bottom of the ocean. You get a feeling about the different types of water, just as you do about seeing sights in different cities and countries. On a muddy bottom or in a wreck the water will be black. The New England waters range from dull indigo to slate gray or dirty brown. The waters of the South Seas are full of fiery beauty, partly lit by the brilliant polyps. The waters of the North Sea are just like they sound—cold gray. And down under in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DEEP STUFF
Continued from page twenty-seven

Mediterranean it is flashing blue with lots of emerald in it.

Imagine yourself standing in diving armor on the floor of the sea. Directly in front of you is a beautiful submarine tree and to one side a coral reef of the most delicate formation. The light from the sun's rays shines clearly through the water. Outlined in the view from your side glasses of the diving helmet is another coral reef with its jagged masses lifting from the sea bottom, with shining pinnacles and cliffs and shadowy caverns and chasms.

On every side clumps of ghostly sea foliage sway like unearthly mockeries of the familiar trees and shrubs of the land. I can't remember how many times I've stood motionless with delight and awe. And just when I was thinking I'd died and waked up in another world, a dark, sinister form, huge and grotesque, cast a shadow over the scene and a giant sea ray would glide down to lie torpidly on the bottom and make me think it was time to be going.

Still the coral reefs always make me think of the turrets and towers of some ghostly sea fortress filled with armies of strange and ferocious creatures that may turn out the guard any minute. A sea goblin stands guard by the castle gate. The light flickers and the shadows rise and a mermaid laughs in a little angle between tall columns of white coral. The feeling of an enchanted palace and people living there is heightened by occasional views of strange sh that swim past. The waters re iridescent. Some of the swimming things are comical; some look fierce and hungry; some don't look like anything, but you feel they are a menace. I think such sights are of far more interest to the professional diver than the so-called risks and dangers of his life.

What the well dressed diver wears.

The diver gets used to the conditions of his work just as the ironworker gets used to sallying around hundreds of feet in the air on a thread of steel. He has confidence in himself and his knowledge.

People say to me, "What is the closest call you ever had?" Well, I never had any close calls. I don't let myself have close calls. A diver depends on the people up above, but he depends on himself too. I let the experts do the talking, but you ought to hear me holler if I don't think things have been arranged just right for my dive.

A GOOD diver never takes risks. He knows in advance what is expected of him. In twenty feet or 250. In winter or summer, night or day, rain or shine, in the mud or on hard sand like a ballroom floor. Whether he gets a simple job of clambering over the hull of a ship, or crawling about in unfamiliar passageways, or clearing wreckage inside the hull, or the more gruesome task of extricating bodies. You can even get interested in that. When I went down to the S.-4, the first thing I noticed, when we got to the bodies, was that the men's lips were bright red, like the lips of girls going to a dance. That was due to the action of a gas.

There's a fascination about the game. Diving is a hard, laborious job, but once you get into the work it keeps hold of you; few quit until they're carried out. There's an awful kick getting to be rated as a "deep-sea diver." The title distinguishes him as one trained to work at a depth greater than 150 feet. This sets him off from the so-called "submarine diver," who works in depths up to 150 feet.

After you're on to being able to dive in sixty feet and have shown you can do small jobs efficiently, they qualify you as a shallow-water man. You finish training at the gunnery school and go back aboard ship, and then you discover your diving qualifications you were so proud of are nearly a dead issue. Because the ship's complement is usually two divers, and naturally the one longest on has the say. He has control of the diving equipment, looks out for it, and takes care not to let you horn in on it.

The first real job I had was off Hampton Roads in January, 1906. I was on the U. S. S. Illinois, and she lost an anchor. Two divers had pretty well used themselves up trying to get it: one came up unconscious; the other wasn't feeling like much either. A line down was partly completed, but it looked as if the anchor would have to ride. Darkness was settling down fast. Everybody aboard hated to see the anchor lost, but it was that or send another man down. The guy in charge of diving operations set up a holler at risking another man; but he wasn't so crazy about losing his anchor either. So finally he said I could go down. I felt pretty good.

PART of the work was a little off the floor of the sea. I made good time down, and I was poking around looking over the prospects when all of a sudden I got a signal on the life line that meant, "Stand by to come up." The signal *one* on the diver's life line means, "I'm all right," and I let them have it. But instead of the *two* and *one* on my life line, meaning, "I understand you," and letting me go on about my business, I got *four*, which means, "Come up," and no fooling. So I had to come up.

I was sure sore, and when they took me aboard the barge I set about letting them hear about it. The diving officer said he'd made up his mind he wasn't going to nurse any more divers that night, and we'd let the anchor go. I was sure disappointed, so I made the air blue and like that. My first decent job and they were going to pull me off it before I had a chance to do anything! Still, everybody was surprised to hear a green diver making such a holler. Finally, after I kept right on making a ruckus, they let me go back; and two hours later I had the anchor—a nice one: seven tons.

That was my first job to get a sense of what a beautiful place the sea can be. It was night and so the water was black; but there was a lot of phosphorous in it, and it made me think of little bouquets of stars floating around me while I worked. I don't often see fish when I'm diving at night; I guess that's their stepping-out time.

After that job of getting up the anchor I began to spend a lot of time working to adapt the diving equipment to suit myself. Every diver has certain little likes and dislikes, things that make conditions comfortable for him in the water or make him restless and distract him. I suppose some people would think two or three hundred feet under water, wearing diving equipment weighing 200 pounds, is a funny place to expect to be comfortable. But it is perfectly possible.

I decided I was going to be a depth diver. I knew I could if I worked things out carefully according to scientific methods. I began to work on eliminating every last possible smitch of waste space in my diving-pump connections. I wanted to have the best diving equipment in the navy. I've got it.

I've also got some other helps to diving. I must be a "natural," because there are a lot of things about me that aren't in the books. I was born in 1883, and you're sup-

From the GAY NINETIES

A Revival of Trilby, A Domestic Theme, and Some Pictures in Lighter Vein

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ SVENGALI

CAST

Svengali	John Barrymore
Trilby	Marian Marsh
Little Billee	Bramwell Fletcher
Honori	Carmel Myers
Taffy	Lumsden Hare
The Laird	Donald Crisp
Gecko	Luis Alberni

Directed by Archie Mayo.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S Trilby was the first of all the Latin Quarter romances. Thirty-seven years ago it set many a young fellow longing for a Paris garret and an artist's smock.

Probably you are familiar with its story of the lovely model who is hypnotized by the sinister Svengali and transformed into a great singer who brings all Europe to her—and his—feet. The movie press agents tell the story more graphically than Mr. du Maurier when they exclaim: "All Paris desired her! Svengali *owned* her!"

Svengali is just the sort of rôle John Barrymore loves. His is a tricky screen portrait of the mysterious teacher of singing —"Polish or something"—but Svengali never becomes very real. He is just Mr. Hyde leading an orchestra.

Marian Marsh, handicapped by an atrocious wig, makes a pretty but inadequate Trilby.

The rest of the cast gets little chance.

The film is largely given over to Svengali's hypnotic stare. On top of that the direction is slow.

Still, you will want to see Barrymore in this bizarre and highly flavored romance of another and more leisurely day.

★ ★ SEED

CAST

Bart Carter	John Boles
Mildred	Genevieve Tobin
Peggy Carter	Lois Wilson
Jennie	Zasu Pitts
The children	Kenneth Seiling Don Cox Terry Cox Helen Parrish Dickie Moore
The children (ten years later)	Raymond Hackett Jack Willis Bill Willis Bette Davis Dick Winslow
Nancy	Frances Dade

Directed by John M. Stahl.
Produced by Universal.

When Charles G. Norris' novel, Seed, appeared it aroused a lot of annoyance among folks to whom the subject of birth control is dynamite. I imagine that Will Hays caught his breath when he heard it was to be filmed.

Mr. Hays and everyone else can breathe easy. The film Seed is here, but it certainly does not advocate birth control. In fact, its cinematic moral is that children alone can hold a man and a woman together.

Mr. Norris' story was of a young chap who had given up his dreams of being an author. The task of providing a home for five children was too much and he had drifted to the post of clerk. Along comes an old sweetheart who arouses all the old authoring urge—and Bart Carter goes off to Paris with her, leaving behind the troublesome family. There Mr. Carter becomes a best seller.

As it stands, Seed is a fairly engrossing domestic story. The sym-

Lois Wilson, with Don Cox, Terry Cox, Helen Parrish, Kenneth Seiling, and Dickie Moore, in Seed.

Clive Brook and Tallulah Bankhead in Tarnished Lady.

Hal Phyfe photo

Crilley's son (at the left) in his five-gallon lid.

posed not to be a first-class diver if you're over forty years old. When I can't dodge a medical examination any longer, the doctors tell me I still have the blood pressure of a boy of eighteen or twenty. My lungs are good, and my height is pretty good for diving too; you're supposed to be not under five and one-half feet nor over six feet. And I never got my ears cracked yet. The hardest job I ever got was a lost anchor off Monterey, diving in 115 feet with air from a hand pump.

We had to put a line through the balancing link on the shank of the anchor. I was working on it, but I could feel myself getting tired. So I sat down on the anchor to rest a while. But I couldn't get any rest because I was getting a short air supply. I knew I ought to do something, but I couldn't seem to get going. Pretty soon I saw things were beginning to fade around me. It gave me a pretty funny feeling; everything began going around me in whirls, kind of; the colors were queer too—like streaks of the green and iron-red color you see in ore.

I never try to describe things like that but I think of Al Jolson's story. He is telling one that looks as if it was going to be tall before he got through with it; and he breaks off and says, "Anyone here been to Africa? No? Then we can speak freely." I feel like saying, "Anyone here been deep-sea diving? No? Then we can speak freely." Only in my case I've seen the things, though I can't prove a thing.

WELL, anyhow, I knew I was going flooey, so I gave them *three* on my life line, and then I just went off quietly to sleep, sitting there on the old anchor. The next thing I knew I was on the tender; besides, I remember it was right after lunchtime, and I was sorry for myself for having missed lunch.

But the minute I could think of anything sensible, after they stuffed me in the sick bay of the Illinois, it was of the anchor that had parted in the blow. It wasn't as if I'd gone down and not been able to get it. I'd been sitting right smack on the darned thing when I went out and they hauled me up. So naturally I meant to go down and get it.

My clothes were gone. I certainly couldn't get back to the tender without any clothes. So I started to raise a fuss to see if I could make them give me my clothes so I could go down again. I was all right. I knew I could get it the next time. The commanding officer came in to see what all the hollering was about.

We argued and argued. It didn't look much as if he'd loosen up; but I kept nagging, so finally he let me get up and try it again.

It was well after dark. No one wanted to go to the bother of putting me down at that time of night, but still they dressed me and put me over the side. I only needed a short dive. The line had been rove through the link and all it needed to pull up the anchor was a light line to bring up the roving line.

When I got down I wasn't any too crazy about the job at that. Still, I couldn't see staying in the sick bay and hearing that anchor drag, just for the lack of that last little job.

Something more by Mr. Crilley on his experiences as a deep-sea diver will appear in an early issue.

"*Earth never did breed
Such a jovial weed.*"
—HOLIDAY

—with a "birdie" in each mellow bowlful!

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Whether your pipe is caked and venerable, or brand-new, here's a tobacco, Mr. Smoker, that will put it in top form and *keep* it there.

Pack your pipe with shaggy Granger flakes. Load it on the "installment plan"; pack it tight; light it all around.

Then draw deep: Sweeter, mellower flavor—a cooler, drier, cleaner pipe—that's the *answer!*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRI

Marian Marsh, Bramwell Fletcher, and John Barrymore in Svengali.

pathy centers about Mr. Carter's wife, because the scenario is shaped that way and because she is superbly played by Lois Wilson. John Boles' acting is better than heretofore as the husband-author who needs encouraging, while Genevieve Tobin is an attractive incentive.

This has some moving moments, thanks to Miss Wilson.

★ TARNISHED LADY

CAST

Nancy Courtney.....Tallulah Bankhead
Norman Cravath............Clive Brook
Germaine Prentiss........Phœbe Foster
De Witt Taylor.....Alexander Kirkland
Ben Sterner............Osgood Perkins
Mrs. Courtney......Elizabeth Patterson

Directed by George Cukor.
Produced by Paramount.

Tallulah Bankhead, daughter and granddaughter of Alabama legislators in Congress, came back from England to try the talkies.

She had appeared on the Broadway stage before becoming the idol of London, but the films are new to her.

Donald Ogden Stewart, the humorist, was engaged to write a picture for her début. Tarnished Lady was the result.

This gives the new star the rôle of a headstrong, disillusioned, bravely gay young daughter of an impoverished southern family.

She gives up her sweetheart and marries a wealthy man—for his money—after which she proceeds to make a mess of all their lives.

This combination of The Green Hat and East Lynne isn't so happy. Miss Bankhead deserved a better introduction to movie fans.

About her there is a suggestion of the physical charm of Joan Crawford, the swanky poise of Constance Bennett, and the world-weary huskiness of Marlene Dietrich. If she can get all these qualities coördinated and her daddy can force Congress to demand a better motion picture for her, we may expect big things.

★ A TAILOR-MADE MAN

CAST

John Paul Bart.........William Haines
Tanya.....................Dorothy Jordan
Huber...................Joseph Cawthorne
Dr. Von Sonntag.............Ian Keith
Abraham Nathan.........Walter Walker
Peter......................Henry Armetta

Directed by Sam Wood.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This comedy, based on the ever-popular legend that clothes make the man, has served its purpose successfully on both stage and screen.

John Paul Bart is a tailor's assistant who appropriates a dress suit, invades a smart function, and instantly wins the admiration of the millionaire guest of honor, as well as a permanent place in the business world.

William Haines is amusing as the nervy John Paul, but the honors go to that veteran dialectician, Joe Cawthorne.

William Haines and Dorothy Jordan in The Tailor-Made Man.

Short Subjects

I give ★★★★ to the first of Bobbie Jones' twelve golf films called How I Play Golf, produced by Warners. With Dick Barthelmess, Joe E. Brown, and Frank Craven in his supporting cast, Mr. Jones (another southerner making a screen début) demonstrates how to use the putter.

And ★★★ to Metro-Goldwyn's Fisherman's Luck, revealing deep-sea fishing that is fishing. It takes three men with three poles to land some of the big fellows and—but what's the use? You will have to see this to believe it.

Do you know that—

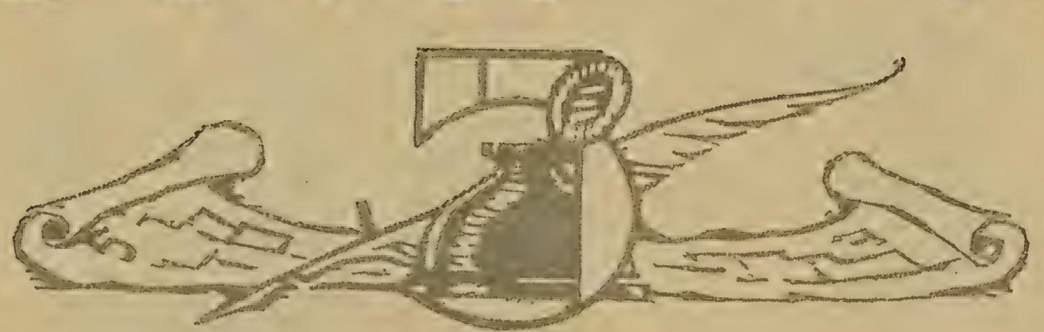
Lois Wilson's playing in Seed won her a long-term Universal contract?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Skippy.

★★★—The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu.

The FIVE (or Maybe



(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

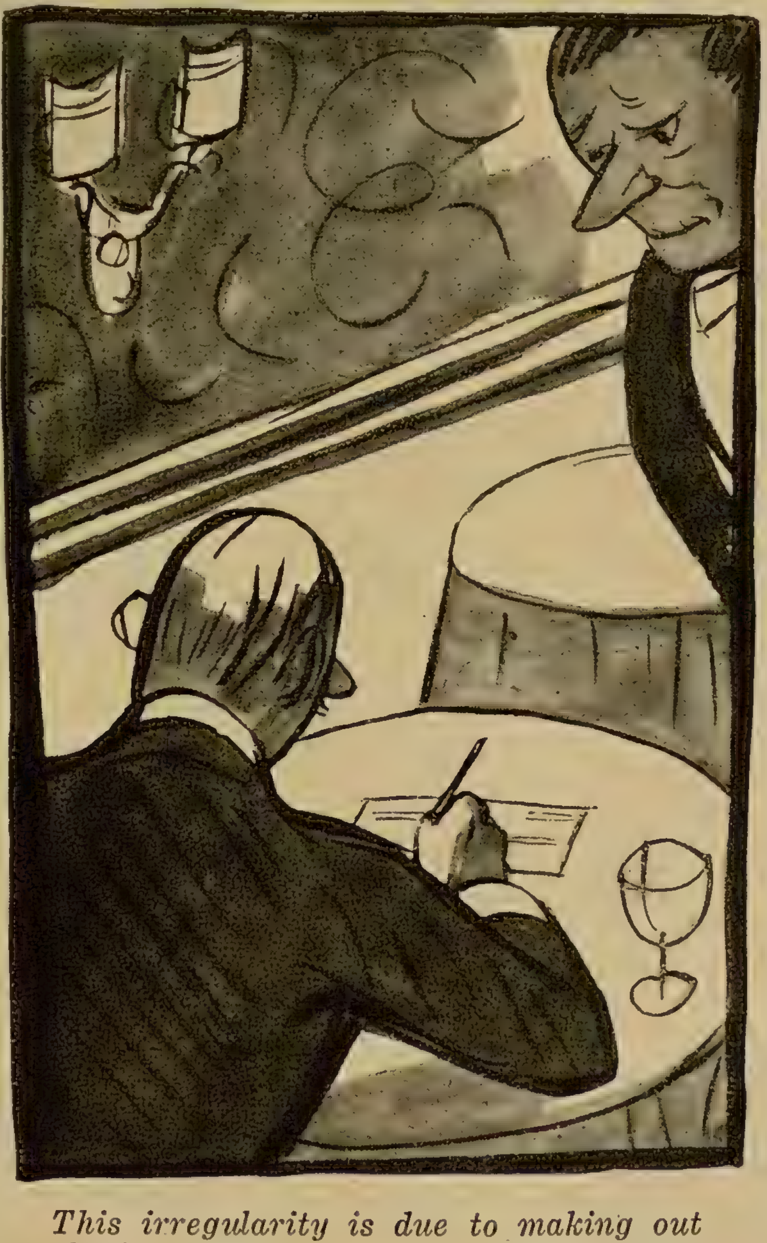
Pictures by PETER ARNO

IF I hear any more about this five-year-plan business I am going to start one myself. Russia has been working on hers for a couple of years now, and England is thinking of starting one, and what Russia and England can do, I can do. All that is necessary is for me to find out just what a five-year plan is.

As I understand it, you take five years to start all over again. You throw out all your old systems, clean out the rubbers in the hall closet, give to the Salvation Army all those old bundles of the National Geographic you have been saving, and tell your creditors to wait for five years and that they will be surprised to see how well you pay. It sounds like a good plan to me. I haven't asked my butcher about it yet.

When a nation goes in for a five-year plan it reorganizes everything, eliminates competition, buys everything on a large scale, sells everything in amalgamations, and, in general, acts up big. I can't do that, because I shall be working alone and on my own, but I *can* reorganize, and I figure that it will take me about five years to do the thing right. Let's say six and be on the safe side.

In the first place, my whole financial system has got to be gone over. It is in such bad shape now that it can hardly be called a system. In fact, I don't think that it can even be called financial. It is more of a carnival. I shall have to go through all those old checkbook stubs and throw them out, for, under my present method of keeping books, there was no need of saving them, anyway. You see, it has been quite some time since I subtracted the amounts of checks drawn from what I smilingly call the "balance." In fact, there are often great stretches of time when I don't even enter the amounts at all. This latter irregularity is due to a habit of making out checks on blank forms supplied by hotels and restaurants, on which even the name of the bank has to be filled in, to say nothing of the number of the check and its amount. I like to make these out, because I print rather well and it is a great satisfaction to letter in the name of my bank in neat capitals exactly in the middle of the space provided for that purpose. I have sometimes made out a blank check just for the satisfaction of seeing "BANKERS' TRUST CO., 57th St. Branch" come out in such typographical perfection from the point of my pen. I am sure that it is a satisfaction to the bank, too. They often speak of it. What they object to is the amount which I fill in below. It seems too bad, they say, to have such a neat-looking check so unnegotiable. All of this will be changed under my five-year plan, for I intend not only to give up making out blank checks, but to enter and subtract those which I do make out. I cannot guarantee to subtract them correctly, for I am not a superman and can do only one thing at a time, but I will at least get the figures down on paper. The bank can handle the rest, and I am sure that they will. That is what they pay men to do, and they have never failed me yet.

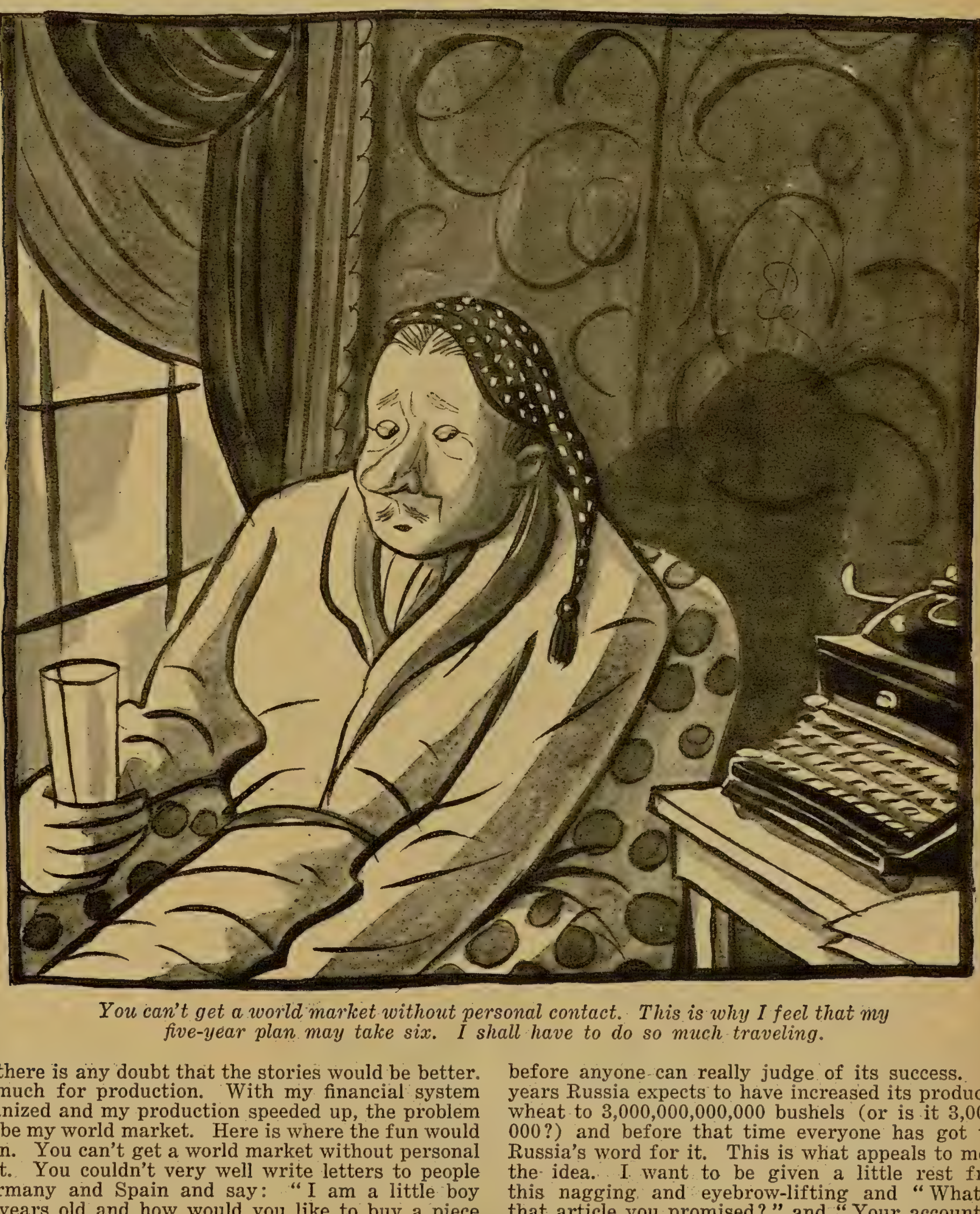


This irregularity is due to making out checks on blank forms supplied by hotels and restaurants.

Which brings us to the second part of my new economic reorganization—production. Some way has got to be found to turn out more work. One solution would be, I suppose, to do more work, but that seems a little drastic. If Russia and England can combine all their forces to speed up production, I ought to be able to combine with somebody to speed up mine without making a slave of myself as well. If I could get a dozen or so fellows who are in the same line of business, we could work up some division of labor whereby one of them could think up the ideas, another could arrange them in notes, another could lose the notes, and yet another could hunt for them. This would take a lot of work off my hands and yet save time for the combination.

BY then we would be ready for a fifth member of the pool to walk up and down the room dictating the story from such of the notes as could be found, while a sixth took it down in shorthand. We could all then get together and try to figure out the shorthand, with a special typing member ready to put the story down on paper in its final form. All that would now remain would be to put the stories in envelopes and address them, and it is here that I would fit in. That neat printing that I have been doing on blank checks all my life could be turned to good account here. It makes a great difference with an editor whether or not the contribution is neat, and it might turn out that I was the most important member of the pool. I don't

Six) YEAR PLAN



You can't get a world market without personal contact. This is why I feel that my five-year plan may take six. I shall have to do so much traveling.

think there is any doubt that the stories would be better.

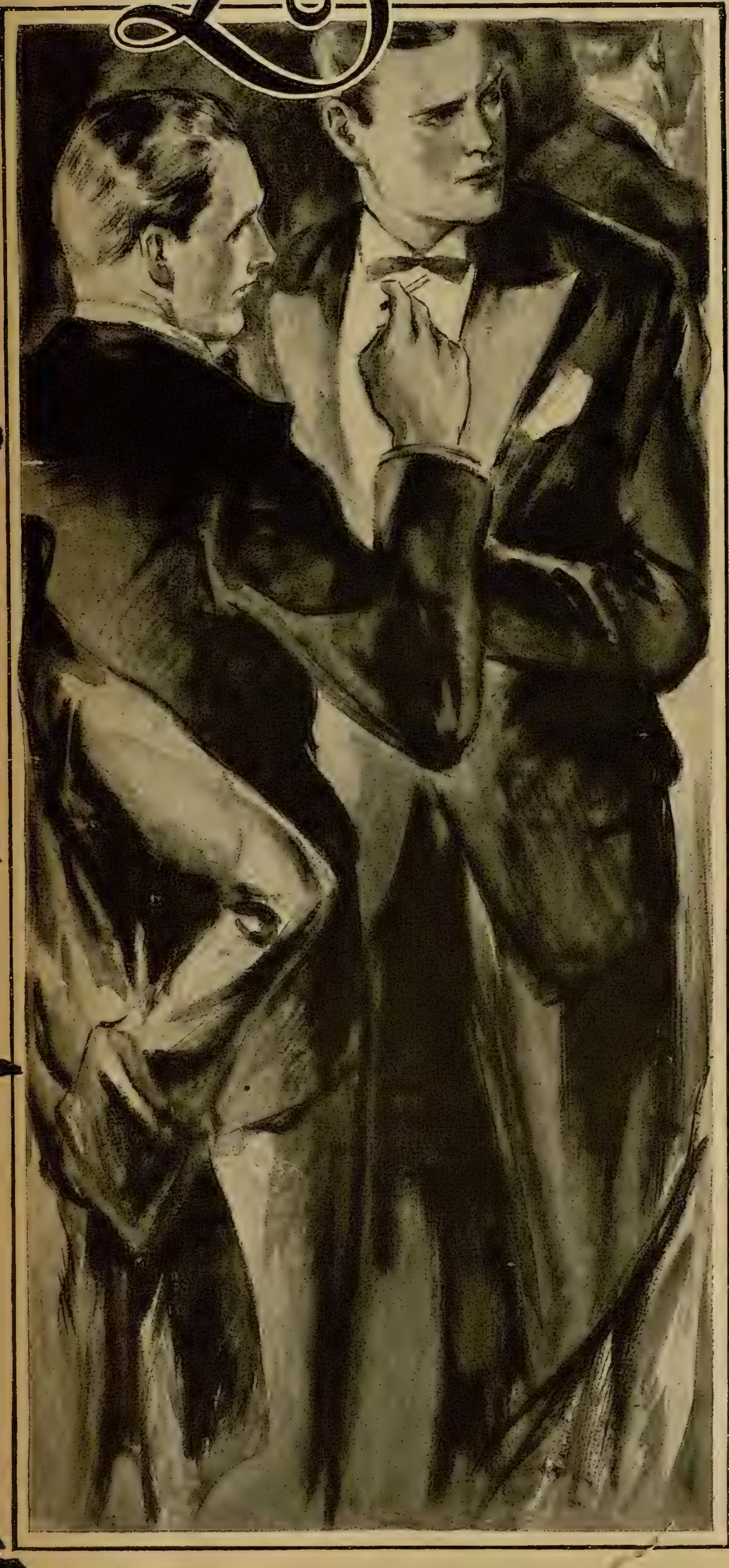
So much for production. With my financial system reorganized and my production speeded up, the problem would be my world market. Here is where the fun would come in. You can't get a world market without personal contact. You couldn't very well write letters to people in Germany and Spain and say: "I am a little boy forty years old and how would you like to buy a piece that I have written?"

You would have to *go* to Germany and to Spain and see the people personally. This is why I feel that my five-year plan may take possibly six years to carry out. I shall have to do so much traveling to establish a world market. And I *won't* want any of my associates in the pool along with me, either. They will have plenty to do with thinking up ideas at home—and writing them.

Now, I may have this five-year plan all wrong. I haven't read much about Russia's, except to look at pictures showing Lenin's tomb. But I do know that the principle of the thing is that five years are supposed to elapse before anyone can really judge of its success. In five years Russia expects to have increased its production of wheat to 3,000,000,000,000 bushels (or is it 3,000,000,000?) and before that time everyone has got to take Russia's word for it. This is what appeals to me about the idea. I want to be given a little rest from all this nagging and eyebrow-lifting and "What about that article you promised?" and "Your account shows a slight overdraft." I want to have something definite to hold out to these people, like: "In five years' time I will have my whole system reorganized, with a yearly production of 3,000,000 articles and monthly deposits of $500,000. Can't you have a little faith? Can't you see that a great economic experiment is being carried on here?" (This, I think, ought to do the trick, unless they have no interest in progressive movements at all. And, from what I hear about them, they haven't.)

Some further comments from Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

LIBERATING



“Look, Andy—the girl with the hair and the eyes!”

The Story of a Miles Standish Courtship with 1931 Variations

By

FRED MACISAAC

who has been a dramatic critic in Boston and New York and has produced both operas and concerts in New England. Although he lives in Hollywood, he earns his living not from films but from fiction writing.

(Reading time: 30 minutes 25 seconds.)

BILL STEWART and I were standing in the foyer of Boston Symphony Hall when a starchy, spectacled, whiskered old fossil bumped into William, stepped on his foot, sheered off, blinked, tacked around him, and resumed his course.

“Ouch!” remarked Bill. “Rude old ramrod. Didn't even apologize.”

“That was Mr. Peabody Bottle,” I said solemnly. “His ancestors came over in the ship Stanley in 1634. History has no record of a rude Bottle.”

“Then why didn't he excuse himself for stamping on my corn?”

“I can explain. Mr. Bottle collided with someone he didn't know and who, therefore, could not exist. If you didn't exist, how could he step on your corn? Accordingly the incident did not occur and there was no occasion for an apology.”

“Very lucid,” growled Bill. “What makes him think he and his friends are alone in the world?”

“As you are not a Bostonian, you wouldn't understand my explanation of that.”

“He is an ignorant, ill bred old codfish—Look, Andy—the girl with the hair and the eyes!”

I looked and saw a tall, graceful young woman in a shabby black frock, with amazing eyes of golden brown and marvelous bronze hair, unscissored.

“That,” I said, with enjoyment, “is Miss Lucrezia Bottle.”

His incredulity was so profound that I laughed loudly, which caused two passing dowagers to frown at me as though I had committed sacrilege.

“Not related to the corn-crusher?” he gasped.

“His only daughter.”

Bill beamed expansively. “Then I agree with you that Mr. Bottle could not have been rude. Know her?”

“All my life.”

At that instant Lucrezia parted from

LUCREZIA

Pictures by
HARVÉ STEIN

the old lady who had been telling her about the good old days of Dr. Muck at Symphony Hall and moved in our direction.

"Quick!" implored Bill. "Grab her."

Taking him by the arm, I blocked her progress.

"Miss Bottle," I said formally, "permit me to present Mr. William Stewart of New York. He is attending his first Boston concert. To make matters worse, your father has just stepped on his foot and added physical to mental anguish."

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed, much concerned. "Poor father is shortsighted and absent-minded. Please forgive him."

One of the lovely things about Lucrezia is her voice, which is as mellow as a violoncello and as warm as sunlight in Havana. It completed the enchantment of Bill Stewart. And it was astonishing how regal the girl contrived to be in a gown of the vintage of 1928, though, for that matter, she did not have to be uneasy about her clothes, because every gradation in style since 1870 was in evidence at that public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"DID you ever hear anything more exquisite than the slow movement, Andy?" she inquired. In turning away from Bill, she presented him with a close-up of a profile that Botticelli could have drawn only on a good day.

"It almost moved Bill to tears," I exaggerated.

"Of course any friend of yours would appreciate good music," she said with a polite glance at Stewart which lured him to his doom.

"I'm nerts about it," he asserted eagerly but untruthfully. "Say, Miss Bottle, I'd like to take you to hear the New York Philharmonic."

If the unlucky outlander had burnt midnight oil to figure out the worst thing he could say to a Boston Symphony subscriber, he could not have improved upon that remark. Admiration, implied or expressed, for any other orchestra indicates poor breeding and less discrimination. And to suggest to a Bottle young woman, upon the heels of an introduction, that she might accompany one anywhere was a criminal offense.

Lucrezia presented to him a back which old clothes could not libel, gazed at me reproachfully for towing around a bounder, stated that she must return to her seat, nodded coldly to Bill Stewart, and glided away with a grace remarkable in flat-heeled shoes.

The well bred tinkle of the bell which announced the end of the intermission caused a general surge toward the auditorium entrances.

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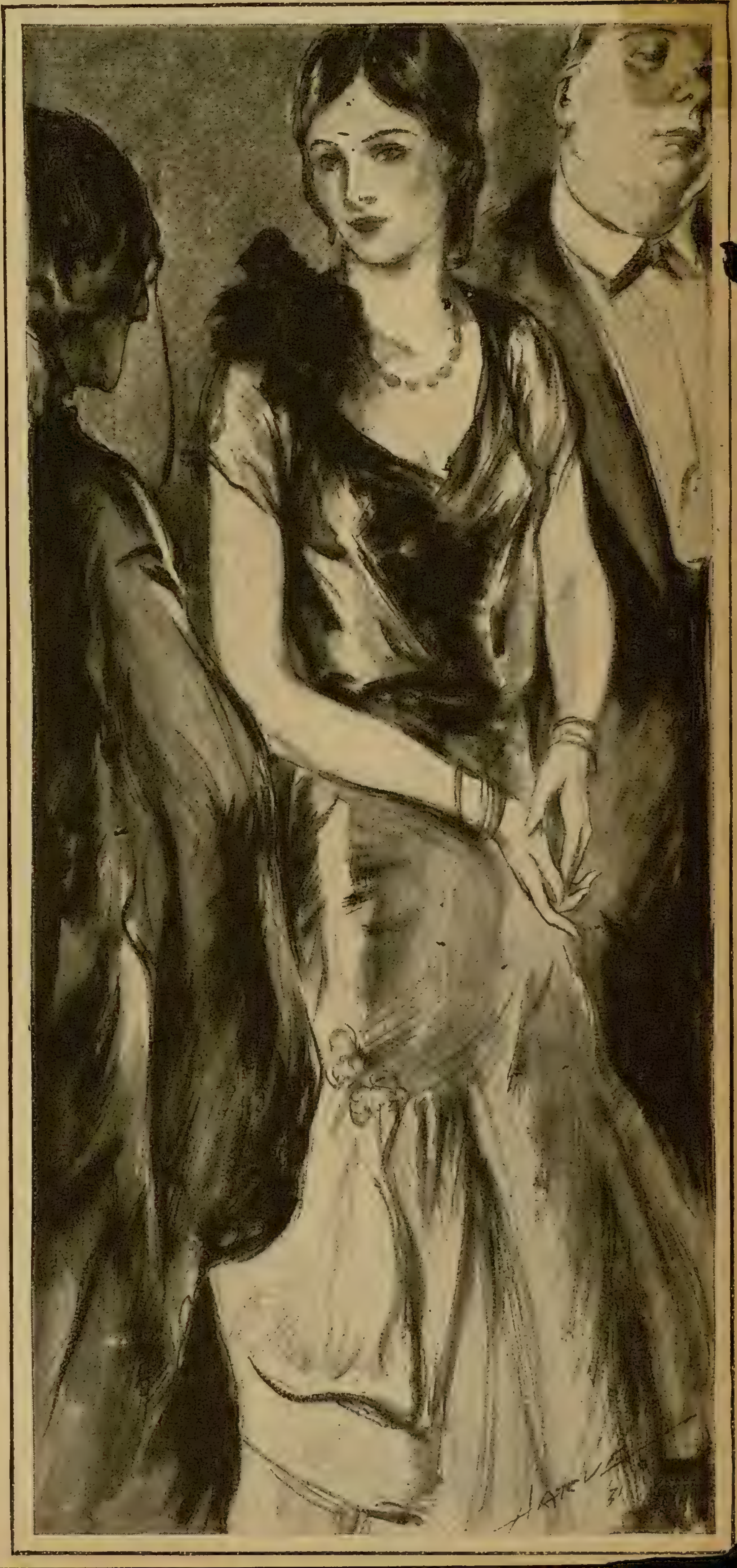


At that instant Lucrezia moved in our direction.

Quality Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic

For Hasty Brushers

The *Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic* cleans and massages in less time because its greater area of bristle covers more teeth at each stroke. Scientific, new, medium-size. With tufted toe. 50¢.

Fine for Night Use

The *Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic* is the newest small-type. A wonderful brush for unhurried, methodical use. Makes gum massage automatic. 50¢.

For False Teeth

The *Pro-phy-lac-tic Dental Plate Brush* is professionally approved for keeping plates and removable bridges sanitary. Large size. 50¢.

Hand Brush

Almost every doctor and dentist uses this *Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush.* Many over 20 years old are still in daily use. A wonderful value. $1.

Hair Brush

We make all types of hair brushes. All are Pro-phy-lac-tic quality! With long-lasting bristle and sanitary face. Price from $1 up.

LIBERATING LUCREZIA
Continued from page thirty-five

“ Time to go back,” I said to Bill, who was frozen like the wife of the late lamented Lot.

“ Nix. No more of that whangle. Andy, what's the matter with her? ”

“ Lucrezia? A little affronted.”

“ For heaven's sake, why? ”

“ You intimated she might like to hear the Philharmonic.”

“ But it's the best orchestra in the world, isn't it? ”

“ To Bostonians it's just a little German band. Besides, you have to know a Boston girl for years before you dare invite her out.”

“ Bah! That's a lot of hooey.”

“ Believe it or not,” I said tranquilly. “I've heard the rest of the program frequently, so I'll go if you like.”

“ If that girl wasn't so damn' beautiful,” mused Bill, “she'd never ritz me a second time. You know I'm hard-boiled, Andy. She's the first that ever punctured my shell. And her name is Bottle and her old man goes round climbing on people's corns. Come back to the hotel.”

While there lives no better egg than old Bill Stewart, he has a certain western breeziness which is very helpful in commerce but not understood in the rarefied atmosphere in which I was born and brought up and from which I had sense enough to escape. I was deeply indebted to Bill. Family influence had landed me a job in a very respected and highly old-fashioned banking house in Boston which paid me a pittance and worked me ragged. I had encountered him when he was endeavoring to land our account for his advertising agency, liked him, groomed him for the fray, and put him over.

In return, he persuaded me to go to New York, trained me in his business, and sent me back to take charge of an office that he had opened in Boston.

Consequently I was able to obtain a perspective upon my own folks which, without causing me to lose my admiration and respect for them, made me comprehend how weird they seemed to the modern world in which they certainly do not belong.

MY reaction may easily be understood when we reached Bill's hotel and, after opening some prime Scotch, he bared his soul to me.

“ Get this,” he said savagely. “ I'm going to marry that little snob.”

“ Forget her,” I advised. “ You live on different planes.”

“ Boloney! I've only got two weeks in Boston. You know the ropes. How do I crash through this bullet-proof glass? ”

“ You don't, William.”

“ Oh, yes, I do. And you're helping. Tomorrow I want you to go to the cold-storage plant where the old sea robin keeps that girl and tip her off about me. Tell her I've got half a million and I'm only twenty-nine. Tell her I'm the best advertising man in the world. Tell her I'm in love with her and I want to fill her trunks with Paris frocks and hang ropes of pearls around her neck.”

“ Tut, tut,” I protested. “ You haven't the slightest chance to interest a girl like Lucrezia.”

“ Women are all alike. She's poor, isn't she? That dress she had on—”

“ The Bottles live on an income that wouldn't keep you in neckties—”

“ Great! ” he declared. “My time is limited. Tomorrow she knows I love her. I'm no longer a stranger. Before I go to bed I'll have worked out a high-pressure campaign. In a couple of days she'll be thinking about me all the time. In a week she'll realize that blood is red, not blue, steam heat better than refrigeration, mazuma combined with a young handsome lover— What the hell are you laughing at? ”

“ OLD man,” I told him, “ you are the antithesis of everything Lucrezia has been trained to admire in a man. Furthermore, no Bottle woman has ever married outside a dozen Beacon Hill families. If I were idiot enough to carry your declaration to her, I would be ostracized by Boston society.”

Bill rose and threw his big arm over my shoulder. “ I like you, Andy,” he stated. “ My partner claimed that you were a cold-blooded clam, totally lacking in aggressiveness, and you'd be a flop in an executive job. You've made good. Just the same, I'll fire you if you don't go over to Bottles' and tell Lucrezia she is the only girl I ever loved.”

“ All right,” I said hotly. “ I'll tell her. We'll consider it as a huge joke. Lucrezia and I will laugh ourselves sick over your idiotic announcement.”

“ O. K. Laugh all you like. I plant the fact that I love her. That's fifty per cent. The other fifty per cent is when she loves me, which will be in about a week. I understand women, Andy.”

“ Famous last words,” I jeered.

About eight thirty next evening I rang the bell at the door of the old Bottle residence on Mount Vernon Street in which six generations of that fine family had come into being, lived drab lives, and expired as unobtrusively as they had existed. As Mr. Bottle had been unable to pay a servant for ten years, it was Lucrezia who opened the door.

Mr. Peabody Bottle was living upon the income of his grandfather's investments in copper stocks; an income which had dwindled until it wouldn't keep a Boston school-teacher in green umbrellas. I had always suspected that Lucrezia and her father didn't have enough to eat, though they gave a monthly dinner party at which the fare was good and the sherry or Madeira was excellent. Boston is full of fine old families on their uppers, but financial embarrassment does not impair social position in that unique metropolis.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Andy," said Lucrezia. "Haven't had a call from you for weeks."

"Busy in the marts of trade, Lucrezia. Didn't expect to find you in."

She laughed shortly. "I'm refusing engagements until I manage a new evening gown, so I'm usually spending the evening at home."

I FOLLOWED her into the drawing-room, a quaint, charming place full of priceless antiques and illuminated dimly by a kerosene lamp upon the fifty-year-old Chickering piano and a single gas jet burning in the chandelier.

The cost of electric installation causes many families on Beacon Hill to cling to ancient lighting methods.

"Father went to the Athenæum," she explained, "so I am alone in the house. I'm glad you came. I was having a stupid time."

Having been raised in just such genteel poverty as Lucrezia's, it had never occurred to me to be sorry for her.

Our kind of people were instinctively ascetic and our self-satisfaction impervious to possession, or lack of it, of material comforts. My own conduct in breaking away from Ellis and Higginbotham to secure a comfortable income from Bill Stewart had come in for criticism upon Mount Vernon Street, where the advertising business is not yet considered respectable.

I looked at Lucrezia and marveled that a moss-covered, inbred family like the Bottles had produced an orchid like her. Though her thick bronze hair was sedately parted in the middle and caught in a big knot at the back of her head, and her sweet face was devoid of rouge or lipstick, her loveliness gleamed like a match in the dark.

She wore a threadbare house dress of faded blue and, I swear, or affirm, cotton stockings. It came over me that I had never half appreciated Lucrezia and that it was rotten that a young girl so beautiful should be smothered in the dust of ages. Of course I knew that she was perfectly satisfied to be Lucrezia Bottle and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Kotex stays comfortabl

—even in warmer weather

Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary.

As vacation-time approaches, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

Aid to daintiness

Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

Kotex softness, you see, is not merely an apparent softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. It *stays* soft.

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs.

Our leading hospitals use great qu tities of Kotex and the delicate abs bent of which it is made. They enough annually for millions of p What a rare tribute to its hygi safety, its efficiency!

Make it a point to specify Kotex.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical ma terial used by surgeons in 85% of th country's leading hospitals.

2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

3 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.

5 *Disposable . . .* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt, 50

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.
(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

LIBERATING LUCREZIA

Continued from page thirty-seven

ıght that her family and its traditions adequately made for the things that other girls loved. She had never d any fun in her life, but she couldn't miss what she dn't know existed.

"Was I rude to your friend?" she asked. "I'm not used such buoyant types, and it was annoying to have him fer to a New York orchestra at a Boston Symphony ncert."

"Bill's a fine chap," I asserted.

"I suppose such people really are all right. He is very od-looking."

I owe him a lot. He saved me from starvation with lis and Higginbotham."

She looked dubious. "That's a fine old firm, Andy, and as something to be employed there."

The old worm-eaten point of view," I said impatiently. rezia, you're a million years behind the times. I've ed in New York. I've rubbed shoulders with all sorts ople over here. Do you know what the rest of America ks of Beacon Hill?"

I don't believe I am interested to know," she said carely.

Everybody is out of step except the Bottles. Look e, Lucrezia, you could get at least twenty-five thousand lars for the contents of this room, maybe that much for e Copley hanging there in the dark."

"Andy Reynolds!" she gasped.

And what's upstairs and in the dining room would h fifty thousand more."

How can you say such things?" she demanded, ked.

scowled at her. "What did you have for dinner toht?"

If you must know, a chop."

Are you sure you and your father didn't divide the ?"

As a matter of fact, we did. Suppose you mind your business, Andy."

Starving to death with a fortune under your noses! vonder they laugh at people like you, Lucrezia."

he folded her hands and gazed at me serenely. "We quite content. We have our friends. We subscribe he Symphony. We retain our membership in the Atheum. Plain living and high thinking, Andy."

gazed at her slim, beautiful legs.

"Cotton stockings," I accused.

he drew her legs under her. "I only wear them in the se," she protested.

A wonderful life for a pretty girl. Don't you ever wish had plenty of money?"

Well, since this seems to be a cross-examination, I am iciently frivolous to like nice things and I would adore ng to Europe, but fortunately I have a proper sense of portion. I do well enough."

You don't belong in this atmosphere," I asserted. ou don't even look like Beacon Hill. Your resignation is uff. Underneath, you are a pleasure-loving, passionate l, and you ought to follow my example and break loose."

O my astonishment, she sprang to her feet, lifted her slender arms above her head, and her golden-brown es flamed. She stamped her foot.

"Stop torturing me!" she exclaimed. "I do want to et out. I do! But the doors are all locked. I've pounded n them until I hurt my hands. Help me to get out, Andy."

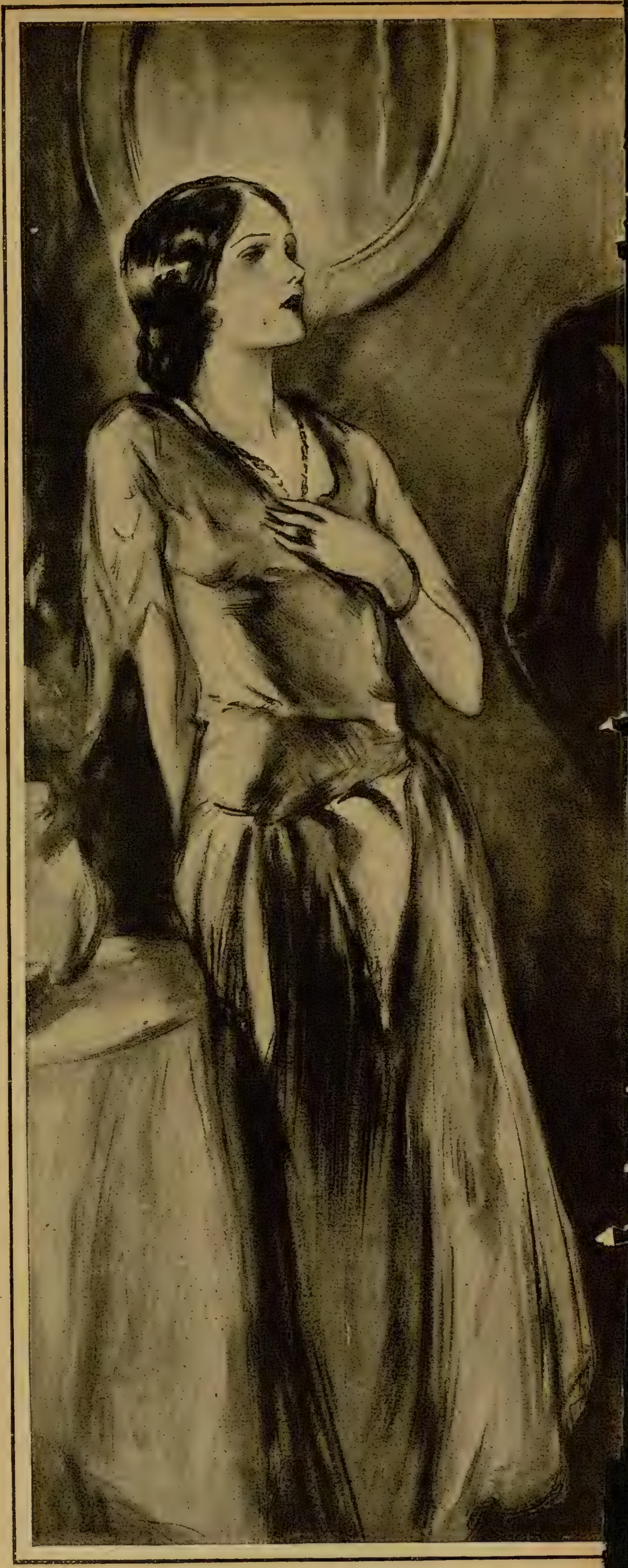
Her outburst was so unexpected and so furious that I as momentarily stunned. She stared beseechingly at me r a second and regained her composure as suddenly as e had lost it.

"Wasn't that stupid?" she asked, smiling. "I'm in a eer mood tonight, but it's really your fault for sticking ns in me."

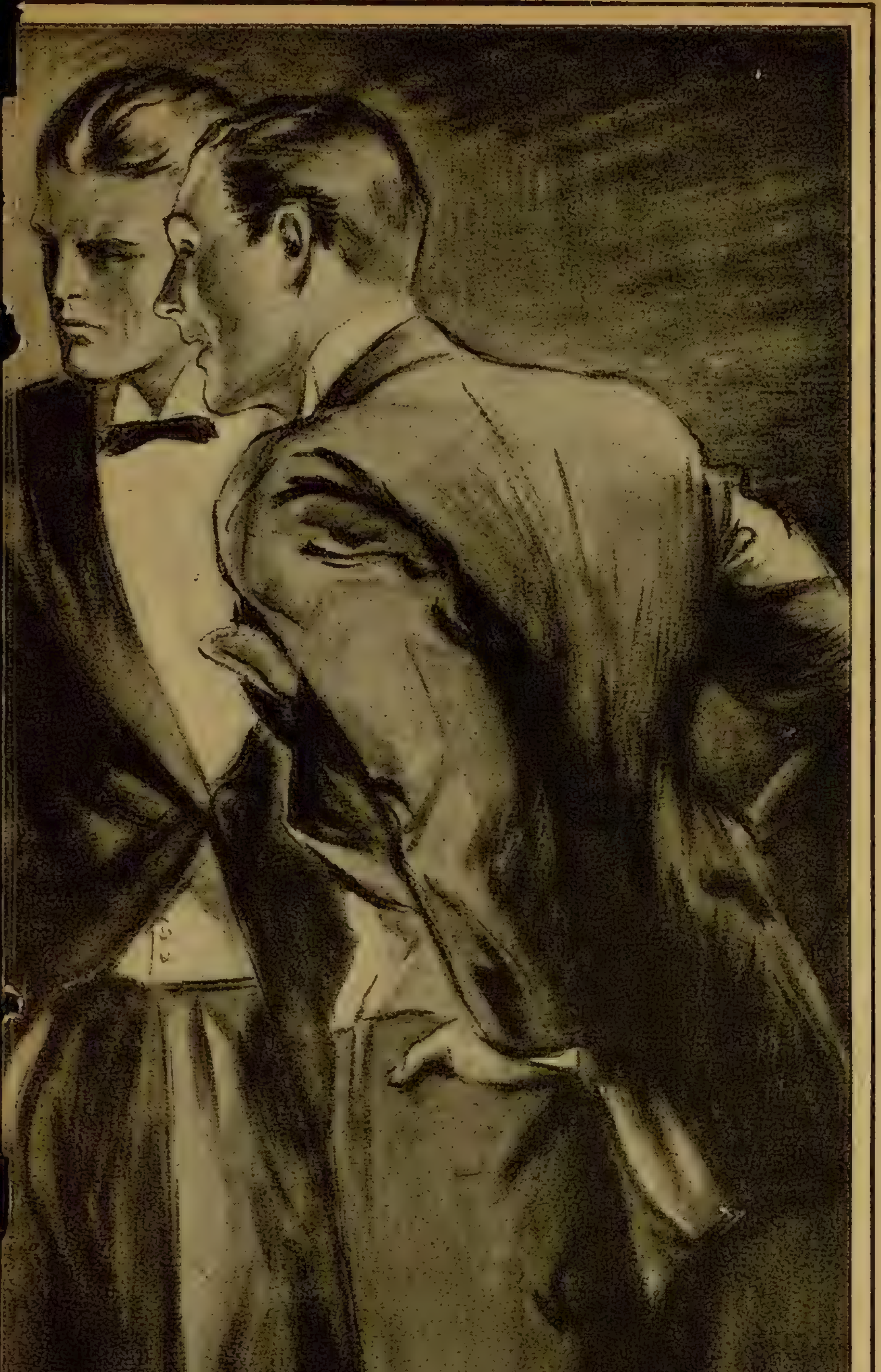
"You can get out, Lucrezia," I said earnestly. "Find urself a modern man, an upstanding fellow with blood tead of ice water in his veins, who can show you what e really is."

"Are you describing yourself, Andy?" she asked sarically. "I don't recognize you in that category."

"I've kicked over the traces," I said sullenly. "I think



"Both of you go now," she requested. "Y



take me to lunch tomorrow, Mr. Stewart."

I'm a human being. But I am describing Bill Stewart

"What on earth has that young man to do with my situation?" she exclaimed.

"I'd like you to know him. That chap is only a yea older than I and he started in life without a dollar. H is the head of one of the biggest advertising agencies i the country. He has saved half a million dollars. He is th salt of the earth and he is in love with you."

I paused for breath. Lucrezia was staring at me as if were a lunatic.

"In love with me? Why, I didn't speak two words t him."

"They scuttled Bill all right."

She frowned at my levity. "I had on a shocking fro and old shoes. It isn't possible. Men don't fly off t handle like that."

"He's hard hit, old dear. He wants you to know that he loves you. He thinks that's half the battle. He is planning an intensive campaign, and tomorrow you may expect almost anything. He says you will be engaged to him in two weeks."

This was supposed to be laughable, but she looked impressed.

"What a remarkable person! He is your employer, is he not?"

"Bill's my boss."

"And he commanded you to make me this insulting proposition?"

"Not insulting, Lucrezia. He only wants an opportunity to pay his court."

"But he ordered you."

I CHUCKLED. "Threatened to fire me if I refused. Of course he wouldn't! I told him frankly that you and I would have a good laugh over his declaration."

"I am not laughing," she said sharply. "How do you feel about this preposterous situation?"

I shrugged. "Don't feel anything. I know you and al your inhibitions. Let's change the subject."

"An intensive campaign," she said abstractedly. "What on earth does that mean?"

"Bill makes up people's minds for them. He'll go after you the way he persuades the public to use a certain toothpaste. Very likely a few tons of orchids will arrive in the morning. A brass band will turn up in the afternoon to serenade you. Tomorrow night he may land on the roof from an airplane. Or he may have you kidnaped and taken to a desert island. He is always original."

Lucrezia was smiling broadly. "Such things don't happen nowadays. Are you certain he is serious?"

"Viciously in earnest."

"A French philosopher said it was better to be loved than to love," she said pensively. "But I can't permit this spectacular nonsense."

"You might appeal to the police."

"Don't be absurd. But the man is irresistible."

"Irresistible force against an immovable mass," I said, laughing. "You'll resist him."

"On the contrary," she said soberly, "I'll capitulate."

"What's that?" I shouted.

"I like this man. I approve of his manner of wooing. He isn't a modern; he's a troubadour. I told you he had a nice face. No doubt his blood is very red. You advised me to break out of this. Well, here is a young, good-looking, honest, rich, and affectionate man who wants me. Why not?"

She meant what she said and the look in her eyes curdled my blood.

"I'm ashamed of you. Bottles don't do things like that," I protested. "You can't marry a man you don't love."

"I've seen portraits of many of my paternal ancestors. I doubt very much if their wives could have loved them.

I was almost in outraged tears. "You don't know anything about Bill!" I wailed.

"You have recommended him. Suppose you call him and ask him to come right over."

"I'm damned if I do. Lucrezia, allow him to call on you, if you like, but, for heaven's sake, don't let him think you are ready to drop into his lap."

"And permit him to inaugurate his horrible campaign?

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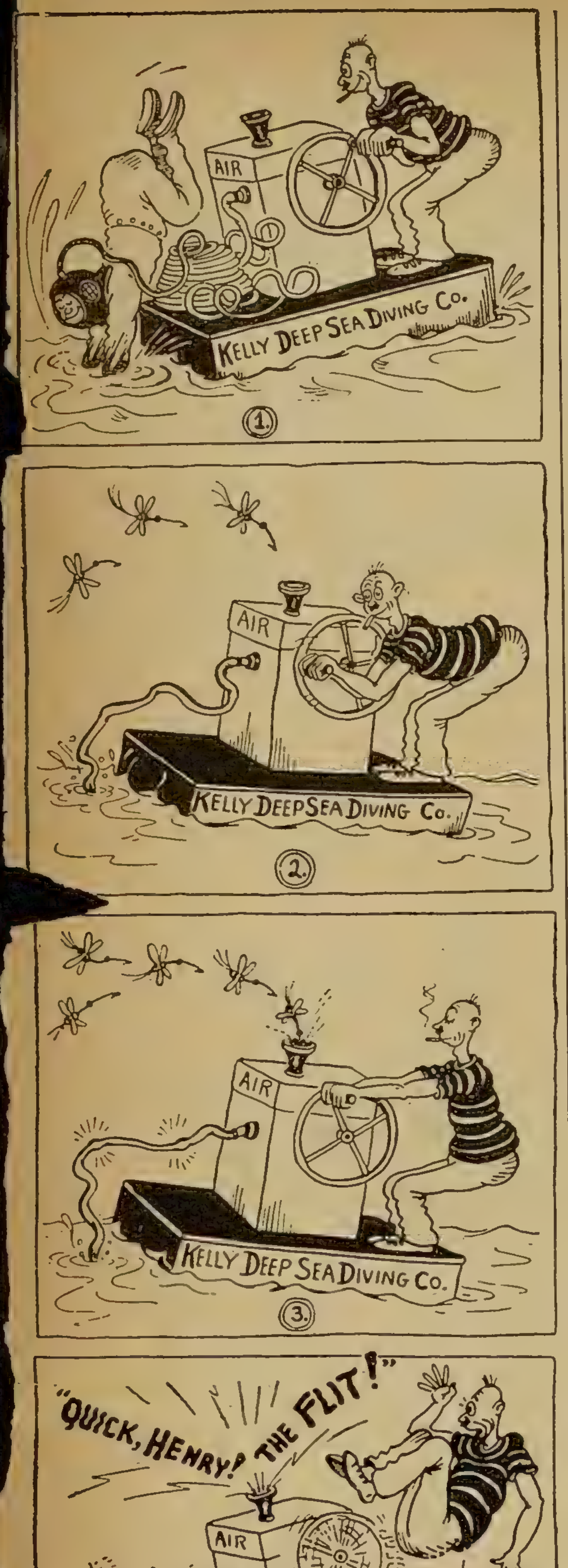
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LIBERATING LUCREZIA
Continued from page thirty-nine

I'm going to close the deal immediately. Will you call him, Mr. Ambassador?"

"No," I growled. I was burning up. I needed air. I went to the window and pushed it up and emitted a gasp of astonishment.

"What's wrong, Andy?" she demanded.

"Your troubadour is standing on the opposite side of the street," I said disgustedly.

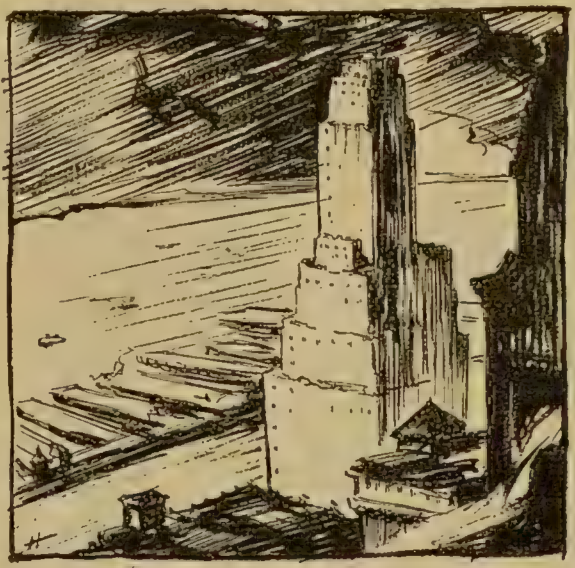
Seeing me at the window, Bill came swiftly over.

"Did you tell her?" he called up in a stage whisper.

Before I could answer, Lucrezia stood beside me.

"Please come in, Mr. Stewart," she said cordially.

So furious that I could have beaten her, I went to the front door and admitted the romantic ass. It was a situation that absolutely stumped me. There was no precedent to guide me. A well brought up Boston young woman never, so abruptly, had kicked over the traces of conventions and decorum. I would have staked my life on Lucrezia's adherence to her traditions and she had betrayed me.



With some diminution of his ordinary assurance, Bill moved into the living room and accepted the chair which Lucrezia indicated.

"This is certainly kind of you, Miss Bottle," he declared. "I suppose you think it funny that I was hanging round outside."

"On the contrary," she replied gravely, "I consider it romantic. Your ambassador had delivered your message."

Stewart blushed up to the eyes. "I must seem to you damn' cheeky," he stammered.

"Abrupt, perhaps, but I grasp your point of view," she said with a slight smile.

"AHEM—nice old place you have here. I bet these antiques came over in the Mayflower."

"The Pilgrims were miserably poor. Our goods were imported at a later period. I understand you are planning an intensive campaign, Mr. Stewart."

"Darn it, Andy!" he exclaimed. "You didn't have to tell her that."

"Andy is very much your advocate. Frankly, your audacity and enterprise appeal to me, but your sales campaign might annoy father. It is unnecessary."

"Eh?"

"Your intentions are honorable, I presume?" she asked sweetly.

"You bet your life they are!" he cried indignantly.

"You realize that you know nothing of my habits, my faults, my temper—"

"Huh! I don't have to know. 'As is,' Miss Bottle."

"I am narrow-minded, bigoted, absurdly proud, vindictive—"

He roared with laughter. Actually Bill was intoxicated from breathing the same air with Lucrezia.

"I'm crazy about you!" he exclaimed. "Stop knocking yourself. You suit me."

Lucrezia rose with a heightened color. Her eyes were sparkling.

"In that case," she said with dignity, "I accept your offer of marriage."

"For heaven's sake, Lucrezia!" I moaned.

BILL was up and bearing down upon her. "Jiminy cricket!" he cried. "You don't mean you're taking me now, this minute?"

She permitted him to grasp her hands and then withdrew them.

"I wish to avoid the horrors of a siege," she said lightly.

"But I want you to love me, too," he protested.

"Do you think you can teach me to love you?"

He beamed. "Well, say! You bet I can."

"Until you have done so, accept the fact of our engagement, but no caresses."

"It won't be long now," he asserted joyfully.

This was too much for me. "You sap," I said viciously. "She's marrying you for your money."

He whirled and advanced upon me belligerently.

"Mr. Stewart," she said sharply, "I'll attend to Andy. In a way, he spoke the truth. Father and I are miserably poor. I'm starved for nice things. I want to travel."

"We'll go around the world on our honeymoon."

"But other rich men have proposed to me and have been refused. I am hoping you can make me love you."

"That's a cinch," he said confidently.

Lucrezia bit her lip and I clenched my fists. He was so damn' fatuous.

"Both of you go now," she requested. "You may take me to lunch tomorrow, Mr. Stewart. Tomorrow night we'll tell father."

"Break it to him gently," I said bitterly. "Some of the Bottles are proud."

"Good evening," said Lucrezia coldly.

We had hardly reached the street before Stewart began to gloat.

"All that hooey about different planes!" he jeered. "Proud Boston aristocracy, eh? Wouldn't marry outside Beacon Hill. Sisters under the skin, that's what they all are. That poor, lovely little kid, shut up in that old tomb, was just sitting there waiting for a decent fellow to come along with enough coin to show her a good time."

"I suppose you realize that you are buying her," I said bitterly. "That girl had half of a lamb chop for dinner. She's hungry. She isn't going to love you."

"All I have to do is strut my stuff," he said complacently. "A girl wins a man on her looks. A man has to take a woman on his prosperity as well as his personality. In a week she'll be crazy about me, I know."

"She told you to your face it was your money."

"That's all right. All I needed was to crash in. In a couple of weeks she would marry me if I didn't have a cent. God, what a raving, ravishing beauty!"

"It's perfectly abominable!" I exclaimed.

Bill regarded me meditatively. "I think I'm going to be angry with you," he said. "What are you grouching about, anyway?"

"You have nothing in common with Lucrezia. Everything you do will jar on her. You'll make her life miserable—"

He grabbed me by the shoulder and swung me around.

"I'VE stood enough from you," he growled. "You remember you're working for me. You've obeyed orders and now you butt out of this. No sneaking around to knock me to that girl."

Wham!

I brought up my fist and crashed it against his big jaw. Bill sat down heavily upon the sidewalk, an expression of stupefaction upon his round face.

"I'm not working for you any more," I said through clenched teeth. "I never want to set eyes again upon your ugly mug. I'm my own man. I'm free. There is one resident of Beacon Hill who doesn't give a damn for you and your filthy money."

He was still sitting on the sidewalk when I turned the next corner after tossing away, for no good reason, the only decent job I ever had. Of course I had behaved like a fool, and I gloried in it. It seemed to me that my action atoned, in a measure, for the disgraceful behavior of Lucrezia Bottle.

Bill called me at my apartment next morning about ten and I hung up on him. Later in the day I went down to State Street and was fortunate enough to be hired and placed in charge of exploitation by Ellis and Higginbotham at a third the salary I received from Bill Stewart.

I realized, of course, that I had no grievance against Bill. He was what he had always been, a big, fine, able, open-handed chap whose success excused his high opinion of himself. And I couldn't be too hard on Lucre-

NUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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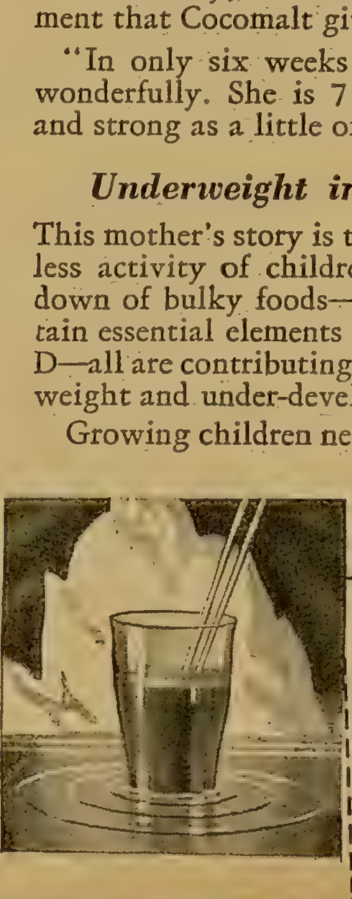

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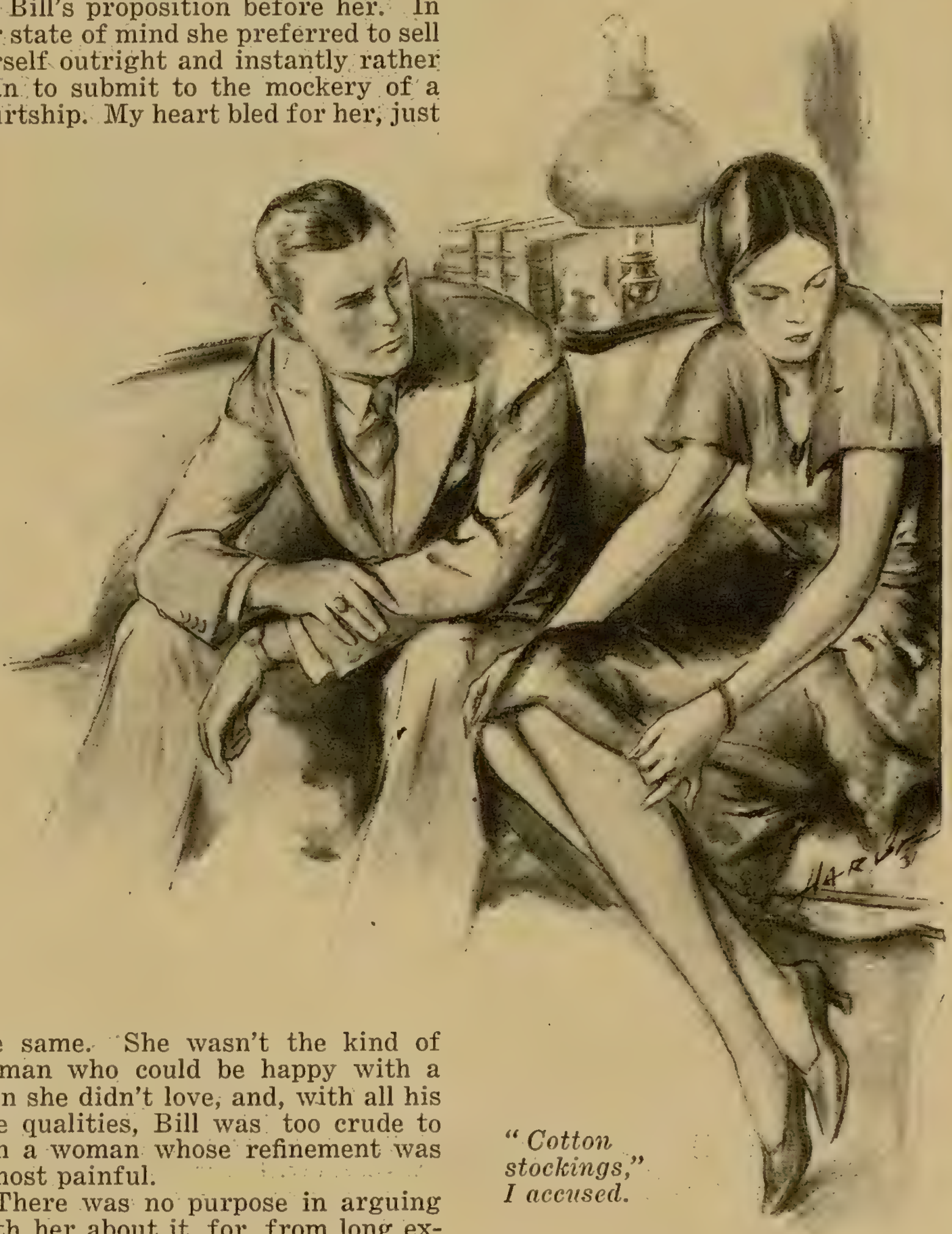
[LIBERATING LUCREZIA
Continued from page forty-one]

zia. While I had not realized it, she had been eating her heart out for years. She wasn't cold-blooded and emotionless like the rest of her tribe. Her blooming beauty advertised that for those who knew how to read.

She had probably come to the parting of the ways and was lingering there when I blundered in. Her outburst ought to have warned me not to set Bill's proposition before her. In her state of mind she preferred to sell herself outright and instantly rather than to submit to the mockery of a courtship. My heart bled for her, just the same. She wasn't the kind of woman who could be happy with a man she didn't love, and, with all his fine qualities, Bill was too crude to win a woman whose refinement was almost painful.



"Cotton stockings," I accused.

There was no purpose in arguing with her about it, for, from long experience, I knew that Lucrezia was stubborn. That little jaw of hers was firm as a rock. And, having given her word to Bill, she would marry him if it killed her. The thing was over and done with.

JUST the same, she was on my mind almost constantly for the next ten days, and when I managed to put her out of my mind some acquaintance would tell me that he had run across Lucrezia in company with Stewart somewhere and would want to know what on earth a girl like Lucrezia Bottle could see in that big go-getter.

Ten days after that awful evening came two lamentable happenings. Peabody Bottle, while reading a ponderous tome at a table at the Athenæum, laid his head down upon the book and died. And the directors of Ellis and Higginbotham decided that the new exploitation department was undignified and must be abolished. Lucrezia was fatherless and I was jobless.

At nine that evening I presented myself at the Bottle residence as an old friend of the family, and as I went up the front steps I met Bill Stewart coming out. Of course I affected not to see him, but he would have none of it. He grasped both my hands.

"Gosh, old man, I'm glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "No hard feeling about that crack in the jaw. I guess I was drunk with joy and said things you had a right to resent. I heard that your exploitation department opened and closed, and I want to say that you're expected back in my office."

"No, thanks," I said. "How is she taking it?"

"Marvelous," he declared. "Cool and calm. Thinks of everything. Above human feelings, you'd suppose. Come and see me in the morning. Something to tell you. So long."

It seemed to me that Bill was thinner and had lines in his smooth round face, and he was much mo

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than was his wont. It certainly was very decent of him to overlook what had happened between us, but I was not going back to work for the man who had bought Lucrezia.

I went into the house of bereavement. There were two old friends sitting in the drawing-room with the girl who rose hastily at the prospect of relief and took their departure.

I took both her hands in mine. They were like ice. She was very pale and very beautiful.

"This is good of you, Andy," she said. "I particularly needed to talk to you."

"I met Bill just now."

She smiled. "Poor Bill. I'm sorry you quarreled. You are very stiff-necked and he is most magnanimous. He says he is holding your place until you get over your nonsense."

"That's good of him, but I'm through with him."

"Well, I want your advice. How do I go about selling the contents of this house?"

I stared at her incredulously and met her level gaze.

"But you can't do that!"

"IT was your own suggestion, as you suggested that I marry Bill. I realize now that our worship of old possessions is about as stupid as Chinese worship of ancestors, a schism, by the way, of which we are not without taint. Father has left me an income of less than two thousand dollars a year. I thought I might receive fifty or seventy-five thousand for the household goods and embark in some business."

"I don't get this," I said, bewildered. "You don't need to sacrifice these treasures. Bill has plenty of money."

"I am not going to marry Bill," she said evenly.

"But—but you gave him your word."

"I told him that I hoped to be able to love him. I admire him tremendously, but that isn't love. And he doesn't love me."

"He's insane about you."

"He has recovered his sanity," she said, smiling brightly. "Andy, what that poor boy has suffered during the past ten days is heart-rending. I have lunched, dined, and occasionally breakfasted with him. We have attended theaters and danced. I insisted that we must be constantly together so that we could thoroughly understand each other. There is nothing in the world which interests me that he knows anything about, and his interests are all Greek to me. We ran down conversationally in a single day.

"According to our bargain, there was no love-making, so I didn't blame Bill for attempting to wriggle out of our engagements recently. When I told him yesterday that I could never love him, but of course would abide by my word, he assured me that he would not dream of forcing me into a loveless marriage.

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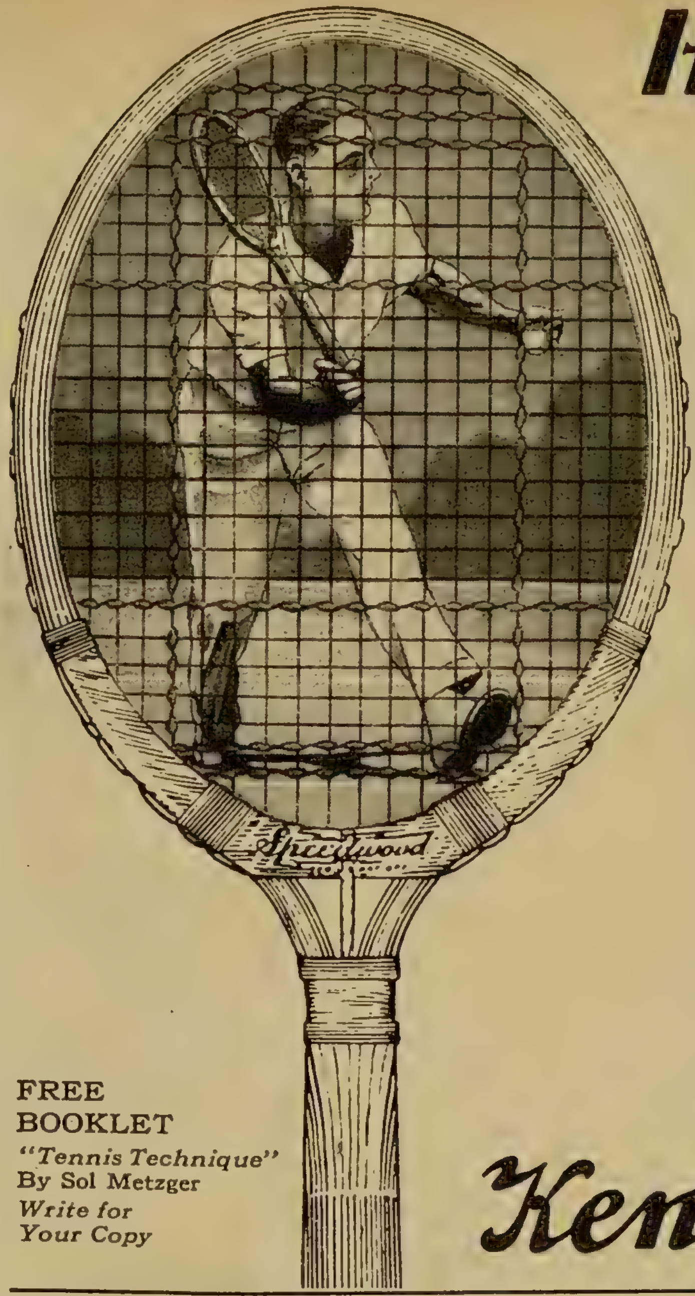

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LIBERATING LUCREZIA
Continued from page forty-three

"We are tremendous friends now, and Bill is happy again."

I gazed into her eyes until she dropped them.

"Then things worked out exactly as you planned them," I said sternly.

"I don't know what you mean."

I laughed softly. "Lucrezia," I said, "you deliberately set out to torpedo Bill. You made yourself into a preposterous highbrow. You affected not to understand any topic he introduced. There are a thousand things upon which you are both well informed and you were careful to avoid them."

"You flatter me," she said demurely.

"You probably went to public places in your oldest clothes, made yourself as much of a frump as possible, and enjoyed seeing him squirm when people looked at you."

"How do you know?"

"I'm getting smart in my old age. The question is, why did you do this?"

"That's for you to find out," she said sharply.

"Was it—did it—you were pretty angry because I brought you Bill's declaration."

"I didn't like it."

"AND you said all the doors were locked and you pounded your fists against them until they hurt. And you said, 'Andy, help me to get out.' Lucrezia, you became engaged to Bill because I didn't help you. But you never intended to marry him. You had a purpose—"

"I thought it was time your eyes were opened to self-evident facts," she said shrewishly.

"Ha," I gloated. "That we had been friends since childhood. That I liked you better than any other girl. That I ought to have done something about your situation here—"

"That you have always been in love with me and I with you," finished Lucrezia.

"And that's why I punched poor old Bill and have been suffering agony for ten days! Lucrezia, I'm an idiot."

"Of course you are," said Lucrezia. "But it's all right, Andy. You and I are the same kind of folks, foolishly ashamed of honest emotions, wearing masks, hampered by traditions, eaten with false pride. Haven't you ever wanted to kiss me?"

"I never admitted it to myself, but of course I did. I do now."

"POOR father would be glad," she said with a sigh. "Of course I never told him that Bill and I were supposed to be engaged. Bill says you have been let out by Ellis and Higginbotham. It gave me an idea. I'll sell all this stuff and we'll use the money to set you up in business."

"Sell this?" I cried indignantly. "I should say not!"

"But you are out of employment."

"I'll pocket my false pride. I'll go back to my job with Bill Stewart tomorrow. Lucrezia, if it were not for the fact that your poor father lies dead, I would like—that is—I wish—"

"You want to take me in your arms and kiss me," stated Lucrezia. "Well, if you don't this very minute—"

I held out my arms and Lucrezia crept into them and for the first time I kissed her.

"I'm sure father would be pleased," murmured Lucrezia.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

She Didn't Tell Him

Willie's playmates were planning to give him a surprise party. His sister, Ethel, was warned not to tell. The day before the party Uncle William asked Ethel if Willie knew he was going to have a party.

Ethel innocently replied, "He knows he is going to have a party, but I don't think he knows it's going to be a surprise."—Eleanor M. Robertson, 950 Vermont St., Oakland, Calif.

Explaining the Impossible

The talented young son of a composer has temperament, as all great artists should.

A few days ago his mother asked him to sing a certain song.

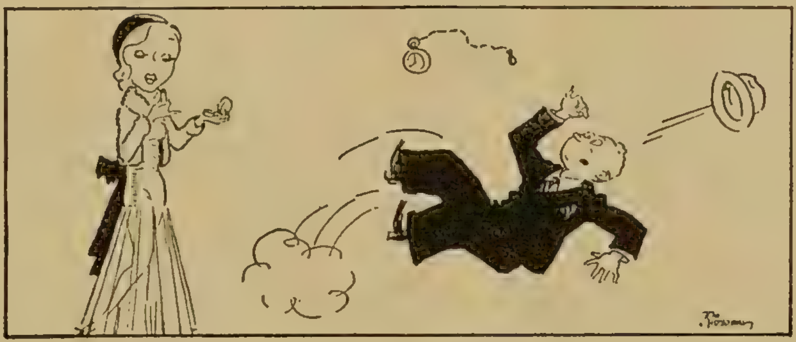
"I can't," he replied.

"You mean that you can but don't want to," his mother said.

"No," he answered flatly, "I can't. And I want to can't."—Hattie H. Carpenter, 59 S. E. Sixth St., Miami, Fla.

$500 Cash FOR Limerick

Here Is This Week's Limerick



" I'll surely be there sharp at eight,"
Said Doris when making the date.
And believe it or not—
She arrived on the dot

. . . .
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked before midnight June 6. The names of the prize winners will be published in the issue dated July 11.

Last Lines That YOU *Can Write!*

$250 - - FIRST PRIZE
$100 - SECOND PRIZE
$ 75 - - THIRD PRIZE
$ 50 - FOURTH PRIZE
$ 25 - - FIFTH PRIZE

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick and send it to LIMERICKS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It is not necessary to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; for third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be paid to each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete except employees of the publishers and members of their families.

HERE is another contest Limerick. Note that vacant space where the last line ought to be? It needs words—your words—to be complete. A line of words which, if judged prize-worthy, will bring you the award of $250 cash or one of the other substantial prizes. Talk, according to tradition, is cheap. But you'll have to admit that words are valuable—and here's a chance to cash in handsomely on a few of them if you have some to spare.

Read the Limerick as far as it goes. Get the swing of it in your mind. Think over the words that rhyme with the first two lines and then begin to play the Limerick game. When you have written the line you want to submit, read the brief, simple rules which give full instructions on how and where to send your entry for a Liberty Limerick Cash Prize.

Imagine the thrill of receiving a check for one of the prizes! Imagine the fun of seeing your line in print if you are a prize winner! Imagine the envy of your friends as they read it!

And don't overlook this. Your chance to win is absolutely as good as that of any other Limerick completer. Further, you have the same time to enter as everyone else. Every entry which is postmarked on or before midnight June 6 will be considered for a prize. It is your local postmark that counts, therefore you are on an equal footing regardless of the distance you live from Liberty's offices.

Write a last line now and get in line for a cash prize.

NOTHER LIMERICK CONTEST — ANOTHER

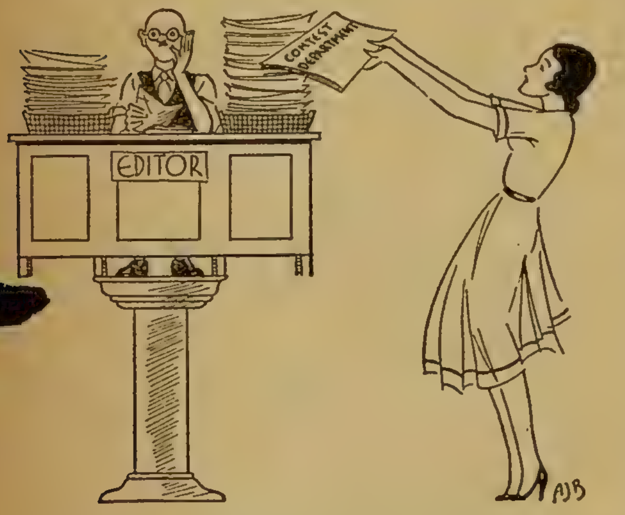
Vox

Thoughts Suggested by a Couple of Recent Liberty Editorials

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Your editorial of May 2 was so sweet and friendly.

It is well you show yourself in editorials, for one couldn't know you in the material of your publication. It is so different.

I am glad to know Editors are common humans like the rest of us. I had been inclined to think of them on pedestals—too high for me to reach.



Perhaps if the man who wrote that editorial awarded the prizes, *he* would consider my efforts. I have tried so long and hard, since when Liberty was seeking a name.

And now for some advice. Leave off war talk awhile and talk neighborliness, stability, uprightness, employment, and maintenance for everybody. The press has most power to help—or ruin.—*Mrs. T. H. Meachan.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In your editorials of May 2 and May 9 you stress the menace of gangsters and racketeers. May I respectfully ask, then, why you glorify them in so much of the fiction you publish?

Now, I will admit that I read many of these stories, along with thousands of others—and so do the youngsters growing up.

Inherent in all red-blooded people, regardless of age or previous condition of servitude, is a love of adventure, danger, escape, etc.

No wonder cowboy pictures have gone out of style. The screen is busy showing gangsters shooting each other in the back—and Liberty prints that sort of story.

Many people offer the argument that a moral is shown, in that the criminal "gets his."

Yes, he gets his all right, but not in the way we used to hear about in Sunday school.

The printed page is the most powerful force in the world today.

It has the power to make the gang-

yellow streak as wide as a barn door—instead of a brave fellow.—*(Miss) Virgie I. Timmons.*

RICHMOND, VA.—Permit me to extend my congratulations to the writer of the splendid editorial in the May 9 issue of Liberty, entitled "Homes Without Discipline Bring Us the Gangster."

If every parent, guardian, and schoolteacher in America would read and inwardly digest it, the coming generation would be the finest set of men and women in the world. It equals any sermon that I have ever heard.—*Stuart C. Leake.*

OMAHA, NEB.—In your editorial of May 2 you made the statement that "Parents are not receiving the respect from their children that is justly due them."

Just what respect is due the parent from the child? Just because of the biological fact that one is a parent must the child conform to the fact that the parent must also be a czar?

Does the parent not also have a duty to live up to with the child? Should not the parent have the child respect and honor him for himself alone, rather than for the fact that he is the parent? Can the parent break laws with impunity (laws that are, in theory at least, made by himself) and expect the child to keep laws that are made for him by the parent?—*Ira A. Jones.*

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—I have read your editorials of May 2 and May 9 with a great deal of approval. In striking out against the "spoiling" of children in their upbringing, chiefly owing to the absence of parental control and guidance backed up by plenty of spanking, you have attacked the greatest evil of the age.

But while I thoroughly approve of your editorials, it does not seem to me you place the blame where it properly belongs—most of it, at least. You lecture the parents, but why has there been such a terrific increase of late years in spoiling children—what has led so many parents astray? The answer is that pseudoscience, that imbecile drivel, psychology in general, and especially the child branch of it.

There are plenty of signs all around us that the Christian religion is slipping, morality vanishing, standards being lowered all along the line. You cannot have Christian principles and have psychology. The two are in antithesis. Which are we going to choose?

For the past fifteen years there has been a steady stream of the most vicious dangerous gibberish, poured out by the "child experts." It ruins the work of every "child welfare" organization, every state, federal, or municipal body engaged in social service work wherever that work touches children, in both the U. S. and Canada.

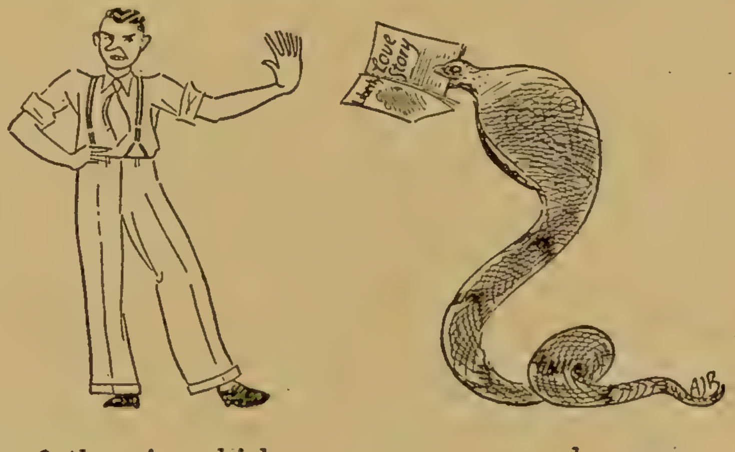
The same applies to every juvenile court. One cannot deal with bad boys and girls by merely patting them on the head and dropping a few kind words. There must be *some* punishment. But most of the officials have dabbled in child psychology, and it disapproves of all punishment.

So the culprits endlessly get off scot-free, and go forth to commit more crimes. Eventually they are turned out as first-class criminals, and we build more and bigger and better jails.—*Eric A. Darling.*

And Just How Far Do You Think We'd Get, Harry, if We Laid Off the Love Stuff?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Have just had an attack of "snake bite" (know what I mean? Yes, some people call it love) and am trying to find solace in Liberty's stories. But they are mostly love stories and have women in them, and that doesn't help me a bit.

How about some cowboy and Indian stories, or other hair-raising narratives, in which men are men, and women—well, just don't enter into the scheme of things?



Sorry if I appear to be critical, but lay off the love stuff and give us a new tune.—*Harry Kohler.*

A Toast

SUPERIOR, WIS.—It seems that whenever a good story appears in Liberty Weekly, Fred MacIsaac does the writing.

Some time ago I was delightfully entertained by reading his story, "The Wilful Miss Wilson."

Then, in Liberty for May 9, came "The Protective Instinct," a continuation of the real stuff.

Long live MacIsaac! Here's hoping he doesn't retire, go nuts, or anything happen to him that could prevent the further turning out of his splendid

Pop

So Would Lots of People

Long Beach, Calif.—Your editorials on the prohibition question are refreshing to a slowly awakening group in our country. Of course the early ones daring to suggest a new cure for the disastrous results of what has become an ignoble experiment must pay the cost of being referred to by a certain class of theorists as barbarian drunkards.

Let us hope that more magazines join your procession and give the public a real insight into what the experiment is doing to us.

I would personally like to know when an experiment ceases to be an experiment.—*Floyd W. Murray.*

Yes

Chicago, Ill.—Attaboy! Give us more stories like Guy Gilpatric's "A Doll for the Maharanee." It was a beauty, a pip, a wow, a—

Well, you get the idea.—*Lazy Larry.*

We Can't Do a Thing with Him

Houston, Texas—I have been a consistent reader of Liberty since the first edition and have never felt any strain mentally except when someone on Liberty's staff starts a Limerick contest. I read Liberty for relaxation, not taxation of the cerebellum. (For definition consult Twenty Questions editor; he knows everything).

Now is this fair?

The guy that starts these ought to be shot.—*R. F.*

Dear, Dear

Montreal, P. Q., Can.—Was it halitosis? Nope, it wasn't that. Well, then —was it B. O.? No! It couldn't be that. Well, why? Why in the deuce did all the people who I thought were my best friends just pass me by on the street and ignore me?

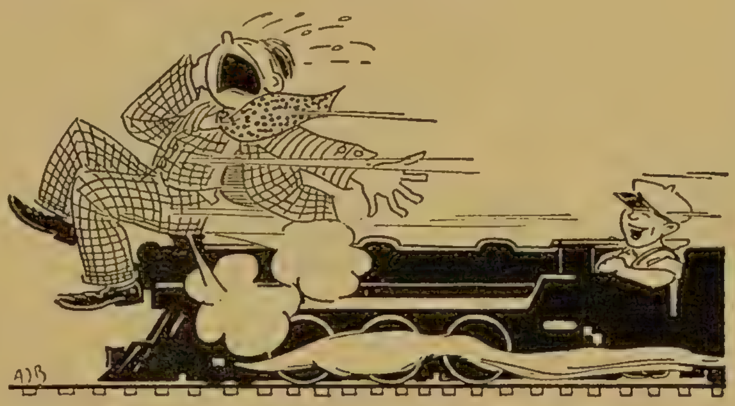
I had wondered for one whole year until today, when I found out the real cause. Yep! It was 'cause I always had a copy of Liberty tucked under my arm.—*Georgie Carl Saul.*

Clear Block, Mr. Jones!—or You Might Say Practically Clear

Allentown, Pa.—I am a regular reader of Liberty and probably always shall be.

Kindly give us more good railroad stories like "Judgment," by Eugene Jones.

This was, in my estimation, a real good story and shows what good material our engineers are made of. But as for Mr. Benchley, please cut out printing his raw humor and send him up here so we can sit him on the exhaust stack of one of our passenger engines and show him how they start a heavy twelve-car train.



At the same time he undoubtedly will get sufficient heat for the balance of his natural life.—*A Railroad Man and Liberty Fan.*

Springfield, Ill.—Just a line to express my appreciation of your very good railroad yarn, "Judgment," by Eugene Jones.

I am sure that every hoghead, O. R. C., tallowpot, shack, shake, etc., who read it enjoyed "Judgment" too.

However, I would like to correct the author on one particular if I may. In his opening statement he calls his engine an Atlantic-type six-driver. An engine of this type is known as the Pacific type.

An Atlantic has but four driving wheels, and it is next to impossible for a jack of this type to haul a train as heavy as the one mentioned in the story at the mentioned sixty or seventy miles per hour.

Clear block, Mr. Jones!—*A Tallowpot.*

Drifton, Fla.—Amid the clatter of telegraph instruments, on a lonely third trick, I read Mr. Eugene Jones' "Judgment" and, by my red board, there is a good railroad story!

I wish Mr. Jones to know that of all the stories of the "Rusty Trail" I have read, I enjoyed this story of his best.—*Third-Trick Rastus, of Atlantic Coast Line.*

Port Arthur, Ont., Can.—Well, you walked right into my house this time with your railroad story, "Judgment," in Liberty for May 2.

Generally, writers with little or no experience in railroading knock the rules and technicalities skyward. Jones does so in only one important particular. Why in heck couldn't he have picked out a less important violation for Harrigan to commit than running a red board?

Pulling that stunt just to save doubling a hill is something no hogger in overalls would do. Red means STOP, and, regardless of what other factors enter in, there is only one thing to do and that is—stop. However, even to a train dispatcher like myself, it was a rattling good tale and the best, technically and otherwise, I've read in many a day.—*Geo. Salverson.*

If We Get an Idea Out of You, We're Good

St. Joseph, Mo.—I read in one of your editorials where you would welcome an idea from any of your readers that increased the entertainment value of Liberty.

Right now I have no good ideas. There is no use for you to dun me further. If I get an idea I'll send it to you. I told you that once before.

You can do whatever you want to about it but you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip. I'll tell you one thing. If you get an idea out of me I'll be the first to congratulate you.—*Bill Burton.*

Oh, It'll Do

Portland, Ore.—If any of your 2,500,000 readers struggled through that stupid, inane story, "A Cupid from the Cunard Line," they deserve my congratulations.

I read the first part of it rather dazedly. By that time I had such a terrific headache I didn't know whether I was comin' or goin'. And I've been suffering ever since. I hope you're satisfied.—*Just Another Grouch.*

It Takes a Sharp Eye to See It

San Diego, Calif.—There's more human interest and heart throb in one paragraph of the real-life stories written by Adela Rogers St. Johns than in all the vagaries of the fiction writers whose stuff you publish. Adela's English is the choicest of the choice, too, but didn't she perpetrate somewhat of an Irish bull in the following sentence, which occurred in your May 2 issue in the Lon Chaney article?

"Perhaps the story that is best known about him, the one that he allowed to be publicized most frequently, was the fact that he carried his card in the stage hands' union to the day of his death."—*Esther Mugan Bush.*

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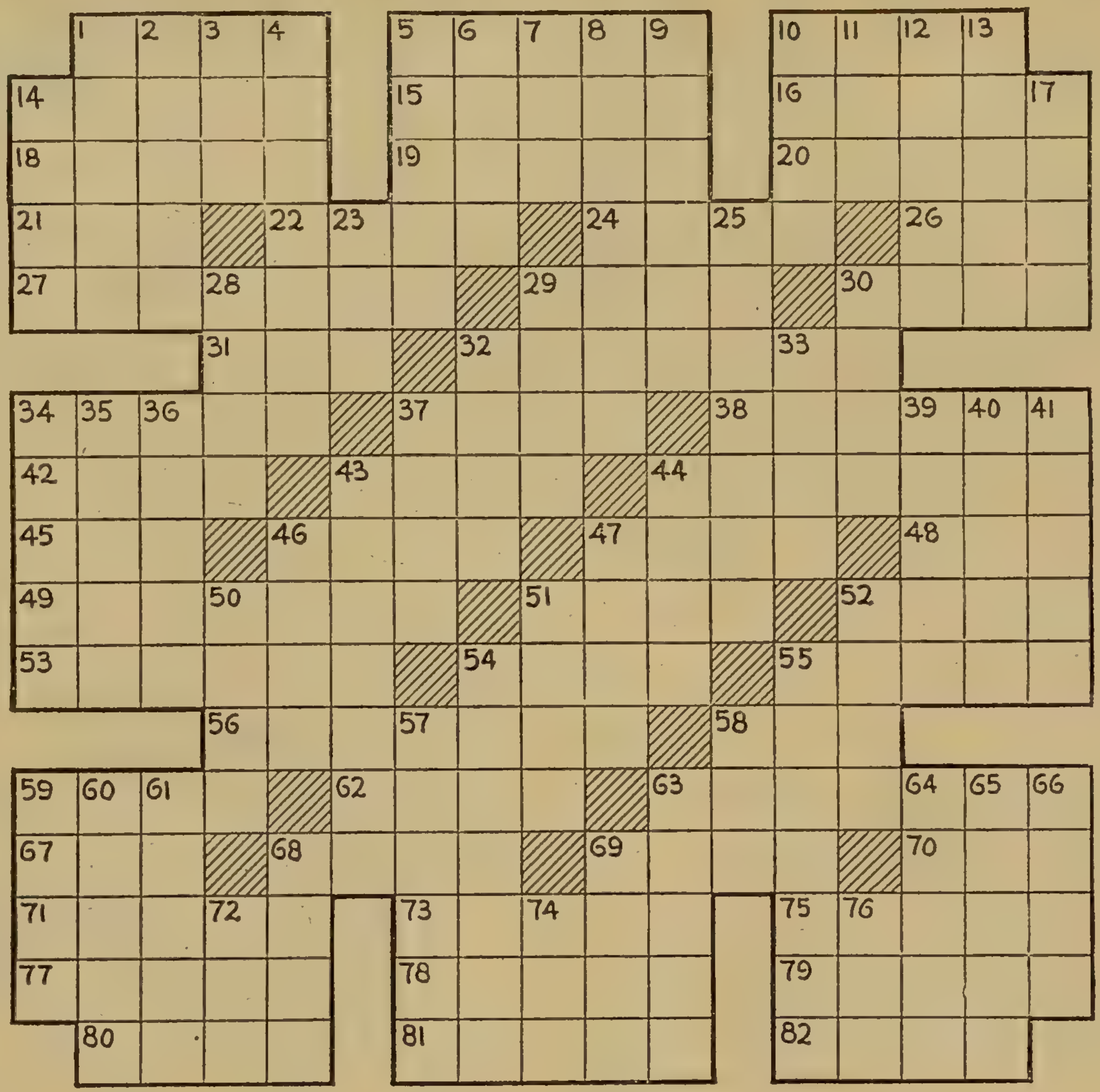
Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

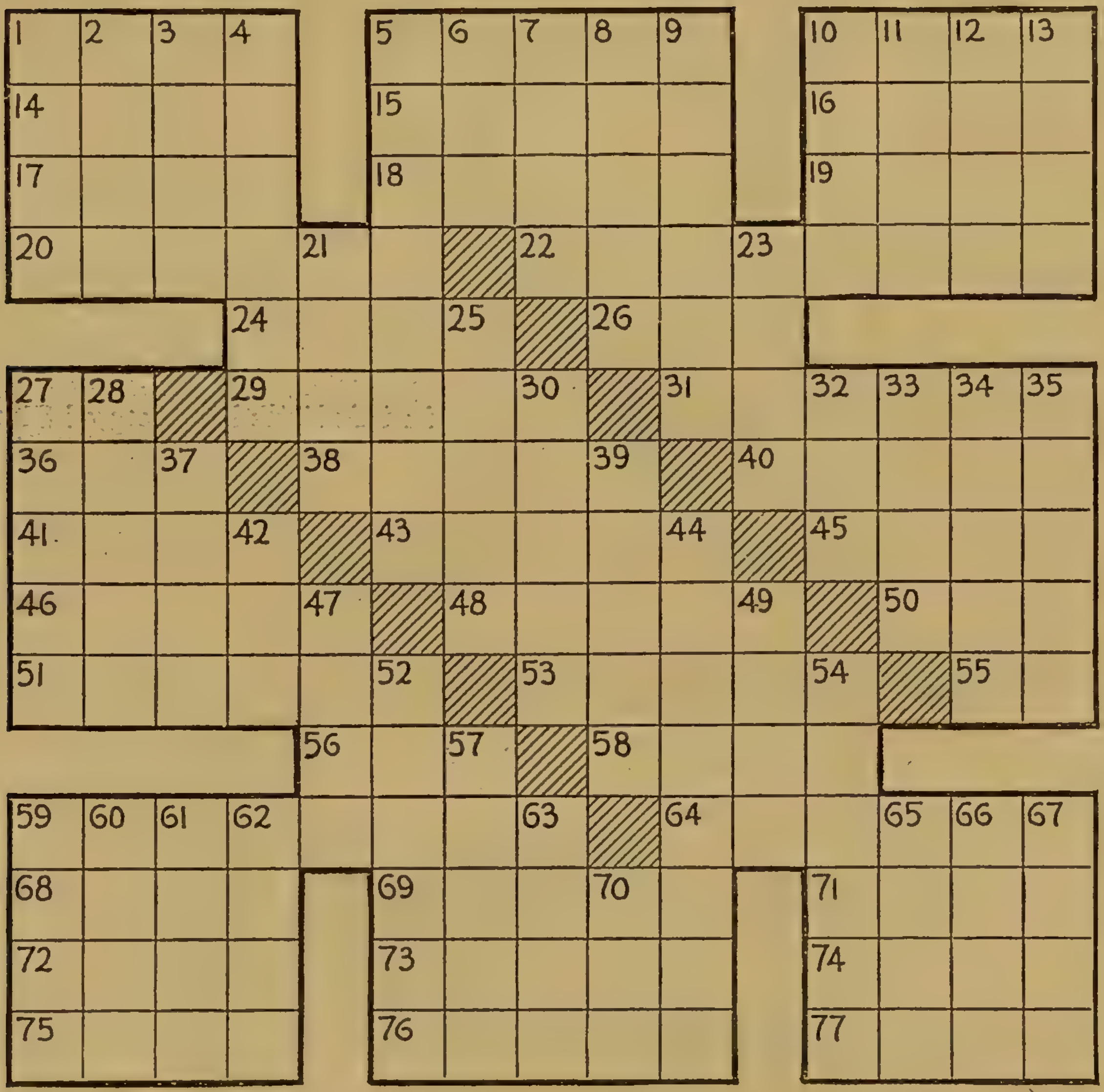
1 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
5 Peels
10 Mimicked
14 Work horses or working oxen
15 Endure; sustain
16 Made up into large bundles
18 Consonants
19 Monkeylike animal
20 Join
21 Metric measure (plural)
22 Orient
24 A coin
26 Cardinal number
27 Relentlessly
29 Any cause of ruin or of lasting injury
30 Part of the head (plural)
31 Playing card
32 A purveyor of food
34 The position in space of a body
37 A runner's station in baseball
38 Serf
42 River in England
43 That which disguises or conceals
44 The produce of wine for one season
45 Biblical name (Apocrypha: I Esd. v. 22)
46 Reckless; precipitate
47 Cooking utensils
48 Cry of a sheep
49 Morbid change in exercise of functions of organs (medical)
51 Thin; tenuous
52 Puts in place
53 City in Missouri
54 Narrow road
55 Debauch
56 Pond near the sea (plural)
58 Fitting
59 Detest
62 Greek deity
63 Loaners
67 Sooner than
68 Periods
69 Posterior
70 A bond
71 Repulse; reject
73 Wigwam
75 Avoid
77 Agitates
78 Pertaining to the Greek city of Elis
79 More mature
80 Woman's name
81 Colorers
82 Comprehends

VERTICAL

1 Apparent; manifest
2 Taut
3 Native metal
4 Necessary constituent, or elemental substance
5 Paralysis
6 Incite; instigate
7 Margin
8 Instruct; cultivate mentally
9 Calm
10 Border on
11 Greek god of flocks and pastures
12 Woman's name
13 Hinder
14 An exclamation
17 Couch of a wild beast (plural)
23 Malt liquor
25 Nerve tonic
28 Drive at high speed
29 To be exposed to genial heat
30 Formerly
32 Money
33 Brings forth young
34 Old Italian coin
35 Covered the inner surface of
36 Ascended
37 A fish
39 Kind of sword
40 Size of type
41 Rent for a specified term
43 Conductor
44 Propeller blade
46 Woman's name
47 Fastening devices
50 Island
51 Revolving vanes
52 Hastened
54 Without firmness
55 Separates
57 Declaimed
58 Lair
59 Pronoun
60 Rugged crest of a mountain range
61 Warm
63 Charges against property
64 Public storehouse
65 Goes horseback
66 Prophet
68 Woman's name
69 Listen to; heed
72 Eagle
74 Pastry
76 Contend against

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page fifty-eight

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 An unusual form of square-rigged vessel
5 To part in any way, especially by an act of violence
10 The external shell of many mollusks
14 Space between the eye and bill of birds
15 Ascend
16 A preliminary or imperfect conception
17 Ellipse
18 Containing much matter in a small space
19 Paradise
20 Inclosed with a solid and permanent barrier
22 The wild celery or tape grass
24 Always
26 A Siamese measure of length
27 Metric measure (abbreviation)
29 Masculine personal name
31 Compulsion or restraint
36 An exclamation
38 One of the Leeward Islands
40 Kind of shoe
41 Sulphate of potassium and aluminum
43 Dinges
45 Masonry barrier against the violence of waves
46 Narrow strip of some flexible material
48 Cook slightly in steam or hot water
50 Born
51 Any plant of the genus Malva
53 Masculine name
55 The symbol for an element
56 The keeper of a door lock
58 Woman's name
59 Diseases of the human body
64 Commemorative disks
68 Ireland
69 Give an oblique or slanting direction to
71 Formal public assembly; convention
72 Trigonometrical ratio
73 Books
74 A city in Pennsylvania
75 Killed
76 Pleasing to the smell; redolent
77 Cozy abode

VERTICAL

1 To slacken the speed of
2 A new star usually appearing suddenly
3 Of the mouth
4 Issued forth, as water from the earth
5 Dulled, as a color, by an admixture of gray
6 Before
7 Creeping plant
8 A letter of the alphabet (plural)
9 Walked or moved dizzily or unsteadily
10 One of two or more rows one above another
11 A work treating of Norse mythology
12 Comprehends
13 Converts (a skin) into leather
21 Level
23 Antelopes
25 Splits
27 Yawning abyss
28 An island in the Mediterranean Sea
30 Before this or now
32 The plunger of a force pump
33 Black
34 A fish (plural)
35 Wall of brick used as a well lining
37 Cast
39 Unfresh
42 Prefix: ill
44 Slenderest
47 Body of water
49 Woman of station
52 A region of the body (plural)
54 Cause to be downcast
57 Beneath
59 State of disorder
60 Exterior covering of some seeds
61 Delineate; draw
62 Afresh
63 Indefinite quantity
65 River in England
66 Garlands worn by South Sea Islanders
67 Let it stand!
70 Part of a turtle which is attached to the lower shell

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page fifty-eight

How to Banish Your Gray Hair *in* 15 *minutes*

Old age is no respecter of persons. Nor of *ages*. Unannounced it steals upon you, putting undeserved years into your appearance. *Today* a woman is as old as she *looks*. So if you want to be *yourself*, banish *your* gray hair in 15 minutes! NOTOX re-colors gray hair in a decidedly new, scientific way. Instead of coating the hair with a plate of dye (as do old-fashioned "clear white restorers,") NOTOX *penetrates* the hair and colors it *inside* the hair shaft. Your hair is as lustrous, fine and supple as ever, undetectably natural. Wash, wave and sun NOTOXED hair—there's no effect upon its permanence and beauty. *Resent a substitute.* A like product does not exist. Buy NOTOX at leading shops everywhere. It's *safe* and *sure!*

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☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy—Stenograp
☐ Business Managemen

"A WOMAN

A Look at America's Royal Guest, the King of Siam

Acme-P. & A. photo

The Queen of Siam.

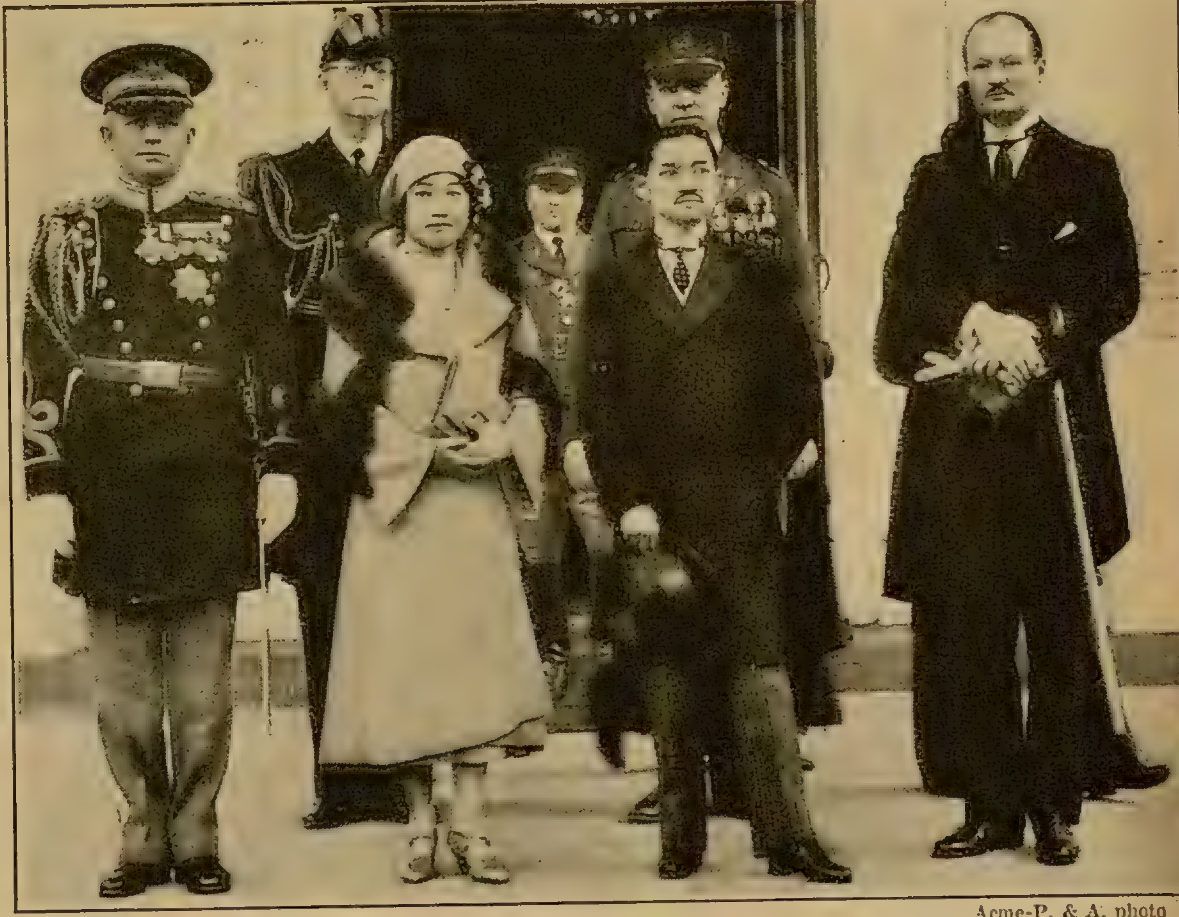
(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

IN an age when kings are homeless, there is special significance in the visit of the King of Siam to America. He came to us neither as an exile fleeing from his infuriated subjects nor as a haughty potentate flaunting his royal nine-tiered parasol and white elephant. He came as a human being looking for health.

At home he left one of the most peaceful of nations in the world today, yet he brought with him his unlimited powers as the only absolute monarch of a modern nation left in this republican world. At a word from him, spoken quietly here in America, any one of his twelve million subjects living over ten thousand miles away would pay the supreme price without question or protest. Their lands, their personal possessions, their very souls are his—privately his—to have and to use as whim or policy might dictate.

And yet, in all my wanderings in Oriental lands, I have seen no more smiling faces, no more contented and [illegible] tic and aspiring men and women than in this little kingdom of Siam, which lies between the two most distraught, suffering, impoverished, and numerous races on earth—those of India and China. A land without strikes, without revolution, without war, and, so far, with comparatively little economic depression, Siam seems tucked away in the very heart of security.

Is it not interesting that a monarch should be so secure in his land, so loved of his people, that he can leave them for months without fear of disturbance? Is his bearing so regal that his subjects stand in awe of him even at such a distance? Are his age and his wisdom so impressive that his ministers must defer to him across half the earth? Not at all. His Majesty King Prajadhipok is but a young man of thirty-eight, somewhat shy and retiring by nature and simple in his tastes. But such is the picturesqueness of his throne and so impressive the ancient formalities of his palace that the very modesty of the King shines out with greater charm.



Acme-P. & A. photo

The rulers of Siam leaving the White House after a call on President and Mrs. Hoover. On the left is Colonel Campbell Hodges, military aide to the President, and, right, Richard Southgate of the State Department.

Why, for instance, should a king who might easily have had six hundred wives limit himself to one? With most mortals such self-denial is due to the simple fact that they can't afford more than one, or that their religion is against it. But this king is rich, and the faith of his people rather encourages plurality of wives.

Not for her beauty alone, nor for her great cultivation, did King Prajadhipok discard the customs of his fathers and take as his one and only lawful wife Somdech Phra Nang Chao Rambai Barni Phra Borom Rajini, the thir

Is Not A COW”

By

SYDNEY GREENBIE

a traveler, writer, and lecturer, principally on Oriental subjects. He was formerly on the editorial staff of the Japan Chronicle at Kobe and the magazine Asia. He was born in Dakota Territory in 1889, is married, and lives in Castine, Maine.

teen-year-old daughter of Prince Svasti, his uncle. And though she has now added another thirteen years to her life as his queen without giving him an heir to the throne, he has not, in Oriental fashion, set her aside or taken another, but clings to his love and his enlightened principles with a tenacity that might be expected only of one to whose ancestors monogamy has always been the marriage law.

Yet his own father, King Chulalongkorn, left 600 widows, 134 sons, and 236 daughters. His elder brother, who preceded him on the throne as Rama VI, had apparently had enough of polygamy with 369 brothers and sisters. While for years he himself remained a bachelor, not marrying till he was forty, he believed devoutly in monogamy.

When his only full brother, the present king, was married in 1918, Rama VI himself conducted the marriage ceremony. The King died the day after his first baby girl was born, and left the throne to his brother, in 1925.

From what we already know of the King and Queen after their weeks of residence here, it is plain that they are thoroughly acquainted with the customs and manners, golf and contract bridge of the western world. Both King Prajadhipok and his brother, the late King Rama VI, were educated abroad and brought back to Siam innovations that have changed its whole character. But the remarkable thing is that the real impulse to modernization did not really come from abroad. It began with the King's grandfather, who was a Buddhist monk, and has been inherent in the character of the gifted royal family.

Two characteristics have persisted among these princes for at least three generations. They have been men of great mental force and curiosity, and they have also been good men, hard-working and conscientious, finding in their own religion, Buddhism, the stimulus to social service.

Few royal lines are fortunate enough to possess three such men of genius, in straight succession, as were the King's brother, father, and grandfather. Nor does this vitality display itself in the line of succession alone. From the innumerable sons of former queens and royal favorites have come princes who have functioned as ministers of state, doctors, engineers, educators, and priests, with gifts for practical statesmanship, and sometimes with an almost saintlike devotion to the best interests of the people.

THE story of the grandfather of the present king, King Monghut, reminds us of the great medieval European monarch who was at once ruler and saint, St. Louis. Robbed of his throne by his younger brother, he retired to a monastery where for a quarter of a century he lived as a humble priest. No office was too lowly for this priest-king, who went about in his yellow robe with his begging bowl like any monk.

It is the custom in Siam for every son to spend at least three months of his life as a monk, and this coming and going of laymen kept the dethroned ruler in touch with his people. Time wore on. Little now did this humble monk even contemplate the possibility of his being called to rule over his country. Yet he did not slumber in the serene air of the monastery. He sought all sources of information about the problems of state and the progress of the world.

Chance threw across his path two simple American missionaries who had so far been unable to make much impression on the Siamese. He drew from them all he could about western science, morals, government, and even learned the English language. Here, then, was an Oriental monk telling his beads as he conversed in a strange tongue.

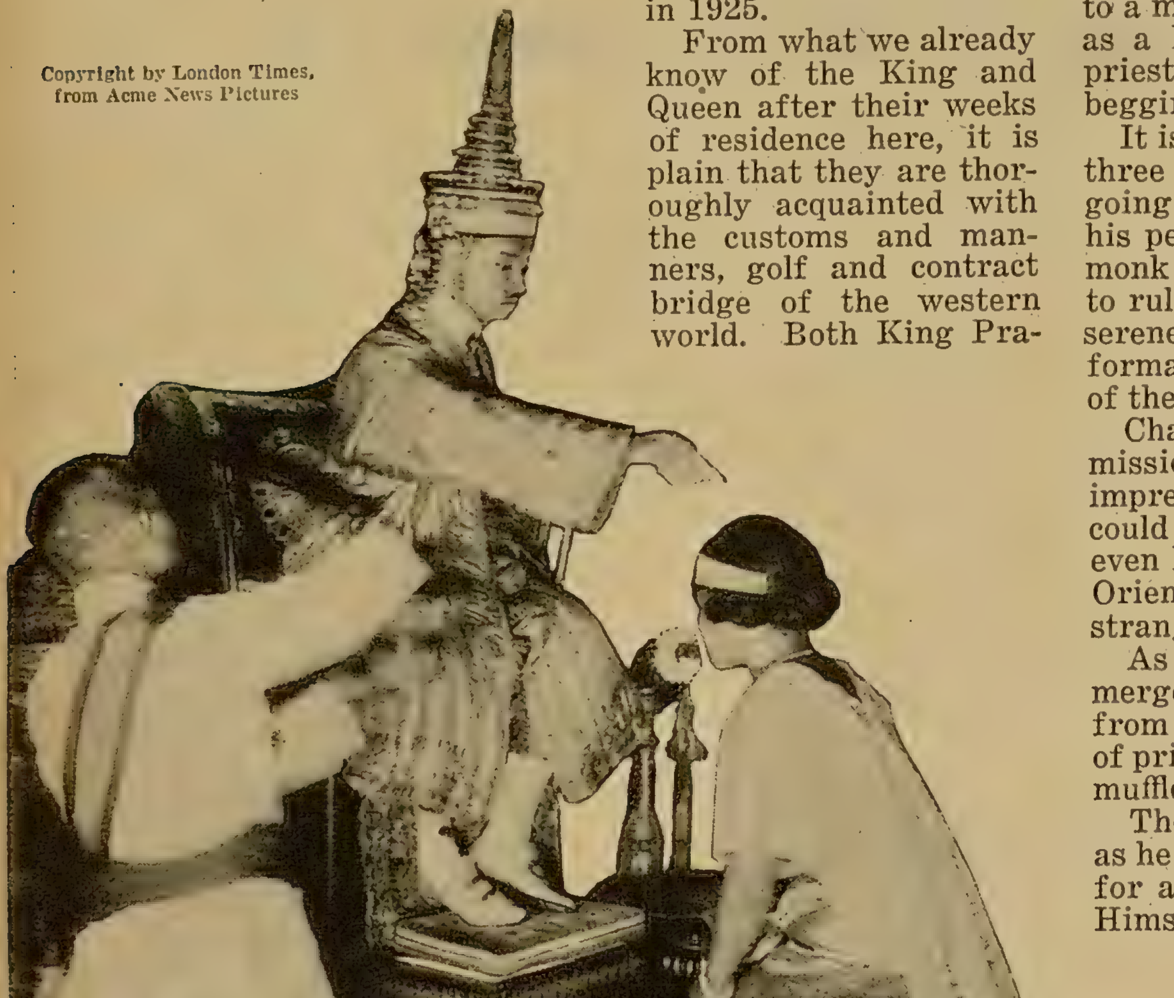
As the prince and potentate could not be fully submerged by his yellow cowl, so, when fate again called him from his cell to rule over the land and become the father of princes, the habits of the priest could not be completely muffled by imperial robes and regalia.

Though still a devout Buddhist, King Maha Monghut, as he was now called, gave his two Christian friends land for a mission and the freedom to carry on their work. Himself he set to the task of regenerating his people.

Direct communication between the King and the people had till then been unknown. But now King Monghut, who had so long been a begging monk receiving alms at the hands of the people, decided that they should not be denied access to him as King. No grievance, however trivial, was to be beneath his royal consideration.

And so one day, as he appeared at the gate of his palace to meet his petitioners, a mere slip of a girl broke through the waiting crowd and fell prostrate at his feet. When at last she made her plaint heard, the King learned that her fathe

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Copyright by London Times, from Acme News Pictures

King Prajadhipok anointing his consort at his coronation, which was marked with all the ancient ceremonial rites.

[“A WOMAN IS NOT A COW”
Continued from page fifty-one]

was selling her in marriage to an old man for a few ticals. She begged him to interfere.

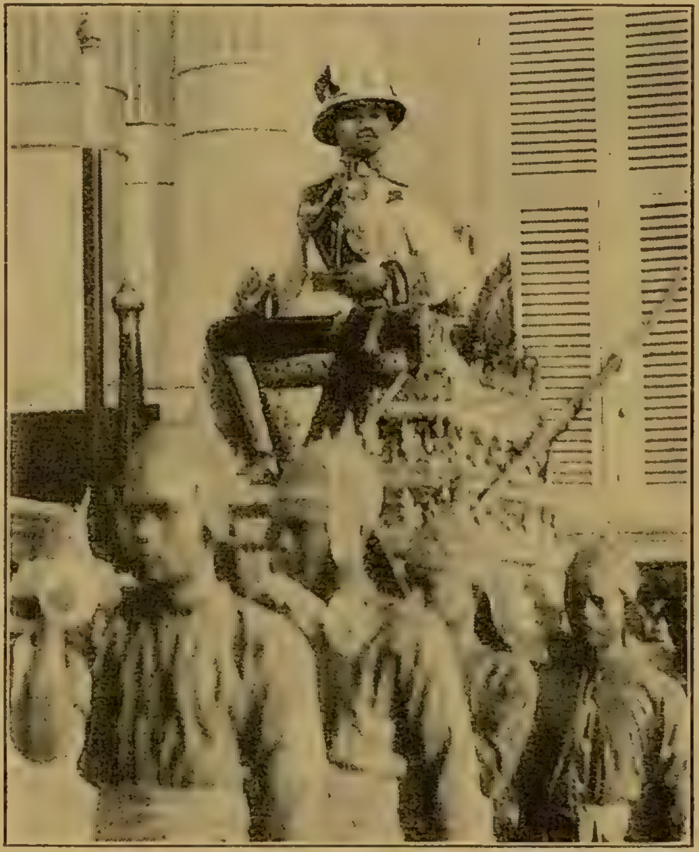
The sale of daughters was common enough in the Orient, and is even to this day in China and Japan. Her plea involved the whole question of paternal authority, the very backbone of all religion and family law. What astounded the girl's listeners was that any woman would even think of questioning a father's right, in itself a serious crime.

Everyone turned to the King to hear him vindicate tradition and decency. But the King, a graduate of the school of poverty and humility, looked at her for a moment, and then in a casual tone of voice uttered a simple statement that has rung down the years.

“A woman,” said the king-priest, “is not a cow.”

So spoke the King who after the age of fifty-one, when he ascended the throne, married and sired eighty-one children, many of whom became the vital leaders in the regeneration of Siam.

When King Monghut came to the throne in 1851, Siam was a forlorn, dirty, backward Oriental state. The people had no control over their own land, nor of their time, nor of their families. At any moment they could be conscripted as laborers for the King or for the nobles to whom the King farmed them out. Their children and wives could be sold right out of their homes, the bit of property they acquired could be taken away, and they had neither opportunity nor incentive to earn for themselves. When the King appeared in public the whole population fell on their faces, and everyone prostrated himself before the next higher in rank. Not till long after the order had gone forth that no one was to prostrate himself before the King or before the next higher in rank did the people stop feeling embarrassed about standing in the presence of a superior.


Acme-P. & A. photo

The King of Siam on the way to the royal chapel to take the oath of allegiance.

It was long before they realized that now the land was their own and that they were cheating themselves if they did not work it. The pleasant, open, smiling faces one now sees everywhere in Siam, the busy people in their fresh white silks, and the air of happy activity that seems the natural overflow of the bounteous earth in a climate that knows no winter, were then lacking. The people were somber and downcast, and most of them had no stake in the country even to owning a pig or a rubber tree.

ALL this has been considerably altered through the process of reform begun by the priest-king, and ably carried on in the long reign of his brilliant son, King Chulalongkorn, and grandson, Rama VI.

Gradually a new generation was educated in the new government schools and in the new industrial and public projects started by the royal family. Bangkok, the capital, acquired wide paved streets, modern sanitation of a sort, and electric lights. The little huts under the palm trees began to look a bit thrifty.

In all this the royal family was greatly aided by its enormous size and the amazingly high percentage of talent and character in the offspring of the vast polygamous household of the successor of the priest-king. Most of the sons were sent to Europe to be educated. Wherever there was something to be done there was a promising young scion of the royal line to do it. The women's quarters of the old palace, like a little she town run entirely without men, their secluded life so strangely like a women's college, was a nursery from which the genius of King Monghut and King Chulalongkorn was carried into every department of the military, naval, and civil service.

King Rama VI, elder brother of the present King, brought the ladies of the royal family into the picture. Like his grandfather, the priest-king, his thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. His deeply religious spirit took him far afield. Having studied Christianity thoroughly in Europe, and passed an examination in Christian theology with high honors, he returned to Siam a more devout Buddhist than ever, able to interpret the noble morality of his own religion in terms of modern social service. His two most characteristic achievements were the emancipation of women from the harem and the organization of the Wild Tiger clubs. He required that the ladies of the upper class should attend public functions and take part in public affairs. The charming young Queen, who is herself of the royal line, with her western accomplishments, her education, and her fine bearing, her skill in golf and her Paris clothes, is the product of this new régime.

IN carrying out this plan of taking western customs but adapting them to his own land and religion, King Rama VI founded the Wild Tiger clubs. These were organizations of adults bound together by a code based upon that of the Boy Scouts and pledged to community service. Most of the members of the civil service belong to this organization, and there are Tiger clubhouses in most of the principal centers. There is a boys' organization affiliated with the adult organization, called the Tiger Whelps.

It was a slow business changing the habits of the people. When the inhabitants of one town refused to send their children to school, the order went forth that all who would not educate their children must go to jail. This wasn't so bad. In jail one did not have to work. Soon the jails were so full of parents that there was no one left in the town to care for the children.

The changes that have come over Siam, bringing it out of its isolation, may not yet have spread beyond the main cities or have gone deeper than the upper classes, but one fact at least cannot be overestimated: Siam is the only independent nation in the Orient apart from Japan.

By their liberal-mindedness, by their tolerance of strange religions, by their readiness to learn from the rest of the world, the modern rulers of Siam have saved their throne, and have left their people, in the literal meaning of the native word for the Siamese, *T'hai*—“free people.” And the present incumbent of the throne, in his attention to balancing the budget and improving the economic condition of the country, has in the few years since he ascended the throne consolidated much of the development which his brother's fifteen years of intellectual stimulation had given to the country.

Unfortunately for us, the King, as our guest, has not been the source of colorful pageantry he is to his people at home. There his constant coming and going is sometimes disorganizing to the ordinary activities of life.

When, a couple of years ago, I had to charter a special train for a journey through Siam, I found that the required number of coaches was unavailable because the King had commandeered so many first-class cars for a projected visit into the interior.

Prince Purachartra, Minister of Communications, near relative of the King, a very impressive personality to meet, sought to ease my disappointment by outlining his wide plans for the extension of the service. But, naturally, nothing could interfere with his Majesty's journeyings.

Nothing is too ordinary for the King's interest. The monarch, who on great state occasions is still borne like an idol on a golden palanquin over the heads of his people, will turn up like any simple gentleman at a mission school and greet his little Christian subjects and receive their little kindergarten gifts. Hardly any public occurrence takes place without the King arriving at the moment of tensest feeling and bringing the little show to a dramatic climax. There is, for instance, the annual ceremony of the first plowing. The first spring soil is to be broken by the golden plow drawn by two oxen dressed like Follies girls, with silken blankets on their backs and crowns of flowers around their horns. Priests are sprinkling the ground with holy water. The Minister for Agriculture holds the plow. The bugles sound! His Majesty, wearing a pith helmet, rolls up in a yellow Rolls-Royce. He makes a short speech. The oxen tug away at the golden plow. His Majesty disappears. . . .

There is some great public ceremony—a building to be dedicated or a road to be opened. Under the nine-tiered parasol, which only the King may use (princes of first rank have seven-tiered parasols), walks the monarch, slowly, solemnly, gracefully. All around, the white silk garments of the people glare in the sun and sparkle with jewels. Short shadows of parasols move on the grass. Foreign ministers in tail coats and white ties hobnob with native officials in *panungs* (loose loin cloths tied between the legs like improvised knee breeches) and white jackets covered with their decorations. Tingling Siamese music — tom-tiddly-pom-pom go the drums! A yellow car comes forward, snatches up the King, and disappears. . . .

IT is winter in Siam. That is, you steam mildly instead of sizzling in the heat. A bazaar is on in the palace grounds. Rows and rows of motor cars are parked along the arbored driveways. At night the great ballroom is full of European and Siamese men and women dancers. Suddenly the King and Queen appear with a trail of little princesses carrying colored balloons and dressed in lovely light clothes and fanning themselves ceaselessly. . . .

When, as Defender of His Realms or Defender of the Buddhist Faith, he moves from throne room to temple or temple to throne room, there is a display of symbols and gorgeous ceremonial costumes which no Mardi Gras could better. Lance bearers in silver-embroidered tunics, scarlet-coated drummers beating on old war drums, trumpeters blowing on long silver trumpets, Brahman priests with trumpets and drums, staff bearers in many colored garments, chamberlains, court functionaries, pages without number —in the midst of which appears the King borne on a gilt throne entwined with flowers, with a miniature pagoda spire as canopy, as impassive as the Emerald Buddha itself.

THE regalia carried in the procession at the time of the coronation of the King show the religious veneration which has become attached to even humble articles belonging to kings in the past. First is borne the ever victorious sword; then comes the white parasol, followed by the crown of victory, the scepter, the red slippers, the white elephant's fly switch, the diamond ring, the fan, the ewer, the ampulla, the golden betel-nut set, the golden spittoon of the lotus flower, Rama's bow and arrow, two tridents, the royal spear, the old musket, and six swords of different names and different appearance, each borne by one of the highest officials.

Yet from all this flair for picturesque antiquities the King retires to his modern palaces, his Italian-marble throne room, his golf course, and his European clothes with the ease of a country gentleman. His brother, Rama VI, nearly went broke building marble palaces. After his death, King Prajadhipok turned the most modern of them into a de luxe hotel, startling even to the most luxury-loving tourist.

With all this, one must not forget the stables of the white elephants. I saw three of the white elephants myself, in a fresh, white, airy stable, in the corners of which the white monkey and the white parrot insisted upon telling us that they too were worth looking at. Though Siam is called the Land of the White Elephant, few people understand the significance of this great beast. He is not a royal mascot, nor yet a creature for the King to ride upon. He is supposed to represent the Lord Buddha, who in one of his incarnations appeared as a white elephant. In other words, he means, in Buddhist theology, something similar to what the Lamb of God means as representing Christ to the Christian.

And tradition has it that the world will one day be conquered by the king who has in his possession a perfectly white elephant.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—A species of whale.
2—The Civil War.
3—Rhode Island.
4—One that lives by preying upon other animals.
5—By vote of the Representatives.
6—A species of ape.
7—Claude Debussy.
8—A whirlpool.
9—Old Curiosity Shop.
A purely spiritual comradeship or
11—Color blindness.
12—Senseless jargon; nonsense.
13—Marriage with a person of inferior social position.
14—One that is open to argument or discussion.
15—Michigan.
16—The Gospel According to St. John.
17—South Carolina.
18—Beauty; comeliness.
19—The Moors.
Allah.

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To the

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHAT a relief it is to entertain guests who have what I call "party conscience"! By that I mean people who know that dinners—with company—must be *talked* as well as eaten.

No hostess can make a party "go" if the guests won't help. And no guest is more welcome than the one who "wades in" willingly, who breaks the conversational ice and rescues silence-stricken individuals.

I have heard the *shyness* plea put forward so many times in defense of sit-like-a-lump persons. I just don't believe that one any more. My skepticism dates from the recent visit of an out-of-town couple. Wife and husband are both distinctly shy. Yet you should see them plunge in, spurred by the zeal of their mutual "party conscience." They understand that hospitality should—and must—be repaid by being pleasant, easy, audible guests. Manners win over shyness in their case. And are they in demand? You bet they are!

"FAN mail" from my readers contributes a very personal feeling to the interest with which I write this page. Letters from women, men, and children bring me intimate stories of courage, of faith, of high ambition, love, sorrow, enterprise.

Such letters fascinate me. Every one of them is an adventure. Like a magic carpet of the fairy tales, they take me straight to places and to people I could not reach in any other way.

From a remote corner of the Kentucky mountains comes a letter written on rough butcher's paper—but written in a fine scholarly hand. The writer declares his views on anthropology and questions of world politics. What can that writer be like?

From a far Canadian village a girl complains to me that she has no one there to teach her tap dancing.

An Arizona woman describes how she has built up a dress-remodeling business to tide her family over hard times.

Again and again I am filled with admiration for the brave efforts the writers of these letters put forth against their hardships, their loneliness, their hunger of mind and soul. Few of them are frivolous. Nearly always they bespeak an intense desire for advancement.

It is often said nowadays that letter writing has gone "out of fashion." If this is true, I deplore it. For my fan mail has taught me to understand and appreciate, more than ever before, the value of developing human contacts with the pen.

BRIGHT-EYED, tinkly voiced, frail as a precious antique statuette, Miss Haidée Wright, the actress, is fascinating old lady. I have just renewed my acquaint-

become as famous in America as in England. We talked of old favorites, old ways which are passing, and of Clemence Dane's great play, Will Shakespeare, in which Miss Wright as Queen Elizabeth gave one of the finest performances I ever have seen on any stage.

"It was more than a part, you see," she told me. "It was a declaration of faith. When I spoke as Elizabeth everything that I felt deepest down in my heart about England came alive on my lips. I believed in it all—as *she* must have believed."

Miss Wright's words impressed me tremendously. When true patriotism inspires such whole-souled dramatic art the result is really thrilling.

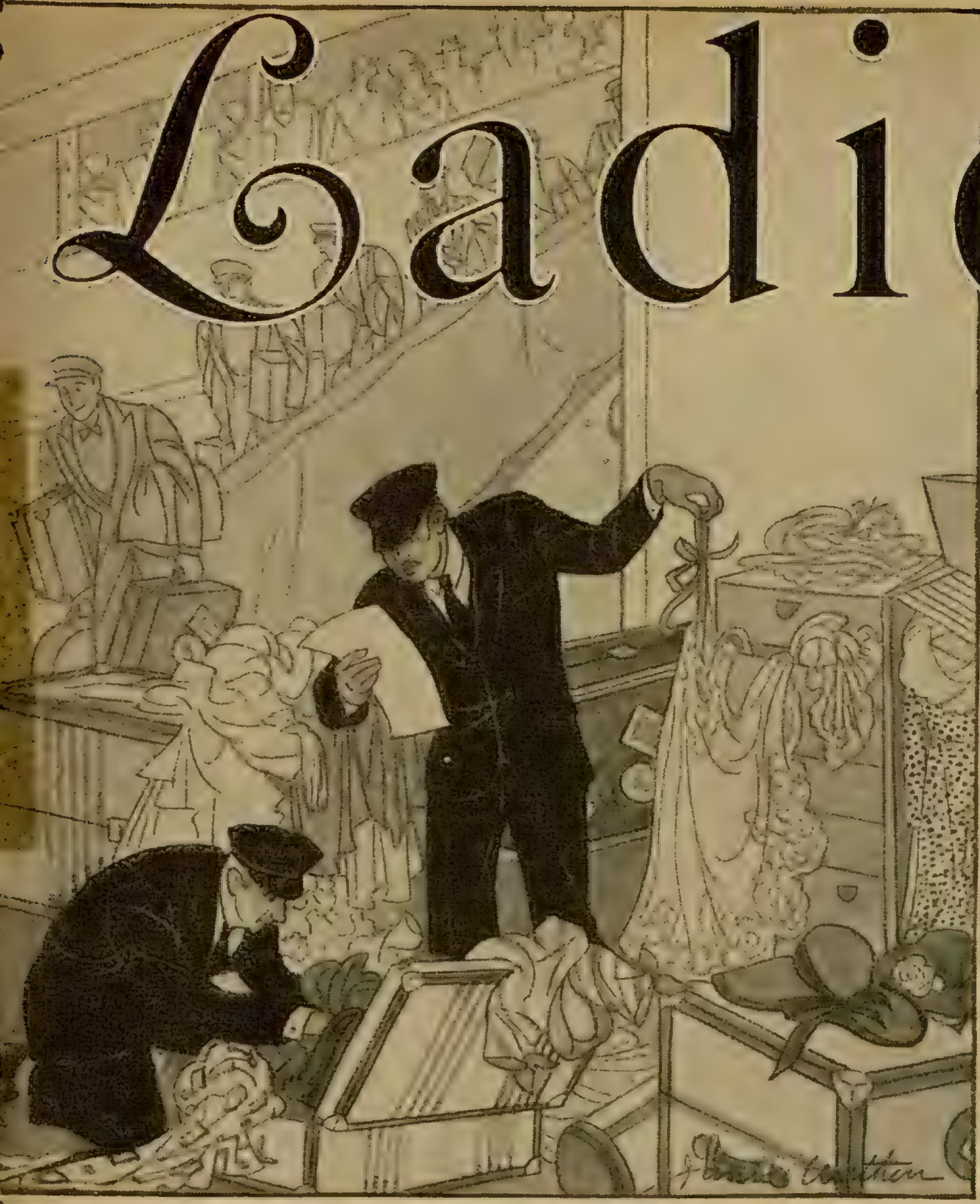
DIVORCE orphans have come before the courts recently in two remarkable cases. Tragically enough, parent love gave rise to the litigation in both affairs.

One involves a father who desires to save his young son from becoming a giant. Dr. Adolphe Roome, the father, has sued for the custody of his fourteen-year-old boy, whose abnormal growth threatens to make him conspicuous. The father believes in administering glandular treatment to make the boy stop growing. The mother fears the treatment might be dangerous, and opposes it. Both parents love their son. Their conflicting fears for him are the cause of their legal battle.

The other case has to do with the education of a little girl. Her parents separated some years ago, and recently the father died. His will stipulates that her schooling be managed by trustees instead of by the mother. But the courts have overruled this on the ground that it was calculated to break down filial love and devotion.

It seems particularly sad to me that innocent "children of divorce" can escape so seldom from the discord which has put their parents asunder. Even when both parents have the interests of their child at heart—as in the case of the boy giant—the child is very liable to become a shuttlecock tossed back and forth by their differences of opinion. Much worse is the second case, wherein the deepest affections of a little child have quite obviously been used as a target for marital spite.

Ladies!



Picture by
Janice Wathen

observe that intolerance and animosity on the part of divorced parents usually make victims of the children whose happiness they should aim to protect at whatever cost.

A SCARF of some kind goes with almost every evening dress at present. Many of these scarfs are attached to the dress and become part of it. Others are part of the ensemble, and serve more in the nature of a wrap. The latter kind are often trimmed with fur or ostrich feathers and make an extremely attractive addition to the costume, especially as they can be worn in various ways. Maggy Rouff has designed a lovely scarf of this description. It has a three-cornered piece of light golden beige breitschwanz fur in the middle and two broad ends of the same fur. The body of the scarf is of heavy georgette in palest blue—the same material of which the dress is made. Even the old-fashioned ostrich-feather boa, very fluffy and full, is now back again.

One of the daintiest scarfs I have seen has two layers of georgette in colors which tone with the flower-print chiffon dress underneath. Flowers cut from the printed chiffon are appliquéd upon the scarf.

ROYAL husbands who play around are no longer safe from wifely jealousy. Royal wives get after them now, like real red-blooded women.

Europe, I hear, is buzzing with spicy gossip about a pair of royal newlyweds whose marriage attracted world-wide attention about a year ago. The bride, a high-spirited girl, resents her young mate's attachment to a beauteous movie star. The movie star, it is said, is an old flame of the prince's bachelor days.

He met her again and went automobile riding with her during a visit to the Riviera, whereupon his royal bride got as mad as any other young bride might, and started out in a good hot temper to bring back " her man."

She caught him with his little friend, but—say the authorities—the shots which were heard were not pistol shots at all; they were just back-fire explosions from a motor car! And—add the gossips—this impressive bit of information comes straight from the Italian police.

Whatever facts underlie this story, it seems certain that royal ladies have benefited personally from our present-day emancipation of women. No longer are they content to suffer the affronts of marital infidelity in silence. For centuries royal husbands have considered it part of their royal privilege to exercise a roving eye for the girls. And for centuries it has been the painful custom that royal wives must submit to such humiliations with calm, unruffled dignity. But no more, no more. Thanks, perhaps, to the spread of democratic ideas, jealous ladies who wear a crown can now go gunning for their venturesome lords.

As a matter of fact, Europe's young royal couples lead far more decorous and apparently happier lives than their royal forbears led.

COLD soups add greatly to hot-weather menus. Here—very simplified—is a recipe for cold borsch. It looks pretty and is most refreshing.

Take two ten-cent cans of beef bouillon. Simmer the contents for half an hour with half an onion, a clove, a bay leaf, a few peppercorns, and half a carrot. Strain and add a ten-cent can of diced beets, liquid included. Add enough hot water to have five cups of liquid. Heat thoroughly, but *do not boil.* Add two teaspoons of vinegar, a teaspoon of sugar. Salt and pepper to taste. Cool for five minutes, then put in three tablespoons of sour cream, stirring vigorously all the time. Let stand for half an hour, then place in the ice box and chill thoroughly. Stir just before serving and add three-quarters cup of diced or sliced cucumber, also one tablespoon of mixed parsley and chives (or scallions) finely chopped. Make the mixture two-thirds parsley to one-third chives. Parsley may be used alone if preferred.

GIRLS, they say we don't " know our groceries." They say it's the *package* we go for nearly every time.

That, at least, is what I heard when I visited a new " package laboratory " the other day. In this so-called laboratory all sorts of new containers, wrappers, bags, and boxes are tried out. The tests are arranged to determine what kind of package attracts the most customers —what shape, what size, what color. And our feminine eye is the eye they aim to catch.

For example, I looked at seven variations of a new package soon to be put out in huge quantities by a big national chain of grocery stores. These seven designs had been viewed and voted on by a large number of women, including an entire class from the New York University School of Commerce. The winning design was chosen for its bright cheerful coloring and its clear plain letters. Kitchens, it seems, are being done in light vivid colors nowadays, so packages must be lively enough to fit into the scheme.

Here's a peculiar fact about the origin of the modern carton industry. It actually started from a mistake made by a printer in 1878. The printer's hand slipped while creasing paper bags by a machine process, and the bags came out queerly cut as well as creased. The printer took a bawling out, but the boss who gave it to him began to study what had happened to those spoiled bags. And from that study there finally evolved the art of fashioning our intricately cut and slotted cartons which fold up into every shape we can think of.

More Prize Winners in Liberty's $25,000 Game of States

FIRST awards in this recently concluded contest were announced last week. Here are more of them. Another list, including the name of the winner of the third prize, will appear next week.

The Second Prize

$1,000

has been awarded to

ERNEST McCONNELL

who was born at Constableville, New York, twenty-nine years ago. He lived on a farm, and had his early education in a rural school and in neighboring high schools, later entering Oswego State Normal Training School, from which he was graduated in 1928. Since September of that year he has been instructor in Industrial Arts in the Wolf Junior High School at Easton, Pennsylvania. He lives at 331 Bushkill Street in that city.

Winners of $25 Prizes

Anson A. Abel, Denver, Colo.; **Martha Brown Anderson**, Nashville, Tenn.; **Mildred Bettinger**, Norwood, O.; **Helen T. Burbank**, Stamford, Conn.; **Ted Clark**, Portsmouth, O.; **Mrs. Maurice Cottingham**, Muskogee, Okla.; **Rosa Currie**, Kershaw, S. C.; **Elizabeth Davis**, Portland, Ore.; **R. Hoskin Duce**, Hollywood, Calif.; **Mrs. Emily Fitzpatrick**, Providence, R. I.; **Richard Humiston**, Cleveland, O.; **Thomas L. Kellett**, Livermore, Calif.; **E. J. Kohn**, Birmingham, Ala.; **Robert E. Lee**, Cincinnati, O.; **Mrs. Beatrice V. Mann**, Denver, Colo.; **Ruth Moore**, Clarendon, Ark.; **A. H. Myers**, Cleveland, O.; **John I. Olson**, Seattle, Wash.; **Urban M. Pashek**, The Dalles, Ore.; **M. D. Pilkenton**, Salem, Ore.; **Rudolph Raeumer**, Tulsa, Okla.; **Erma Randle**, Lebanon, Ore.; **Mrs. Ada Ritter**, Miamisburg, O.; **Ida Sacher**, Hartford, Conn.; **Mrs. A. P. Stone**, Los Angeles, Calif.; **Farrell Linton Swallow**, Oakland, Calif.; **Carrie B. Tucker**, San Francisco, Calif.; **J. H. Weidman**, Wheatridge, Colo.; **William L. West, Jr.**, Wilmington, Del.; **Sterling A. Wood**, Fort Crook, Neb.

Winners of $10 Prizes

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Mrs. J. R. Boyle, J. Wallis Carpenter, Ruth Kaetz.

Mobile—H. W. Sargent, Mrs. E. L. Sinclair.

Montgomery—Martha J. Henderson.

Rest of State—D. L. Henderson, Elmore; Mrs. Hunter H. McClelland, Talladega Springs.

ARIZONA

Phoenix—Minnie Liden, Mrs. R. Elizabeth Swanson, Edward Williams.

Tucson—J. R. Hanson.

Rest of State—Alta Brasfield, Tempe; Mrs. Oscar W. Lewis, Parker; Charles C. Smith, Yuma; Anita Witte, Morenci.

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—Miss Leiane Garner.

Rest of State—Mrs. Frank T. Howard, Siloam Springs; Mrs. Gertrude Rosewater, Eureka Springs; B. R. Sayre, Eldorado; C. J. Weaver, Hot Springs National Park.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles—Mrs. Nancy A. Allen, Ione B. Almand, Joseph D. Armer, Mrs. E. D. Backus, Wm. P. Baruth, Ralph McC. Bellows, Hervey L. Bennett, Frank J. Bernard, Fannie F. Brooks, Dorothy Buter, Betty Caldwell, George B. Clark, Paul M. Coss, Lillian Mae Crawford, Parker Cupit, A. De Andraca, Viola M. Dolley, Mrs. Esther Epstein, Mrs. L. L. Estill, W. C. Gilchrist, Blanche Harton, Mrs. Inez Jentry, Susie E. Judd, Maude G. Kress, Beatrice Lee, Howard Morrison, Mabel C. Oliphant, Jack Payer, O. Carl Ross, Wald. Rustanius, Laura M. Schuman, Geo. F. Seamer, sie Stadelmann, Mrs. Ida M. Thompson, Mary Van Kuran, Mrs. Anne M. Vinton, Mrs. Robert A. Ward, Tom Wilkinson.

San Francisco — Adrienne Cadoul, Gertrude Crowley, J. P. Davis, Mrs. Blanche E. Denton, Jack S. Dougal, Bill Edwards, V. E. Koch, John Jay Medaris, Barbara Oblinger, Mrs. Grace Pagano, Mrs. J. A. Petzinger, Margaret Robinet, Mark S. Salomon, Henry F. Tucker.

San Diego—Beach Axtell, R. W. Bowers, Betty Cleveland, William H. Dillard, M. E. Glascock, Pearl M. Woodside, Leila A. Zimmerman.

Oakland—D. A. Bardellini, Julius H. Berghauser, Willis E. Gibson, Mrs. Ora Granter, Mary Mecca, J. Clarence Orr, Mrs. Adaline L. Sullivan.

Long Beach—Barbara Barnes, Helen S. Hutchinson, S. P. Pickett, Betty Wilson Pike.

Sacramento—Bonnie Fargo, Campbell Larsson, G. A. Rogers.

Pasadena—Elmer C. Chabot, F. Clyde Draper, Herman Smith.

Fresno—Ruby Jovich, Annie Skov.

San Jose—Mrs. Vesta Stewart.

Rest of State—Mrs. Pearl Adams, Santa Ana; J. R. Alexander, Anaheim; Marie Elizabeth Bailey, National City; Mrs. E. D. Bainbridge, Ripon; Harold Barnette, Hollywood; Mrs. E. Benway, Glendale; M. M. Brightwell, Redondo Beach; Z. Grace Browne, Alhambra; Wm. A. Burk, Torrance; Mrs. Leonard Campbell, Oroville; Mrs. C. E. Copeland, Berkeley; Vesta Corliss, San Bernardino; William Akin Cox, Hayward; Charles B. Crandall, Gardena; Helen Cutsinger, Petaluma; Mrs. H. Dean Dale, Inglewood; Mrs. Nadine D. Davies, Chula Vista; K. De Block, Redlands; Gladys Dixon, Ingot; Mrs. C. W. Durant, Kerman; A. Durham, Millbrae; A. D. Eshelman, Burlingame; Lawrence J. Farrell, Hollywood; F. E. Forbes, Berkeley; F. W. Fox, Van Nuys; Geo. R. Grotewohl, Hollywood; H. R. Hansen, South Gate; Mrs. Winifred B. Jones, Alhambra; Helen Kapernick, Glendale; Morgan Kennedy, Clearwater; Mrs. T. J. King, Palo Alto; David Lasley, Beverly Hills; Palmira Lobbia, Modesto; John F. McKune, Madera; Phil Mitchell, Santa Ana; Mrs. Lena M. Pretty, General Grant Park; Mrs. Louis M. Rosenblum, Pittsburg; Jerry Girard Shipley, Santa Monica; Dr. R. D. Stephenson, Monrovia; Morris Stern, Jr., Stockton; Mrs. Marie B. Symes, Berkeley; Mary Turner, Hollywood; Clara Van Horn, Wilmington; Harvey H. Wagner, Scotia; Mrs. May E. Walls, Alameda; George W. Webb, Fontana; Mrs. G. V. Whaley, Pomona; Eva M. White, Temple City.

CANADA

Bernard Aaron, Montreal; Lilith E. V. Bennett, Ottawa; Frederick T. Briggs, Hamilton Beach; John Burridge, St. John's; Max Carstens, Vancouver; T. Coburn, Hamilton; V. M. Griffin, Westmount; Mrs. B. Hamilton, Westboro; Medora Hanson, Hazlet; Clayton Hoover, Toronto; J. H. Humpherys, Montreal; Harold Jaques, Calgary; Ronald McDonald, Glace Bay; Mrs. Steve McDonall, Youngstown; E. A. Maling, Halifax; Chas. E. Malone, Regina; W. Herbert Martin, Toronto; J. C. Merritt, Montreal; E. C. Mitchell, Iroquois Falls; Mrs. J. M. Mooney, Jeannettes Creek; Arnold C. Moses, Hagersville; E. Pachal, Vancouver; Jean Parmer, Toronto; Don Pasmore, Montreal; Mary Rainer, Toronto; H. C. Rothwell, Ottawa; Albert Sarlabous, Edmundston; W. Stead, Montreal; R. V. Taylor, Woodroffe P. O.; W. W. Zimmerman, Toronto.

COLORADO

Denver—G. S. Barnes, Harriet J. Barry, C. V. Covert, Edward Doerr, Marie A. Gamble, Robert F. Grebb, Sidney M. Greenblatt, Lucile Hall, Mary Katherine Hartley, Mary P. Heatwole, M. Tulley Martin, Robert L. Read, D. A. Sloan, Mrs. Bert Walsh.

Rest of State—Charles C. Boyd, Englewood; Glenn Cummings, Colorado Springs; Joseph De Leo, Como; Lyman Houghton, Colorado Springs; Beatrice R. Morgan, Cragmor; Dorothy M. Springer, Colorado Springs; A. O. Tudor, Ft. Collins.

There are many more winners to be announced. Watch for next week's list.

And Now— The Principality of CAPONE!

(Reading time: 5 min. 25 sec.)

FOR all that Mr. Croy is inclined to be jocose in relating what follows, it is an amazing and dubious thing that he has to tell. That Al Capone should have acquired a domain in California about two-thirds as large as the state of Rhode Island, thirty-five miles from end to end and with many miles of seacoast, is something to think about. If he establishes himself there (the California police say he won't) it will suggest the medieval days of the feudal barons. But let Mr. Croy tell it.

By

HOMER CROY

who was born in Missouri and graduated from newspaper reporting to the writing of fiction and movies, including Will Rogers' first talking picture. His home is on Long Island, New York, but he has been spending much time of late in California.

AL CAPONE has worked long and hard at his profession of real-estate man (that's what he gives as his business) and is now going to retire to his ranch in California and take it easy.

The ranch is thirty-five miles in length and has a lovely ocean running along it. . . . What is he going to do with so much seashore? Use it as a bathing beach, my child.

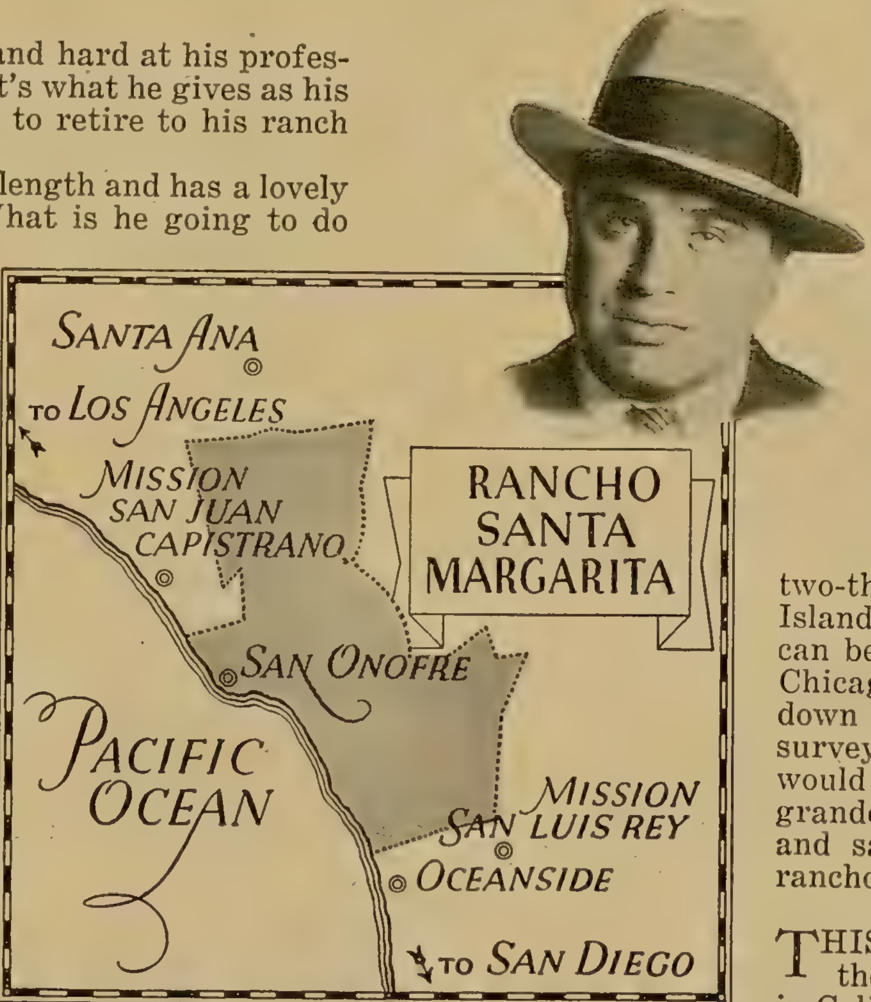
You see, he has worked very hard at his real-estate business in Chicago, and the winters there are rough on his throat. He has a delicate throat.

He has a nice home on Palm Island, near Miami Beach, Florida, which set him back $175,000; but what enterprising business man these days is satisfied with one home? Al isn't.

Al entertains a great deal. He has with him constantly, at his Florida home, seven nonchalant young men who always come out to the front gate to welcome company.

But the Miami place is small, a mere bagatelle, and Al doesn't do things in a small way. He is a big-visioned man and refuses to be encompassed by a Florida house of a mere seventeen rooms, and so his sensitive soul learned of the Santa Margarita Ranch, north of San Diego, and he started the ball rolling.

It has a wild and desolate seashore; no one ever comes poking around at night, no light is ever seen—a wonderful place for a tired business man to retire.



Capone's estate in California—about two-thirds the size of Rhode Island—and the owner.

Of course boats could land there — boats from Canada, or Mexico—but they would have to come in alone. They could not depend on anyone turning out to help them come in.

There is an adobe ranch house with walls as thick as a load of hay. It is situated in a cañon and can be approached only from the front. If a coyote, or something, begins to prowl around, Al can sit behind those thick walls and get rid of that coyote with a squirrel rifle. Of course, if he hasn't got a squirrel rifle he will have to use something else. Maybe a slingshot.

If friends drop in from Canada, or Mexico, by boat and want to store their fish nets, there are granaries for them, and plenty of space for caves and hideaways. Al can do a prodigious amount of entertaining and storing away of fish nets without cramping himself at all.

The ranch is about two-thirds the size of Rhode Island, and here Señor Alfonse can be *un gran caballero*. The Chicago Don can ride up and down and be master of all he surveys. What a surprise it would be to the old Spanish grandees if they came back and saw the new boss of the rancho!

THIS ranch was the scene of the first Christian baptism in California. One of the Spanish fathers found two Indian babies and baptized them with holy water.

There may be other baptisms on the ranch, but it is doubtful if holy water will be used. It just shows how civilization has progressed.

Al had just as well make up his mind that he will

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

be snubbed when he has a housewarming. California doesn't care for Chicago real-estate men—it has all the real-estate men it wants—and especially if they are Chicago real-estate men who have been hibernating in Florida. Why, California won't even let in Florida grapefruit, so no wonder it gets stirred up at the mention of Florida promoters!

Anton J. Cermak, the new mayor of Chicago, has flung aloft his oriflamme that Al Capone will have to move out of Chicago for four years. He may mean it, too.

But Al won't mind his banishment. Los Angeles has lots of inducements. For instance, there is the coast where boats may drop in and chat with friends any time they wish. And there are the Hollywood studios where actors have more loose money than almost anybody else in these horrific times.

FOR six months now the Chicago boys have been muscleing in, and with Al to lead them, they will become socially prominent.

What do the Los Angeles police say? "Al Capone cannot live in southern California." Well, that remains to be seen. He has heard other police say the same thing, but so far as records go he hasn't lost any sleep over it.

Al's life shows what hard work will do. He started from scratch and now, at the age of thirty-three, has homes in Chicago, Florida, and a lovely historic ranch in California. The horseback riding will do him good, for Al is getting overweight. He weighs 190 pounds, and is only five feet and eight inches. A canter over his sweeping hills and past the old San Luis Rey Mission will make a man of him.

Al likes to smoke cigars. Don Alfonso Capone can live on his hacienda, sit in his patio, and smoke and talk to his friends to his heart's content about real estate.

Plenty of room, too, for his seven personal friends who go where he goes and his big armored seven-ton limousine. Plenty of room for his pistol ranges, too. No excuse for his friends to get out of practice. If he gets bored he can hop into his car and in three hours' time be in the studios of Hollywood, and in less than that time can be in Mexico.

OF course Al will want an office in his new retreat. He had a very efficient one in the old Metropole in Chicago, and in his present one, it is understood, he has a mahogany desk of the latest design and a French telephone. He can have a nice private office on his ranch and the latest in telephones and radio.

He can sit in his office in his bathrobe which he loves so well, and receive communications from his friends out on the ocean, or if they are coming to call by airplane he can chat with them and tell them where the landing field is.

How jealous Bugs Moran is going to be that he didn't think of this ranch idea himself!

The first time Al's name was in print, so far as the records go, was in a Chicago paper nine years ago. He was so unknown and obscure that it was spelled "Caponi." Now he has three homes and an income of a million dollars a year. And still some people think there's no money in real estate!

THE END

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

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AVERS ABIDE BALED
LENES LEMUR UNITE
ARS■EAST■CENT■TEN
STERNLY■BANE■EARS
   ACE■CATERER   
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AIRE■MASK■VINTAGE
ONO■RASH■PANS■BAA
LESIONS■FINE■SETS
ODESSA■LANE■SPREE
   LAGOONS■DUE   
HATE■EROS■LENDERS
ERE■ERAS■HIND■TIE
REPEL TEPEE EVADE
STIRS ELIAN RIPER
 EDNA DYERS SEES 
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Answer to the puzzle on page 48

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SNOW SEVER TEST
LORE ARISE IDEA
OVAL DENSE EDEN
WALLED■ELLGRASS
   EVER■SEN    
CM■DENIS■DURESS
HAH■NEVIS■SABOT
ALUM■DENTS■MOLE
STRAP■SCALD■NEE
MALLOW■ELIAS■SN
    NAB■EMMA   
MALADIES■MEDALS
ERIN SLOPE DIET
SINE TOMES ERIE
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Answer to the puzzle on page 49

Antiseptic
Germicidal
Cleansing

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Checks falling hair, retards graying and promotes the growth of abundant hair. GLOVER'S Mange Medicine and GLOVER'S Medicated Soap are a complete scalp and hair treatment. GLOVER'S Mange Medicine is as active in 15 minutes in stopping germ growth as 5% carbolic acid is in 48 hours. Germs are always found with dandruff.

MASSAGE Scalp with finger tips.

APPLY GLOVER'S Mange Medicine, Leave on at least, 5 to 15 minutes, then SHAMPOO with GLOVER'S Medicated Soap. The soap is an additional cleansing agent and deodorizes the hair and scalp.

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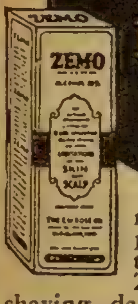

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Heat and sting go when soothing Zemo touches sunburn, toe-itch, mosquito bites, prickly heat, ivy-poisoning, rashes. First application brings relief. Use 20 year old Zemo for cuts, bruises, after shaving, dandruff. Safe, antiseptic, invisible. Take Zemo wherever you go. All druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00.

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Stop the pain with Dent's Toothache Gum. Not a chewing gum. Applied gently in cavity of aching tooth it—

(1) Stops toothache instantly,
(2) Cleanses and protects cavity,
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Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for 40 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

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EARN MONEY AT HOME

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142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

CONTROL

A Short Short Story

By

MONA GARDNER

who is married, and sends this story from Tokyo, Japan, where she lives. Unfortunately we know no more about her than that.

(Reading time: 6 min. 10 sec.)

THE soft pad of bare feet on the marble floor made scarcely a sound as the native boys passed to and fro with an endless succession of dishes. But then it would have taken more than these soft thuds to have been heard above the staccato of conversation that came from both sides of the enormous dinner table.

The room was one of those typical rambling rooms so familiar in bungalows of colonial officials in India. Its exposed rafters and dark wood panels and its French windows on two sides opening on to a wide veranda differentiated it not one whit from the general pattern.

The food had been lavish and they had been eating for hours, it seemed. Certainly the combination of the savory sauces and the rich red burgundy had loosened more than one tongue. Not that anyone was noisy, but all of the twenty guests had reached that state of well-being where even an ordinary remark passes for brilliance.

A girl in jade green laughed infectiously and said:

"Why, Colonel Bentley, you'd think we were still the fragile creatures our grandmothers were."

"Well, I admit that women don't look quite so breakable these days," Colonel Bentley replied. "But I think they are just as fluttery as the Victorian ladies were."

"You mean you think we are still in the fainting-at-mice stage?"

"Oh, no, that was just a passing fad! Too bad, though. It must have been such a pleasant way of spending the afternoon—rescuing fair ladies from fainting spells."

"I wish that I'd meet some of those fluttery ones. Here I am, all in the mood to rescue some fair damsel out of a faint."

Norman Scott could always be counted on for a laugh, and more often than not he was the clown at parties. Sometimes this blinded people to the shrewdness that lay behind his blue eyes.

"You've got Colonel Bentley wrong," Geoffrey Harris was saying. "He means that when things begin to happen women haven't the actual nerve control men have."

"Pooh, Geoff, I suppose all that prowling about the house to see who's stealing the family silver is all a matter of good nerve control," his wife, a lovely auburn-haired girl, replied.

"Not at all, my dear. What I maintain is that if I met the burglar I would show the shock less than you."

"Certainly," Colonel Bentley broke in. "A woman's unfailing reaction in any crisis is to scream, and while a man may feel like it, yet he has that ounce more of control than a woman has and that last ounce is what counts."

SMILING to himself Norman watched the faces of those on the other side of the table and slowly his eyes made the circuit to stop for a moment when they came to the face of his hostess. As Norman looked he saw a strange expression come over her face, like a flicker of fear, and then it disappeared. For a second she stared straight ahead, the muscles of her face contracting slightly. Then with the smallest gesture she summoned the native boy who stood behind her chair.

She couldn't have whispered more than six or seven words and yet the boy's eyes widened and he turned abruptly and left the room. No one else had seen anything. Nor did anyone notice the serving boy return scarcely a minute after with a bowl of milk, which he placed on the veranda just outside the open French windows.

Norman came to with a start. There was a cobra in the room! That bowl of milk could mean only one thing—it was the one unfailing bait that would distract a cobra from humans!

Instinctively Norman looked up into the rafters. They were always the likeliest place. But there was nothing that broke the straight line of the beams. Luckily he sat next to the end, farthest from his hostess, and by shifting ever so slightly he could see three corners of the room. But there was nothing in any of them!

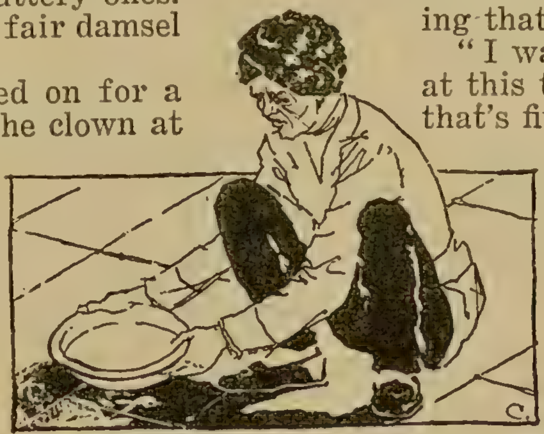
In the one remaining corner a group of servants stood impassively waiting until the next course could be served, and reason told Norman that the cobra could not be there.

THERE was only one other place the snake could be. With a sickening clarity it came to him that the deadly reptile was under the table! His first impulse was to jump back and warn the others, and then crowding in with this was the knowledge that the sudden movement would frighten the snake, and he knew that a frightened cobra does just one thing.

But they daren't wait until the snake smelt the milk. Any of the twenty might shift their feet under the table and accidentally kick the snake.

Then he knew what he must do. He spoke quickly, in an even tone, and the quality of it was so arresting that it sobered everyone.

"I want to know just what control everyone at this table has. I will count three hundred—that's five minutes—and while I count not a one of you is to move a single muscle. You are to sit perfectly rigid. The persons who move will be fined fifty rupees. Now! Are you ready?" And before anyone could answer he began to count.



"One, two, three—"

The smiles were wiped off each face and the twenty people sat like so many stone images, some with eyes shut and others staring into space. Up and up the figures mounted. He was almost finished and still there was no sign of any movement from under the table.

"Two hundred and seventy-eight, two hundred and seventy-nine, two hundred and eighty—"

Then, out of the corner of his eye he saw an ugly head appear. Beady eyes stared for a moment and then the head went down and Norman saw the loathsome body emerge as the snake made for the bowl of milk and began to drink.

When the last inch of tail was across the threshold Norman leaped and slammed the doors together.

Four or five screams rang out. . . .

"It seems that you were right, Colonel Bentley," their host was saying. "There can now be no question about who has self-control."

"Just a minute—there's one thing I want to know," Norman interrupted. "Evelyn, how did you know that cobra was in the room?"

A fleeting smile crossed her face as she answered:

"Because it was around my ankle."

THE END.

"A Day in June"

A New For the Love o' Lil

"IT may be June, but it feels like August to me," Mrs. Smithers complained from her canvas porch swing. "I'd like to go to Iceland or some such place."

"Hot weather's terrible," Lil said from the other side of the picket fence; "especially when you're fat."

"Fat?" Mrs. S. yelled, leaning forward and getting mad. "Who's fat?"

"Nobody around here," Lil fibbed. "I meant fat people in general."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. S. "I've been living on raw eggs—nine a day—and lemon juice for a week, and if I didn't think I was thinner—"

This week's cover picture.

"Well, don't worry," Lil told her. "You are thinner. When you get too small for your clothes, I hope you'll give them to me for the July missionary barrel. Your evening dresses would look cute in Africa."

"I'll remember," Mrs. S. laughed. Then she pointed to her rosebush at the fence. "Why don'tcha pick one for your buttonhole?" she asked.

Lil loved flowers. She scanned that bush with a gluttonous, searching look and picked the largest rose in sight.

"Thank you!" she called over her shoulder. And as she walked off she rather wished she hadn't implied that big-hearted Mrs. Smithers was of generous proportions.

Other people in town were exhausted by these first warm days. Shoppers on Main Street were sipping sodas. Men on park benches looked too hot to get up even if they were suddenly offered jobs.

"I'm going to get on a train," Gwendolyn Smithers confided to a group of forlorn children behind her barn. "I'm going to ride to the ocean. Then I'll be a sailor and go sailin' over all the oceans until I get cooled off and turn into an iceberg."

This news almost gave the children a chill.

"Take me?" little Ulysses asked. "Take me?"

Gwen shook her head, ran around the barn twice, and headed up the street. She sat down at the corner to pant. The ocean did seem far away.

"Gwen, wait!" U. piped like a toy balloon being squeezed. "I want to go to the ocean and catch sharks."

"That's easy," she said. "You hang your feet in, an' when the sharks come—you catch 'em with your toes." Then she yelled in his ear: "Got any coin?"

"No," he told her sheepishly.

"Well," she sighed, "we need coin to travel to the ocean. We'll have to cool off in some cheap way."

"Watcha doing?" Ulysses asked as she untied a shoe.

"Gettin' undressed," she giggled. "Hurry up, get out of your clothes! We're goin' to take a shower!" And she pointed to the sprinkler on Dr. Horton's front lawn.

The grass was cool against their feet. And as they squealed and danced around, Dr. Horton looked out of his office where he was busy filling a sensitive tooth.

"Ha-ha!" he laughed. "'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

(Next week's cover adventure: An Unwise Experiment)

Now Lose Fat a pound a day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

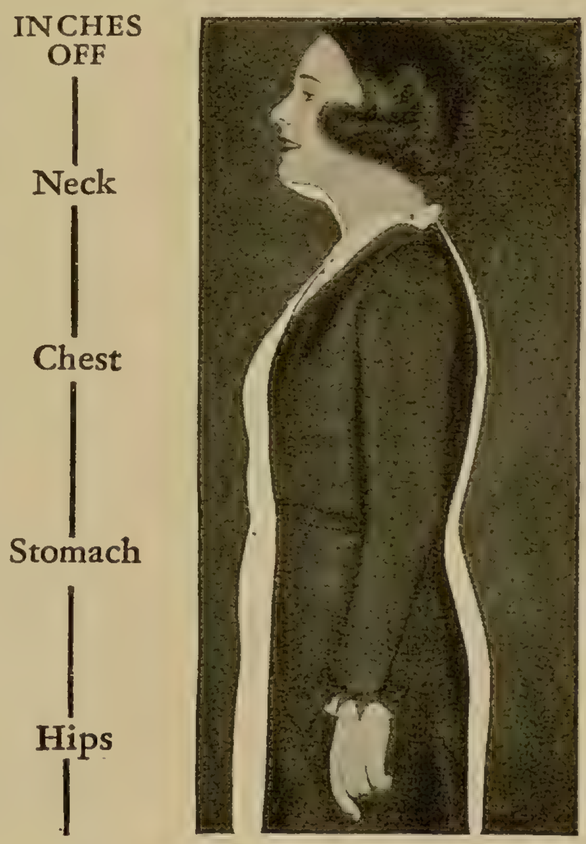
4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have in years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:



The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

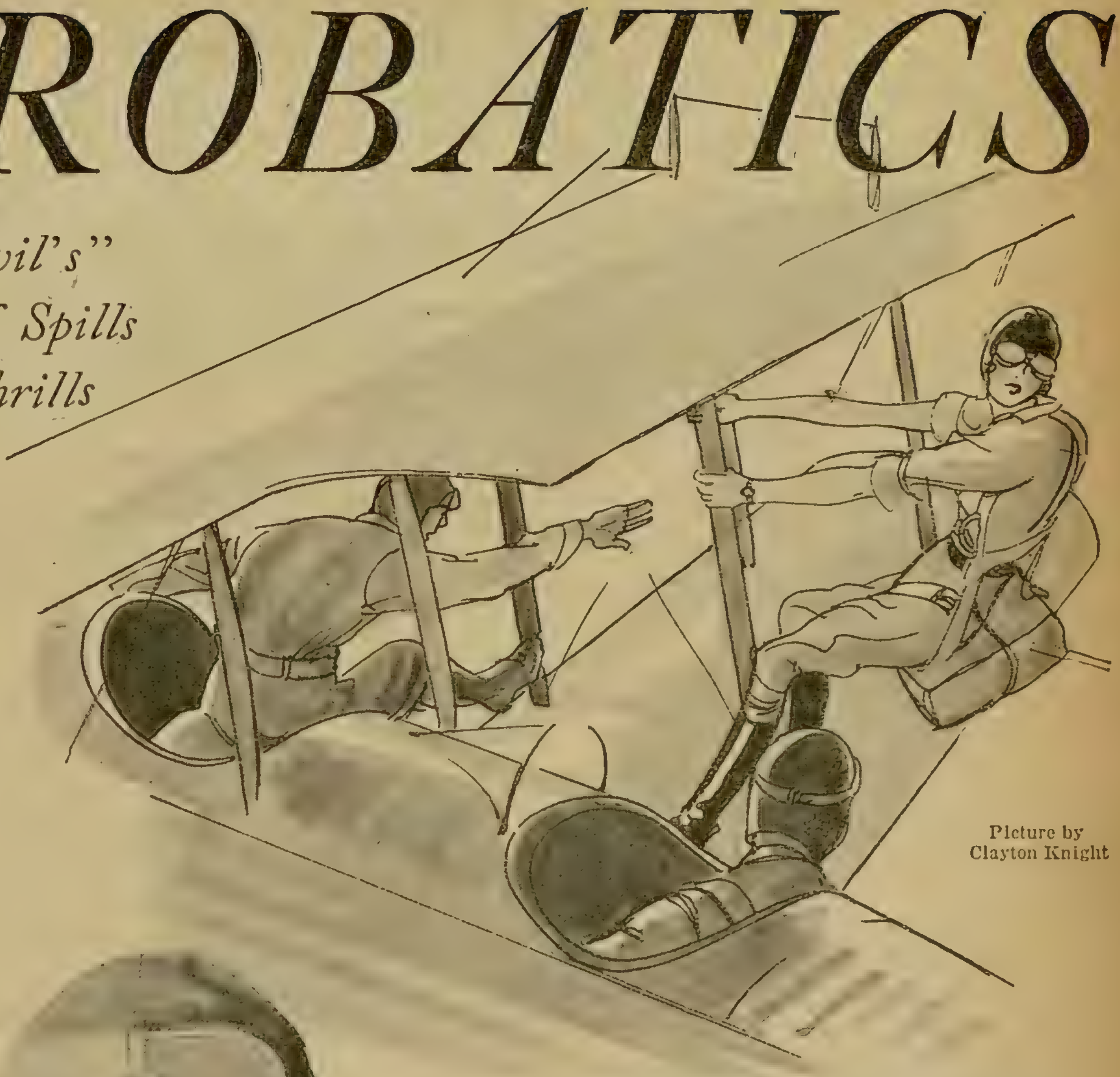
SKYROBATICS

An "Air Devil's" Reminiscences of Spills for Picture Thrills

AS TOLD TO ROBERT A. DONALDSON

By FRANK CLARKE

(Reading time: 18 minutes 45 seconds.)


Picture by Clayton Knight

She was hanging on for dear life, and the ground looked a long ways away.

STUNT pilots take a great deal for granted in the day's work which other people regard as a dangerous novelty or a breath-taking thrill. Which reminds me that it is sometimes somewhat strenuous to be the sweetie of a wing walker.

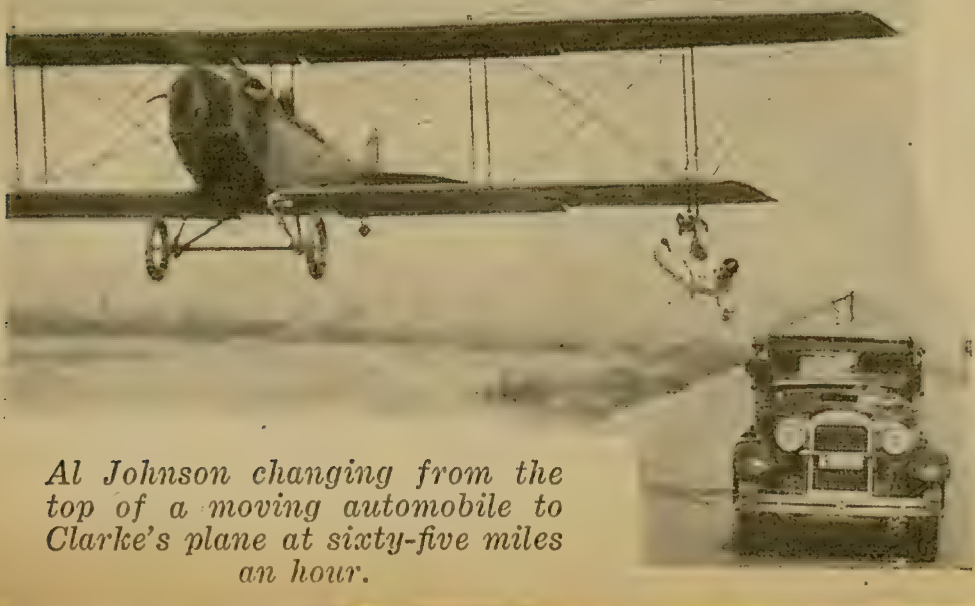
In the days of the old Venice Field Mark Campbell, who for all of his 200 pounds was one of the best wing walkers in the business, had a blonde girl friend who repeatedly said that she was simply crazy to make a parachute jump. She kept on pestering Mark to give her an opportunity. Of course he couldn't see any point in risking a good blonde in a parachute jump.

After about three months of pestering on her part he got rather annoyed and decided that the best way out of the situation was to let her make a jump. He came to me and asked if I would take her up in my plane. Being willing to do anything to oblige a lady, I agreed.

We gave her full instructions on the ground as to just how to do it. She was going to try a pull-off; that is, to jerk the ring while standing on the wing of the plane and let the parachute pull her off.

Wally Timm, a stunt flyer at Venice Field.

She and Mark got into the plane and I took off. At about 3,000 feet she rather nervously climbed out on the right wing. Then she got stage fright. She was hanging on for dear life, and the ground looked a long ways away. She made a pass or two at the ring, but each time drew back.


Al Johnson changing from the top of a moving automobile to Clarke's plane at sixty-five miles an hour.

Mark kept shouting at her to pull it, and motioned to her, but she did nothing. Mark finally got mad. The thought of all the past months of conversation and all these plans going to waste. It was too much for him.

He crawled out of the cockpit and started for the wing. I shouted to him to come back, as I was afraid of too much weight on that wing. He paid no attention to me.

He crawled out, got hold of the blonde, tore her hand loose from the strut, pulled the ring, and then, as the pilot chute shot out, stepped away and kicked her—and off she went!

She came down okay, and Mark was greatly relieved because after that she never bothered him conversationally about parachute jumping.

A somewhat similar jump was made by Ed Unger. He was doubling for the late Fred Thompson in a picture for Universal called The Eagle's Talons. Frank Tomick was flying the plane that was being photographed. Unger was supposed to jump out of it with Ann Little, the heroine. They had a dummy dressed up like Ann.

Unger got out on the wing and was attached by a short rope to the dummy, which Tomick was holding outside the cockpit with his right arm.

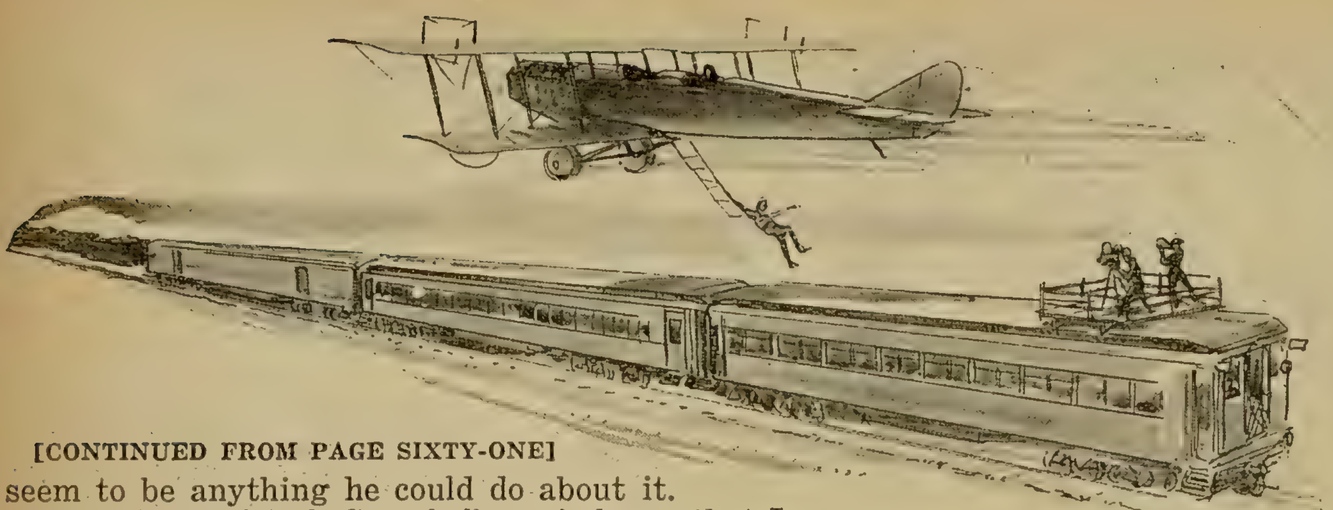
At 1,000 feet the dummy began to get pretty heavy and hard to hold in the wind, and furthermore Tomick was having trouble managing the ship with his left hand because of Unger's 200 added pounds on the wing.

So Tomick began shouting, "Yomp! Yomp!" in his best Swedish accent.

However, Unger kept stalling around for one reason or another. Finally Tomick, when his arm was about breaking and his annoyance was at its height, simply threw the dummy overboard, and of course it jerked Unger right off the ship.

I was photographing the stunt, and when Unger landed he wasn't too pleased, but there didn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Picture by Clayton Knight

He would undoubtedly have been mangled beneath the train had he not caught the rung.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

seem to be anything he could do about it.

Speaking of Mark Campbell reminds me that I was the first one to put a man on top of a moving train and then to pick him off. Campbell was the man who made the change, and we did it for Go and Get It, directed by Marshall Neilan.

We were out on the desert on a straight piece of track. When we prepared for the stunt the assistant director furnished a rope ladder which had the strands spread every foot or so where the wooden rungs were inserted.

Campbell protested that, because of the danger of the stunt and the accuracy necessary, he wanted a steel ladder. The assistant replied that all the air changes in the picture had been made with rope ladders, and what was good for the other stunt men ought to be good enough for him. After some grumbling Mark accepted the rope ladder.

I circled around low while the train, with a number of passenger coaches and various camera mounts, attained a speed of about sixty miles an hour. Then I came down back of the train and crawled up until I had attained the same speed. Mark was dangling from the ladder. I then set him down on top of the coach.

After a minute or two of circling around I went back to pick him off. I came up and hovered until I felt his weight. Then I pulled away. I thought Mark was very slow in coming up, but eventually he came.

When he got into the cockpit he was the maddest man I ever saw. In his hand he held one of the rungs of the ladder. He explained that he had caught the ladder all right, but that just as he got a handhold on the top rung the rope spread and the rung slipped out. He started to fall, and would undoubtedly have been mangled beneath the wheels of the train had he not barely caught hold of the bottom rung and held himself.

AFTER telling me about it, he said: "Fly me back over that train."

I asked him what for, but he told me never to mind.

I turned and flew him back. The train was slowing down and the assistant director was standing on top of one of the coaches where a camera was mounted. As we flew by, Mark leaned out and threw that rung at the assistant with all his might. It narrowly missed him, hitting a camera tripod instead. The cameraman was barely able to hold the camera up until the train stopped. Personally I have always been sorry that Mark's aim was so bad.

Talking about aim—many pilots have reported having been hit by one thing or another, from birds to hailstorms, while flying, but I believe I am the only one who has ever been hit by a set of store teeth!

I had gone to Prescott with the idea of trying to locate one of the lost Padre mines by airplane. These mines provided fabulous riches to Spain during the early days of exploration, but eventually their very location became lost. Every prospector in Arizona has at one time or another tried to find them. But it takes well equipped pack trains and weeks or months of slow work to reach the almost inaccessible unexplored spots.

One old prospector, some years ago, used to come to town every so often with rich hauls of gold from these mines. Despite the closest watching he would always sneak away unseen. He had promised to tell one friend their location on his next trip, but he died on his way back, taking his secret to the grave.

It was my idea to get some old prospector who claimed to know about where the mines were located and fly him over the spot and see if anything were there. It would save all the time and labor of pack trains and would prove a bonanza if only the diggings could be located.

The day I arrived in Prescott an old prospector turned up who declared he knew the very cañon where the mines were. He drew me a detailed map of it, and I agreed to fly him over there.

He had never seen an airplane before. He thought it took off tail first. He had lost a leg in an Indian war and had a wooden one, so I had to boost him into the cockpit.

When he got into the air he became confused as to direction as he had never seen the ground from above and couldn't orient himself. However, I flew by his map. I kept asking him if he saw landmarks, but I began to get fewer and fewer answers. The air was bumpy, and I began to see that he was getting pretty pale.

I THEN explained to him that if the unexpected—or expected—happened, to lean out the right side of the plane, while I'd fly it over the left side, as he was in the front cockpit.

When I got him directly over the cañon marked on his map I poked him and told him this was the spot. He forgot about our agreement, leaned out the left side, started to say something, and his store teeth flew out and hit me on the chin. They dropped in my lap and I wrapped them up and laid them aside. By this time he was thoroughly speechless, so I flew back to Prescott.

He was so pale and sick that a doctor friend of mine who met us at the field wanted to give him an injection of strychnine for his heart, but he thought the hypo meant dope, and he wouldn't take it. The doctor then offered him a drink of whisky from a flask in his medicine case, but he refused that and just lay there on the ground. Leaving him, the doctor and I walked around the field.

When we got back the old man was gone and the doctor's bottle of whisky was empty. It was not until we got back to town that I was able to find him, in an exuberant condition, and tell him his store teeth had not been lost along with the Padre mines, but were in my plane. He was more grateful than if we had found the lost mines!

One night at Venice, E. L. Remlin and I were putting on a night fireworks display on the beach. He was flying the ship—an old Canuck—so I decided to walk out on the wing and watch the sights from there. The calcium of the fireworks rapidly blinds one. As the last flare went out I grabbed the wires and started in. I was totally blinded, and imagine my embarrassment when I suddenly stepped off the end of the wing, barely catching one hand on a couple of overhang wires. I'd forgotten that I'd walked out on the right wing instead of the left!

The greatest laugh I had in the old days

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

Al Wilson attempting the stunt which nearly cost his life.

Popular faces are *shaved with* BARBASOL

*_"We sing the praises of Barbasol because it's the modern shave—in the quick tempo of today—softens the beard like magic and makes the hairs "come clean" without a struggle—no pull; no scrape; no lather, brush or rub-in . . . And when you see our smile—man! It's because our faces feel so FINE when Barbasol has given our chins that spotlight look."_ —GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS

*_Barbasol testimonials are not paid for_

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS, *radio and recording artists extraordinary, known the world over for their unique style of rhythm and musical interpretations, now playing at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City. Presented through the courtesy of the Music Corporation of America*

SOME men never have that seedy look as if they needed a shave. How do they do it? Ten to one they're Barbasol Believers, *because* Barbasol is so *easy on the face* that *two shaves a day* won't hurt the tenderest skin, planted with the toughest whiskers.

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1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

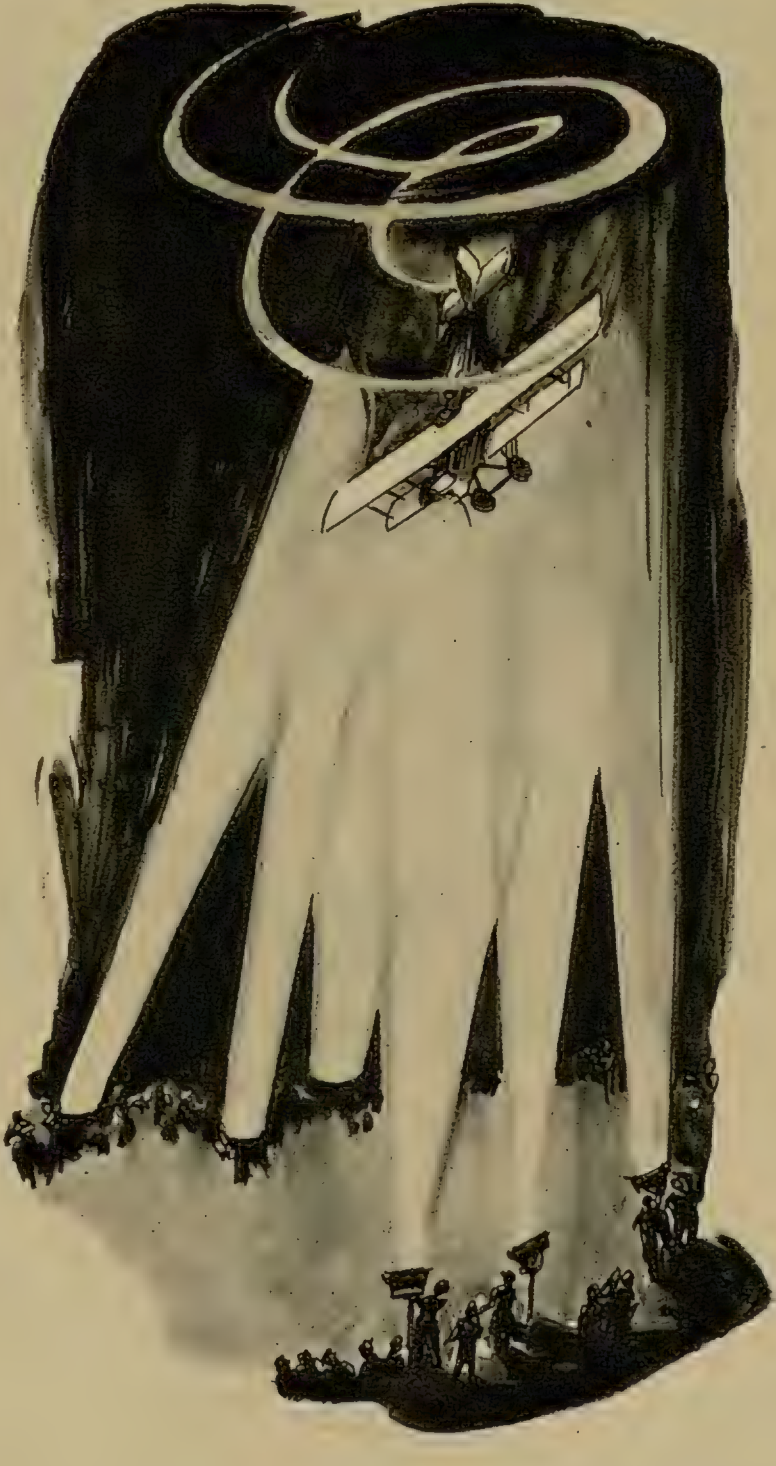
was in connection with Bessie Coleman. Bessie was a colored girl who claimed to be the “Ethiopian Female Ace.” She said she was a flyer, and apparently she did know a little about it. She decided to buy an old government Jenny, and got one of our boys to go to San Diego and fly it back to Los Angeles for her.

Then she advertised all through the colored district that she was going to make a “grand flight.” On the Sunday in question I believe every colored person in town turned out at the field. No queen ever rode more regally than did Bessie in her car, with the press notices pasted all over the windshield until her chauffeur could hardly see. She had a sweetie named “Eph” who buzzed around considerably before the flight.

The plane was rolled out and she got into it and tried to taxi it up to the line. Each time it veered off to the right or left. Just to keep it away from our hangars one of our boys finally taxied it up to the line for her.

She got into the cockpit. Colored cameramen photographed her. The mob yelled and Bessie gave the plane the gun. She ran halfway across the field gaining speed. Then she must have thought she was riding a skyrocket, for she pulled all the way back on the stick. The plane shot almost straight up. It got about 200 feet into the air before it lost speed and went into a spin and crashed.

When we got there Bessie was lying on the ground with a couple of broken legs, a broken arm, a broken collar bone, and other injuries. Eph rushed up and bent over her.



Picture by Clayton Knight

The plane spun groundward through the piercing beams of the great arcs.

“IS you hurt, sweet?” he asked. She opened her eyes.

“Dat you, Eph?”

“Yes, sweet; this me. What you want?”

“Eph, who was flyin' that plane?”

“Why, baby, you was flyin' it.”

“No, Eph, I wasn't flyin' it.”

“Why, yes, you was, honey.”

“No, Eph,” she replied in a sentence that has since become a classic; “I wasn't flyin' it. I was just ridin' in it.”

Eventually, after some months, Bessie got all patched up and went back to flying. She became quite proficient and finally went down south, where she opened up a school and gave exhibitions. It was while taking up a passenger that she met her death. She started to loop and at the top the ship stalled. She had forgotten to buckle her belt and fell out. The plane crashed, and before they could get the passenger out someone dropped a match into the spilled gasoline and plane and passenger burned.

In honor of Bessie there is today a colored flying field and school near Los Angeles known as Bessie Coleman Field. No one can say that she didn't have grit.

It was not long after this that a “colored ace” came to Los Angeles and announced that he was preparing to make the first “Ethiopian Transcontinental Flight.” He interested practically all of the local colored organizations. He went to Leo Nommis and dickered to buy a Standard biplane which Leo owned. However, in the end, he contracted to buy a Jenny, and paid a small deposit on it. He agreed to pay the balance from the gate receipts at the field on the day he took off.

An enormous crowd of Negroes turned out, a good part of them, however, staying outside the field. Still, there were enough inside to have paid off the balance on the plane, except for the fact that at the last minute the “colored ace” decided just to pay rent on the Jenny.

“I can't pay you for the plane,” he said to Leo. “But lissen, mister, I'se just got to make some kind of transcontinental start. If I don't, us'll get mobbed.”

Leo agreed to let him make a run across the field with the ship. This he did amid cheers, but being smart he nosed it over on its propeller in a rough piece of ground at the end of the field. Then he announced the damaging of the propeller to the crowd, but said the start would be made again and they would be notified. Leo had the plane taken back to the hangar.

A FEW days later, when it was raining heavily, the “ace” called up the field and said that he was “announcing that he had left.”

It wasn't long before the field began to get calls. Then it was discovered that he had collected large sums in advance from colored churches to help him buy the plane, and hence had had plenty of money to do so had he desired to make the flight.

He had simply skipped, and everyone thought that was the last that would be heard of him. But not so. A few days later a colored brother called up and said:

“Our ace is surely havin' bad luck with dat propeller.”

Upon inquiry it was found that the “ace” had wired back from Salt Lake City that he had broken the prop again and had asked for more money. He had repeated the performance at several other points en route east—in fact, all the way along during his transcontinental flight by train!

One of the most dramatic endings of a stunt flyer's career came to Omar Locklear, the originator of the plane change and a score of other stunts.

He and Skeeter Elliott were flying in a picture for Fox. The conclusion of the picture was a night scene, in which the plane spun earthward and crashed.

The sequence was being filmed at the old Wilshire Boulevard Field, which was completely surrounded by batteries of sun arcs pointed skyward to catch the plane in its fall.

Locklear and Elliott went up. At a given signal Locklear put the plane into a spin.

The cameras caught the silver wings as they twisted groundward. It was a beautiful scene, a dramatic shot. It seemed as if Locklear were outdoing himself in daring.

And then in one minute the make-believe of pictures changed to tragedy in reality. The plane spun groundward through the piercing beams of the great arcs—down—down—down—until, with a horrified gasp, the crowd realized that the end of the picture had been too true. The plane hit the ground with a roar and shat-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

Enjoy These Luxuries

While Actually Paying Less

in Chicago's

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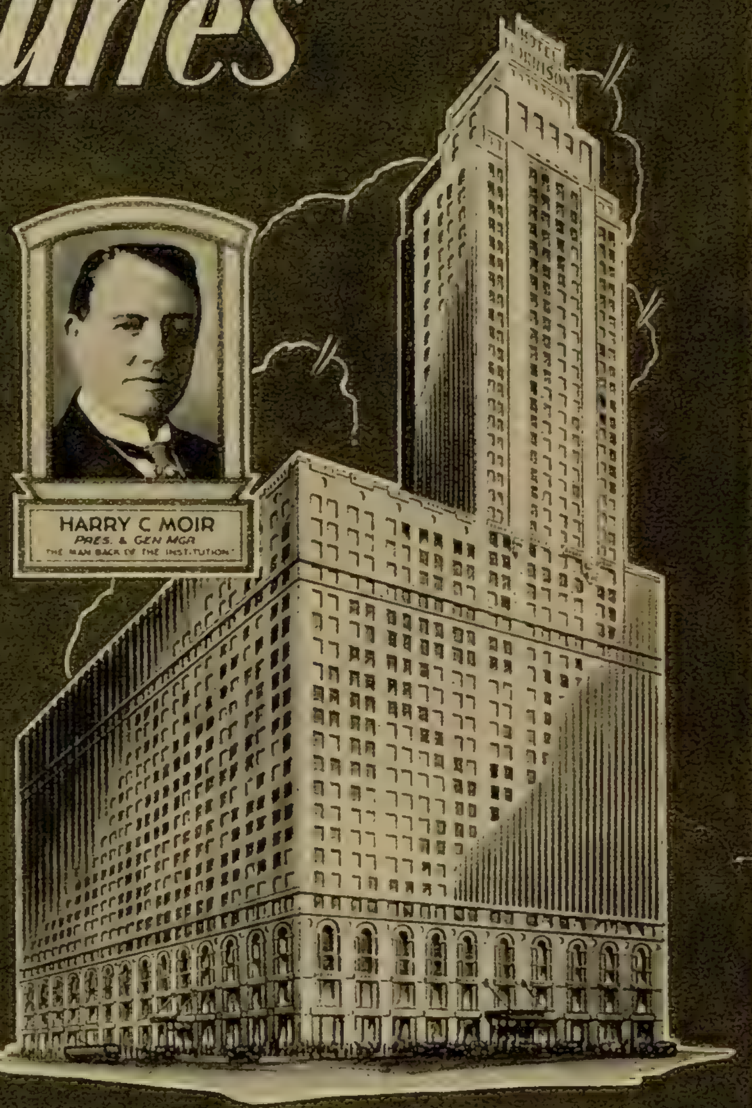
HARRY C MOIR
PRES. & GEN MGR
THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION

The New Morrison is the world's tallest hotel—46 stories high with 2,500 rooms

At the Morrison, our aim is to make your stay a little more pleasant than you would find it at any other hotel.

So we have made the rooms large, furnished them luxuriously and equipped each with bath, circulating ice water, bed-head reading lamp, telephone and Servidor.

In addition, every employee is dedicated to the principle of Better Service. You will find every task performed with the sole purpose of increasing your comfort.

Yet, rates in the Morrison Hotel are surprisingly moderate. There are 2,500 rooms renting at $2.50 up. Recently many of the rooms renting for more have been reduced—an economy made possible by sub-leases to stores on the ground floor.

The art of dining is a tradition at the Morrison Hotel. In the historic Boston Oyster House, epicures still gather to enjoy perfect food. The colorful Terrace Garden offers fascinating dance music at all meals. Prices are moderate and there is no cover charge.

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SKYROBATICS
Continued from page sixty-four

tered to bits. The mangled bodies of Locklear and Elliott were taken from the twisted mass.

The battery of lights had been too strong and had blinded Locklear, making him unaware of his nearness to the ground!

Providing thrills is the business of the stunt flyer, and his work soon gets to be as much a matter of routine to him as that of an actor or a performer in a circus. He is a skilled craftsman and usually gives scarcely a second thought to things which cause the crowd to gasp.

A stunt man's own thrills come unexpectedly and with lightning rapidity. Often they are not even sensed by the audience.

One of my biggest sensations came out of what started to be an ordinary change which Al Wilson was going to make from Wally Timm's ship to mine, hanging by his knees from Wally's wing skid. I was to come up underneath and pick him off on my upper wing. He wasn't wearing a parachute.

In a change of any sort it is vital that the planes be flown expertly, and with a knowledge of air conditions, and fast thinking in emergencies.

We prepared and took off. When we reached about 5,000 feet above the field Wilson crawled out and got down on to the skid. I was flying along behind. When he had lowered himself and was hanging by his knees I began to draw up from behind. I got directly under him so that his hands were touching my upper wing, but the air was so bumpy at the moment that he didn't want to let go.

I backed off and was just starting under again when I saw he was beginning to fall. The first time he had let his knee joints slip over the wing skid slightly and he was now unable to get them back. He was struggling desperately, but was slowly losing his hold.

I SIZED up the situation in a flash. I gave my plane the gun and, just as he finally fell, headed toward the ground 5,000 feet below, I shot down under Wally's plane and caught Al on my upper wing. He had fallen clear about fifteen feet. His head went through the fabric of my wing and he stuck there!

The boys on the ground swore that he had fallen nearly fifty feet through the air before I caught him, but this was because of the fact that as soon as his weight left Wally's ship the latter pulled his plane up sharply. The distance was actually about fifteen feet, but it was enough!

The crowd thought it was just another stunt and gave it a big hand, but it was really nearly curtains for Mr. Al Wilson.

The gods of chance were certainly kind to Mark Campbell when he fell off a plane. He had been doing some stuff from the wing skid of a ship that was flying about fifty feet from the ground.

Suddenly the skid broke off, and Mark dropped, and at that distance had no chance to open his chute. It should have been Mark's finish. But instead he lit squarely in the center of a haystack and was unhurt!

Always on the search for new stunts, " Mope " Moltrup and Freddie Lund worked out a stunt of changing a man from the tonneau of a speeding automobile to a plane. They did it successfully on Pico Boulevard, outside of Los Angeles, and it was a sensation. They did it by means of a rope ladder.

There was always a lot of competition among the boys to outdo each other in stunts, so Al Johnson and I decided to try it without a rope ladder. We did it for a picture called Gold. It was pretty close figuring, but we made the change without a hitch.

A little later I did a rope-ladder change with a stunt man which nearly resulted in disaster. It was for Flying Through, and we were working out on the bed of a dry lake near Palmdale, on the desert.

After the change man was down on the rope ladder I flew over the car. A camera car was speeding along ahead. We were all going about sixty-five miles an hour.

I settled over the touring car, dropped slightly, and when I knew he had had time enough to make th[illegible]ge

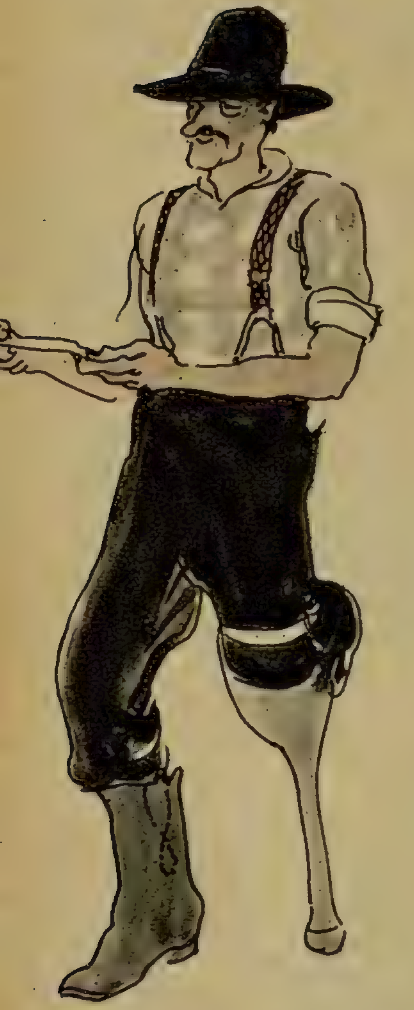
I pulled away and skimmed down over the dry lake, preparing to land. As I did so I looked back casually and was amazed to see that the stunt man was not in the tonneau of the car.

I looked down below, and there he was, holding on to the rope ladder for dear life and taking steps about 100 feet long on the ground at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour!

I realized something must have gone wrong. I knew it wasn't my fault, as I was morally certain that I had set him in that car. The machine meanwhile had turned around as I gained altitude. It started across the lake again with the camera car ahead of it, and this time I came over the car and sat the stunt man down in the tonneau so hard that I knew he'd stay there!

When I investigated later it seemed that the first time I had set him in the car he had been spinning around on the rope ladder, and, thinking that the hesitation in making the change furnished a slow camera shot, had decided to stay on and try it again. The trouble was, the only person he had forgotten to tell of this change of plan was *me!*

The most dangerous stunt I ever performed was with Al Johnson. He had implicit faith in my judgment, and if I'd ever failed him I don't think I'd ever have had nerve enough to fly again. When a man puts his life in your hands and banks on your ability, it is a double responsibility.


Picture by Clayton Knight
The old prospector.

THIS work was for an automobile tie-up. An automobile company wanted to show how steadily its car ran at sixty-five miles an hour. It approached me and wanted to know if I could arrange to pick a man off and then put him back on the top of a sedan at this speed.

I knew I could put a man on and pick him off. The point was, would he be there when I came back to pick him off? Riding standing upright on the top of a car at sixty-five miles an hour is far more hazardous than air stunting.

I told the company I could do the flying, but that the only man I knew who would take a chance on the change was Al Johnson. We got together and the concern put it up to Al. Al said he thought he could keep his feet on top of the car if they would provide a driver who wouldn't swerve an inch if he saw a train coming at him, head on. He said that he'd try the stunt if I said it could be done. The company said it would produce the right driver.

This put me in a tough spot. I knew I could take Al off and put him back on. I knew that if I said I could do it, he'd go ahead. I really doubted that he could keep his feet on the car. Eventually I laid the cards on the table in just this fashion. Al said he wanted to do it.

We picked out the smoothest stretch of pavement we could find. Then Al and I got the driver aside and told him not to swerve the car an inch for anything. One swerve would send Al off headlong at sixty-five miles an hour. He could stand bumps, but no swerves.

I crawled up, lowered a wing, and when Al caught on pulled away. The most difficult part of the work was now to come. I circled around and then came back down on the speeding car. I crawled over it and let Al down.

I pulled away and looked back rather fearfully. I knew I had put Al on the roof, but I didn't know whether he had lost his foothold and pitched off headlong. He was there safely and I drew a great breath of relief. I wouldn't repeat the stunt, not even with Al Johnson, nor with the machines of today, their balloon tires, smoothness, and hydraulic shock absorbers notwithstanding.

Some further reminiscences by Mr. Clarke will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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RAZORS AND BLADES

Concluding MONEY

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

PART FOURTEEN—SNUG HARBOR

THAT was an emotional reunion, a fitting finish to this day of tumult. Joe Coates was almost as deeply moved as were father and daughter. Had Florida opened his letter, received that morning, she would have been prepared for the meeting, but it lay upon her desk still unread. In her first frantic joy it did not occur to her that her father was free. For the moment it seemed more likely that he had come in answer to her cry of need; that in some miraculous manner he had burst his chains and flung himself through space to her side, and that he would dissolve as swiftly as he had materialized. She clung to him, sobbing, speaking his name over and over again, patting and caressing him. She implored him not to leave her.

"I'm not going back," he told her. He had to repeat this before she understood.

Coates nodded vigorously. "He's free, Florida. It's all over." The speaker wiped his eyes, he laughed, he blew his nose. "I wrote you all about it and how Mr. Worth wired me to meet him in Atlanta. He's a power in Claiborne now. His word is law."

"W-Wilmer Worth?" the girl gasped.

"Sure! He means something in Washington, too. He gets things done."

She learned then that her father's freedom was due more to the influence of Wilmer than to her own unflagging efforts or those of the attorney. Coates had circulated his petition, to be sure. He had obtained an impressive number of signatures, but it was Worth who had prevailed upon the judge and the district attorney to lend their support.

"He's backing the new Merchants and Growers, you know. He's putting the city on its feet. What he says, goes."

"He handled the Washington end himself," Morgan supplemented. "My goodness! I was surprised to learn who he is. He's a splendid man, Florrie! He's been a true friend." The speaker turned his tired eyes upon the girl and there was a light of understanding in them. "I never dreamed that fellow Falconer was the man Joe kept writing about, and the husband of—your friend. How was I to know?" He pressed his daughter closer.

It appeared that Wilmer Worth did nothing by halves and left nothing to chance. He had actually gone to Atlanta in person to make certain that the President's parole was acted upon without formality or delay. He had been the first to shake Morgan's hand when he came into the prison superintendent's office. It was a signal courtesy which the speaker deeply appreciated.

The three men had returned to New York together.

All this came out in fragments, pieced into a pattern with the news of the market crash and the story of Florida's misfortune. The new arrivals had heard of the calamity on the train. They listened, now, with sympathy to the girl's account of her ruin.

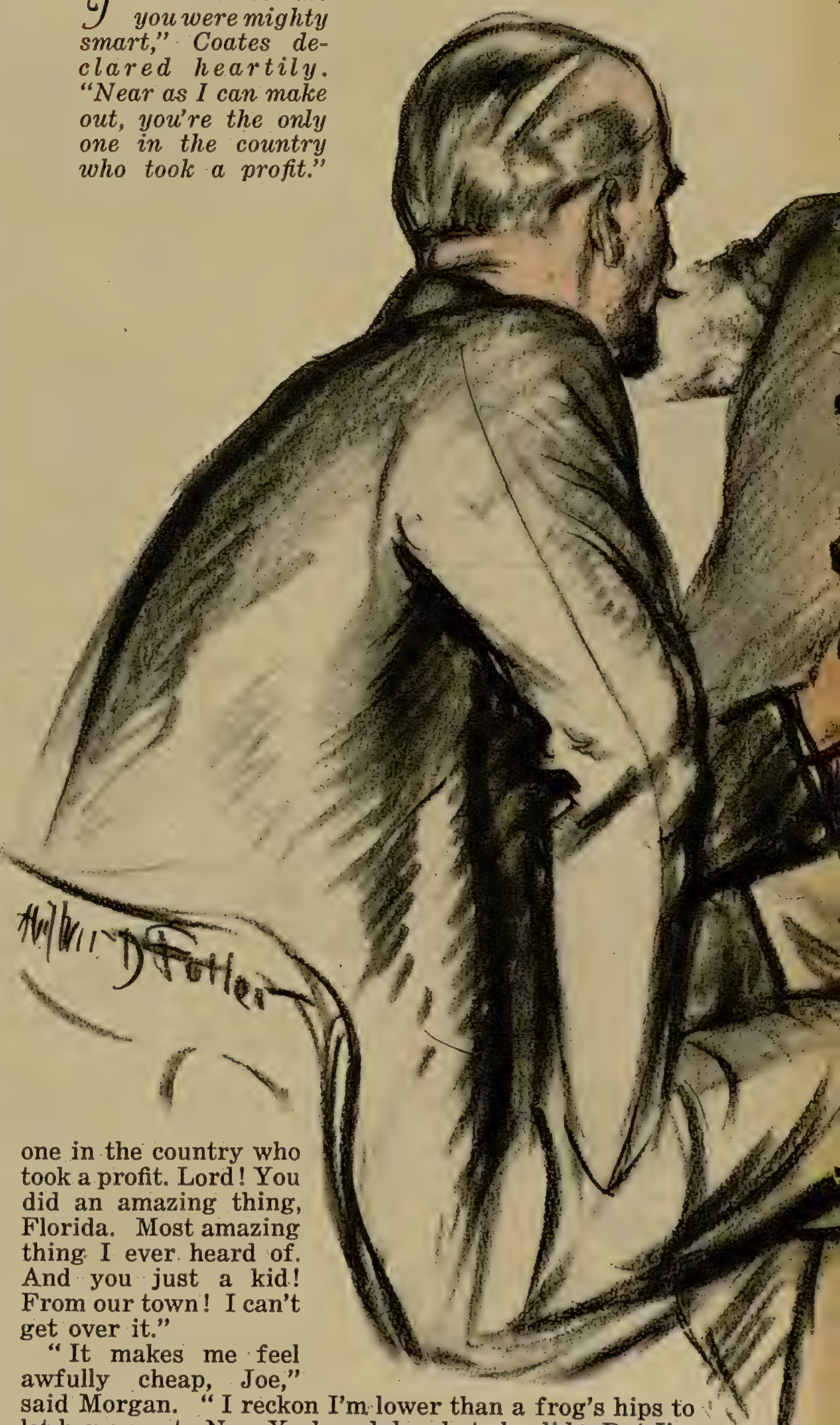
"You poor child!" Morgan said gently. "You should never have paid my debts."

"Oh, pappy dear! I've had the cold shivers all day when I think how near I came to missing—losing out on that. Anyhow, we're square. I ought to be glad, but—yesterday I had money enough for us to live on and now it's *gone!*" Again she buried her face upon his breast.

"Don't you take on. That's nothing to worry about."

"It seems to me you were mighty smart," Coates de[illegible] I can make out, you're the only

> *"IT seems to me you were mighty smart," Coates declared heartily. "Near as I can make out, you're the only one in the country who took a profit."*



one in the country who took a profit. Lord! You did an amazing thing, Florida. Most amazing thing I ever heard of. And you just a kid! From our town! I can't get over it."

"It makes me feel awfully cheap, Joe," said Morgan. "I reckon I'm lower than a frog's hips to let her come to New York and do what she did. But I'm young. I won't leave her alone again. We'll get along."

"Sure! Think of the experience she's had. She'll make another fortune in no time. I understand there's been a big recovery already."

Florida only shook her head.

The three were still talking when Breckenridge opened the door, then retreated with an apology. The girl stopped him.

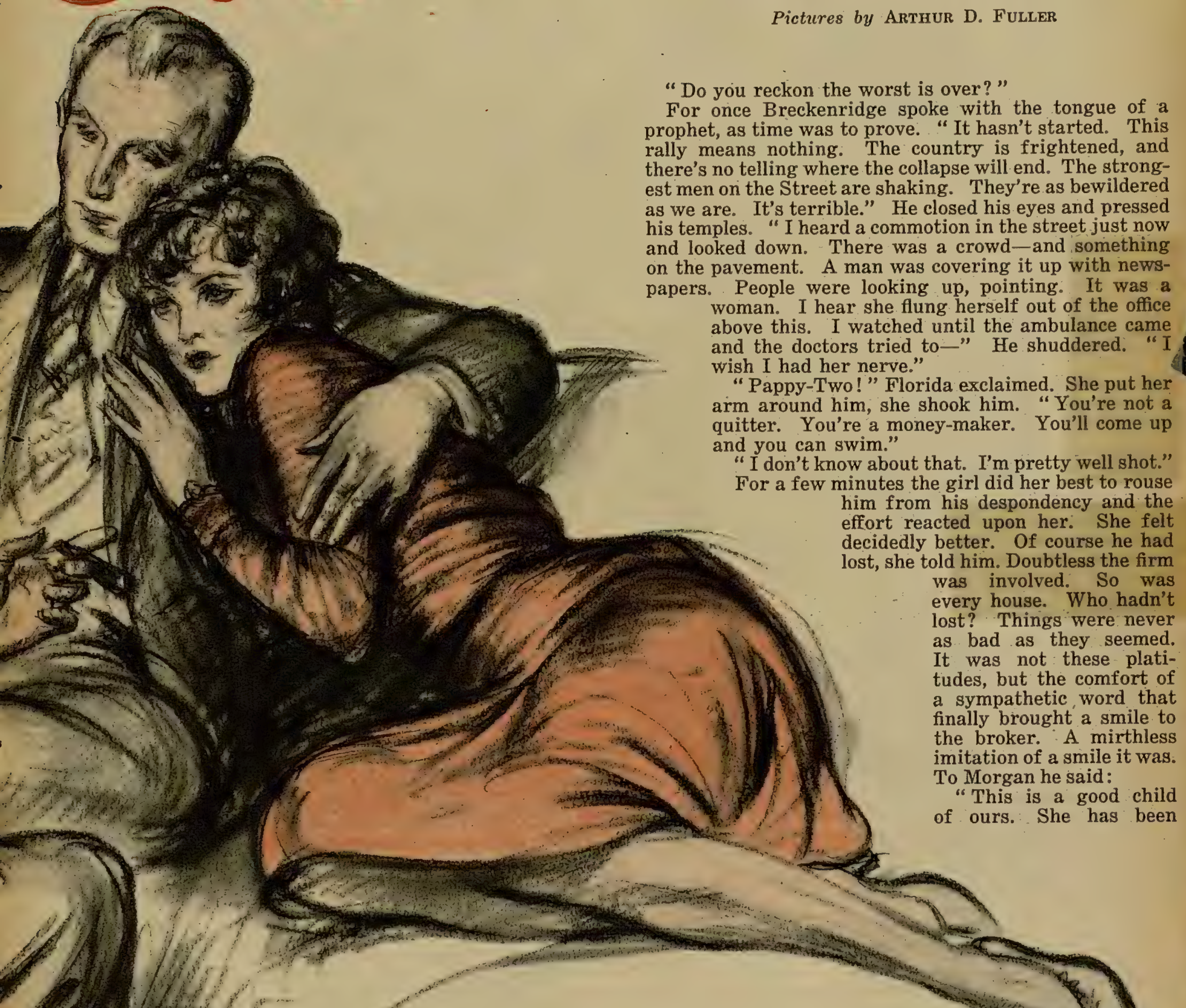
"Pappy-Two, this is Pappy-One."

Mad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



The broker was dazed. It was a second before he comprehended, then he extended his hand. His lips cracked into a smile and he exclaimed:

"Mr. Morgan! I'm so glad! Thank God the sun is shining somewhere! You must be a happy man."

"I am, sir. And I reckon it's lucky I came today. Florida's right blue."

Briefly he recounted what had happened to him and thanked the broker for his many kindnesses to his daughter.

"I'm a rotten adviser. I nearly caused her to lose everything she had made. But this thing was so sudden. No warning. No bottom anywhere. Everything just—caved in."

"Do you reckon the worst is over?"

For once Breckenridge spoke with the tongue of a prophet, as time was to prove. "It hasn't started. This rally means nothing. The country is frightened, and there's no telling where the collapse will end. The strongest men on the Street are shaking. They're as bewildered as we are. It's terrible." He closed his eyes and pressed his temples. "I heard a commotion in the street just now and looked down. There was a crowd—and something on the pavement. A man was covering it up with newspapers. People were looking up, pointing. It was a woman. I hear she flung herself out of the office above this. I watched until the ambulance came and the doctors tried to—" He shuddered. "I wish I had her nerve."

"Pappy-Two!" Florida exclaimed. She put her arm around him, she shook him. "You're not a quitter. You're a money-maker. You'll come up and you can swim."

"I don't know about that. I'm pretty well shot."

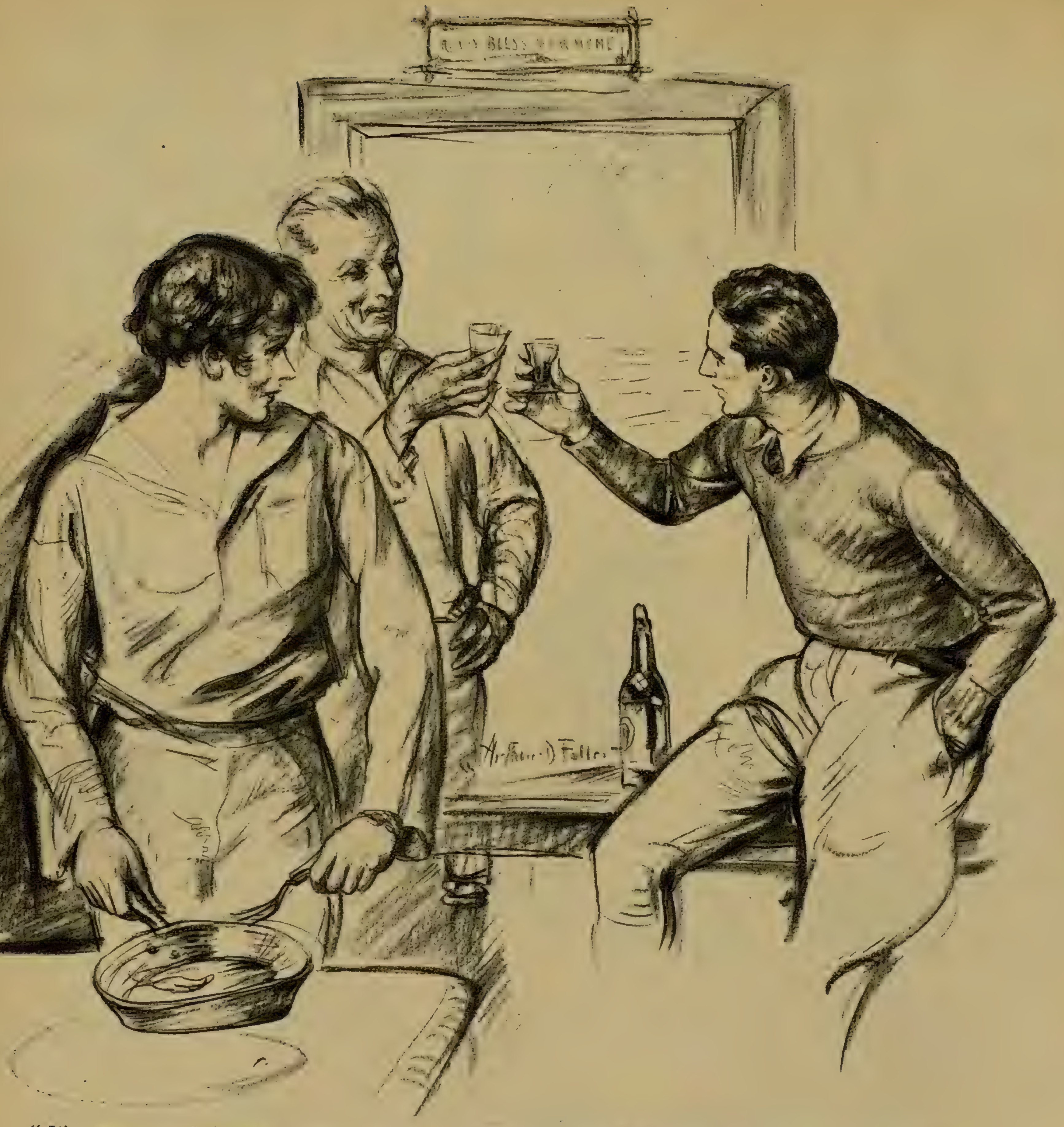
For a few minutes the girl did her best to rouse him from his despondency and the effort reacted upon her. She felt decidedly better. Of course he had lost, she told him. Doubtless the firm was involved. So was every house. Who hadn't lost? Things were never as bad as they seemed. It was not these platitudes, but the comfort of a sympathetic word that finally brought a smile to the broker. A mirthless imitation of a smile it was. To Morgan he said:

"This is a good child of ours. She has been through hell today. Take her away. Get her mind off of things, and don't let her talk or think about 'em until tomorrow."

The ticker was still recording its belated story of disaster when the three passed out through the board room and down into the gloomy cañon of lower Broadway.

Hotel rooms were at a premium that night, for many Wall Street firms held their employees in town and forced them to work as long as they could sit at their desks. Some placed cots in their offices upon which tired clerks and bookkeepers could snatch an hour or two of sleep. Midnight found office buildings, ordinarily dark and deserted, ablaze with lights and the streets noisy with office boys and runners scampering here and there with deliv-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"It's a new crowd of boys. The old ones are all retired." The men clinked their glasses and drank.

MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-nine

eries. Tired telephone girls drooped over their switchboards. Noonday eating places put in emergency calls for food and flung their doors open. For the first time in its existence the financial district was lit like Coney Island. But in that crowd there was no joy. This was a Carnival of Woe.

Florida, her father, and Joe Coates went to a moderate-priced uptown hotel. They had their dinner sent up and spent the evening together. It was not until Morgan went wearily to bed that the other two had a chance for a word alone.

"He's looking mighty poorly," the girl declared.

"It shocked me to see how he has failed," the lawyer agreed. "He couldn't have stood it much longer in there."

"I'll nurse him back. I'll take care of him."

"What are your plans?"

"I haven't made any yet. I've been thinking, of course. We'll manage to live. The world hasn't quite come to an end."

"Inasmuch as you'll have to start all over, why not let me take him back home with me?"

"No. Oh, no!"

"You may have to get another position. Living must be expensive here. He's got to have something to do, Florrie. He can't sit still. What can he do here in New York? A man can't even keep a bird dog in one of these flats. He needs the sun."

"I know. But what would he do in Claiborne? If we had something to start on— Oh, to think that it was all fixed yesterday! We weren't rich, but we were well off."

"NOW, don't carry on. You just think over my suggestion. He can fish and hunt for a spell, until he forgets and people get used to seeing him around. It's warm down there. He'll get well."

Florida did think over that suggestion. Most of the night she did nothing but think, for sleep was impossible, and every time she closed her eyes the events of that day paraded through her mind in a weird phantasmagoria too disturbing for rest. She sighed, she tossed, she writhed in the full bitterness of her regrets, a bitterness which the knowledge of her father's deliverance failed to mitigate.

Money! She hated herself for dwelling so persistently upon her losses when her gain had been so great. What ailed her, to rebel so frantically at this misfortune? There was something in life besides money. Heavens! How the Street had changed her. It made her cringe to realize that she had suffered more keenly today than on the day she had heard her father sentenced, and that had been her horror of horrors. It was wrong to feel this way. Wicked. What had come over her?

It shocked her to answer that question honestly, but she forced herself to do so. The truth was she had changed her gods. She had been praying of late to the "Prince of Usurers," and this was her punishment.

She rose finally and knelt at her bedside, as Babaloo had taught her to kneel. Tightly she closed her eyes and this time she did not pray to Mammon. Humbly she begged for the courage to sacrifice herself and for the strength to be a dutiful and an unselfish child.

There was still another blow to fall, but happily it was delayed for a while.

II

WHEN Florida went to the office the next morning she felt as if she were visiting the scene of a hurricane, and all that morning she worked like a Red Cross nurse. A tornado had indeed passed over. The papers carried columns about it; the country was aghast.

That rally of the afternoon before proved to be artificial. A pessimism as unwarranted as the optimism responsible for the calamity had seized the public. Again the exchanges bellowed, again a tidal wave of selling orders rolled in. Brokers had become mere automatons, their books were in confusion, hundreds of transactions were unrecorded. They predicted that it would take days and perhaps weeks to untangle their affairs, and meanwhile many houses could only guess whether they were solvent or insolvent. An alarming crop of rumors sprang up: this firm had failed, that one had been taken over, such-and-such a bank was tottering, so-and-so had shot himself. More than one trader of experience apathetically declared that the industrial world had been blown to atoms, that dealings in stocks and bonds had come to an end, and that chaos had arrived.

Around midday Breckenridge entered Florida's office with an early edition of the afternoon paper in his hand.

" Have you seen this? " he inquired. He had laid hold of himself overnight, but she could see that something stirred him pretty deeply. " You're getting it hard and fast. I think you'd better let me tell you—"

" What is it? " she inquired anxiously.

" It's about Wanda Worth. She was in an accident last night."

Florida paled, she raised a hand to her throat. " No! No! Not serious? . . . Go ahead. I can stand anything now."

" It's pretty bad. Couldn't be worse, in fact." He nodded, in answer to her inarticulate query. " In an automobile. She was alone. She was driving—"

" Wanda never drove. She hated it."

" She was driving last night. It's a shocking story. That's why I came in—so you'd be prepared for the headlines. A state trooper saw her pass, 'like a bat out of hell,' as he put it. He says she must have been doing seventy. I'll leave the paper, but don't read it until you feel better."

" I'm—all right." Florida extended a cold hand. She laid the newspaper on her desk, where it would not shake. As rapidly as her agitation permitted she read the story.

It was a " regrettable accident," so she read, " to one of the most prominent women in New York society." . . . Words! What had happened? Here it was. Unseen curve. . . . Stone wall. . . . "—completely demolishing the car and instantly killing the occupant. Trooper Jones arrived at the scene of the accident a moment later—"

Wanda! Wanda! What had possessed her?

There was a column of it. All of the grisly details were set forth for the morbid. Husband, the junior partner of Worth and Son. Solomon Worth prostrated, *et cetera, et cetera.*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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1. Average of 550 Wholesale Commodity Prices	100	90.5
2. Page Rates per 1000 Circulation—114 Magazines	100	105.8
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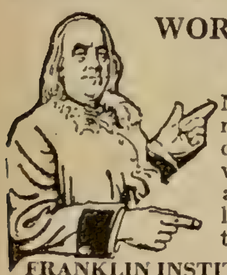

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TRY IT TODAY!

[MONEY MAD
Continued from page seventy-one]

An accident, indeed! Why had she gone alone to the garage and driven headlong out into the night? Unseen curve! When she knew every bend in that road!

This was what Wanda had meant when she spoke about that curse on her house—about erasing herself.

Breckenridge had gone out while Florida was reading. She bowed her head and felt the familiar sting of tears in her eyes.

"Nobody understands me." Those were Wanda's very words, and how true. "I'm groping. It's awfully dark—" She had confessed that she was soulsick. She had said she was selfish and unheroic, too, but Florida knew better. A wave of tenderness and grief rushed over her. To seek death with the flaming rush of a meteor, with a seventy-mile gale in one's face, was pretty heroic. It was characteristic also. There was a defiant, screaming eagle on the Saniecka crest. . . . Yes, this was like Wanda.

Florida had a talk with Breckenridge that afternoon, at the conclusion of which he said forlornly, "I dare say it's the right thing to do, but I'm going to miss you terribly."

"And I'll miss you, too."

"I'm your spare dad. Take me along, like an extra tire. I bet I'm a lot sicker than he is."

"You're a fraud, Pappy-Two. You just want sympathy."

"I *need* it."

"Nonsense! You'll come out of this with your head up and your mane flying."

"Where are you going to take him?"

"Oh—somewhere into the sun! It doesn't matter. I fancy I'll have a few dollars left; not as many as I brought with me, but enough for a while. You know pappy and I can live off the country, like Indians."

"If there's anything left of this firm you can always come back. You're the best man-customers' woman on the Street."

"I don't think I could force myself to go through the mill again. A good many things happened, Pappy-Two, that you don't know about, and it's going to take a while to forget them."

"You'll be back," he told her confidently. "If I didn't feel it in my bones, I—I wouldn't let you go. They all come back. Do your duty. We'll be waiting for you."

He took her cheeks between his hands and looked gravely into her eyes, then he kissed her upon the lips.

III

IT was February. The sun was hot, the sky was faultless, a salty breeze frolicked with the waters of the Gulf Stream, indigo blue and incredibly clear. The Morgan fishing camp was occupied once more. As a matter of fact, it was open to "paying guests," that being a nice way of saying that it was for hire. A modest advertisement in the outdoor magazines had announced its opening. It read:

> **Sailfish Marlin Tarpon**
>
> Best large and small game fishing waters along the Florida coast. Restful camp with all modern conveniences. Experienced guides and comfortable boats. Clean beds. Home cooking. Rates reasonable.
>
> H. and F. Morgan, owners,
> Turtle Inlet, Fla.

Once again the coconut grove was tidy. The soil from which it sprang, a dazzling combination of washed sand and broken shell, had been raked clean of every spear of grass. In the shallows mullet were jumping. Alongside the dock the "comfortable boats" were tied.

There were two of them. One was the launch which Florida and her father had owned these several years, looking now more than ever like a disreputable Bahama rumboat. The other was a lovely, graceful thing of polished mahogany and gleaming brass. It sat the waters as lightly as a duck, its twin motors were as carefully made as jeweled watches, and in every item of its fittings it spoke of speed, comfort, and luxury. It was a craft to stir the admiration of any sportsman.

FLORIDA had spent the morning rubbing brass. She was oiling the motors and wiping them off when her father came from the shore and seated himself above her with his long legs dangling over the edge of the dock. She lifted a smiling brown face to his. There was a streak of black grease across her nose.

"What luck?" she inquired.

"I bet I've got every hermit crab in three miles. If this new party is set on catching bonefish, we'll give him his fill. The flats are alive with 'em, standing on their heads and rooting like pigs." Morgan, too, was tanned to the color of a saddle; he was vigorous and his eyes were bright. "What say if we have a nice lazy smoke?"

"O. K.!" From the pocket of her jumper Florida extricated some cotton waste, a string, several nails, three lead sinkers, a jackknife, and finally a flattened package of cigarettes. She scratched a match in a manner characteristically masculine. With an appraising eye she surveyed her morning's work.

"Gosh!" she said. "A sixteen-thousand-dollar boat is nice to have in the family, but it takes more time than twins. I wouldn't give a nickel for another one."

"If he hadn't given it to us the creditors would have got it. It sure set us up, didn't it?"

"Poor Pappy-Two! Just a part of the general wreckage. But the market is coming back. He'll soon be on his feet again. I've promised him a marlin if he comes down next winter. Did I tell you Mr. Snow had a stroke?"

"No. That's a shame."

"He's out of the bank; done for.

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Fred MacIsaac
Gen. William Mitchell

Human, newsy, briefly presented stories and articles written by capable authors and illustrated by popular artists will continue to make Liberty the most asked-for magazine ever published.

Pappy-Two says he lost over thirty millions."

"Which puts him down to his last ten. All the same, it's too bad."

"Ralph Bronson had to sell his seat and— Say! I know where we can get some polo ponies cheap."

"Ain't that a piece of luck?" Morgan exclaimed with apparent excitement. "Now if somebody would give us some oats and a field we'd have a game. Them coconuts would do for balls . . . Mr. Latham is broke, too, is he?"

"Everybody I know is broke—"

"Except Worth and Son. The paper says old Solomon, 'with his usual foresight and his infallible financial wisdom, emerged from the late panic in a vastly strengthened position,' or words to that effect. Somebody must have made something. All that money wasn't burned up. . . . Are you sorry, kid?"

"Sorry to be here? No. I'm glad. Thankful."

"I'm all right now and—you can't go on like this. Gee! It galls me to see you wrastling dishes and shining brass."

"You're guiding, aren't you? Cutting bait and catching hermit crabs? . . . Well? 'H. and F. Morgan, owners,' is what the ad. says. We're partners."

"It was fun when we didn't have to do it."

"I'm happier here than I was up there. I'd a heap rather watch the sky than the ticker: it tells you when bad weather is coming. I'd love to have money, of course, but it doesn't mean what it used to."

Florida tilted her head and listened. "Is that Baldy, back from the inlet already?"

"Sounds like a plane. . . . Yep! One of the mail ships, I reckon."

A MOMENT or two later, when the distant bee hum had increased to a drone and continued to grow louder, Florida scrambled up on the dock. She and her father lifted their faces.

Morgan chuckled. "Say! This camp is getting famous when airships land at it. That feller's bound here. You don't reckon that bone fisherman went and hired a plane to fly him down?" There was another pause during which the craft slanted lower. "Look—at—that—boy—*come!* Next year it would pay us to advertise that sportsmen can fly from Miami—"

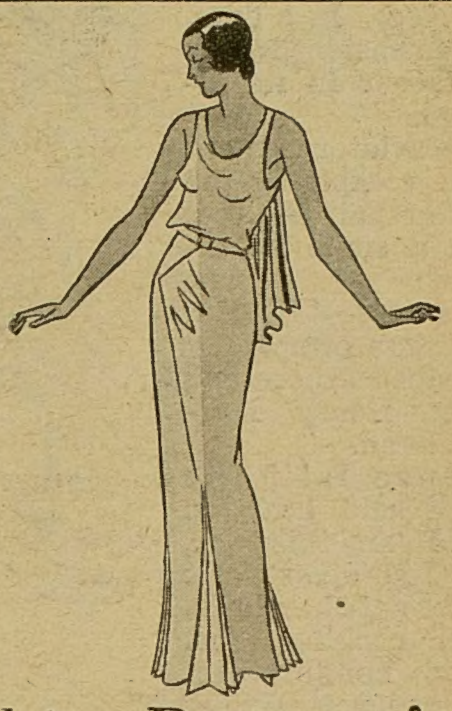
"Hush!" Florida exclaimed sharply and clutched at his arm. Her lips had opened, a breathless cry escaped them. She cast a frightened glance around her and was upon the point of running toward the house, but that descending airplane held her fascinated. "Oh, pappy! . . . *Pappy!*"

The roar of the motor ceased. As the ship banked, the sun gleamed upon its whirling propeller, and against the fuselage Morgan read the name, Falcon III. He, too, cried out.

The pontoons touched, throwing sheets of water aside; they ricocheted, slowed, settled lower; the motor

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fight Fat
As Millions Do It



Thin Beauties
Tell The Way

All about you see a new condition as regards obesity. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Abnormal figures are nowhere near so common as they were. A great reason lies in a new discovery made by modern science. It is used by doctors the world over.

A greater reason lies in the fact that multitudes of men and women are exhibiting and telling the results. They are met in every circle. Women with new youth, new beauty, new vivacity. Men with new vigor.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. It is found that the correction of this cause stops the formation of fat. And all self-denial, all starvation, fails to do that when this gland secretion is inadequate. So all modern physicians are feeding the system this gland substance which it lacks.

A Popular Way

Marmola prescription tablets present this right way at its best. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory, and adapted to the average case. Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions, by users telling others. The results are seen wherever you look. Ask your slender friends about them.

Many men and women still retain their fat, to their vast detriment. Many are trying hard and harmful methods to reduce. Many are misled by fakers in this field.

We urge all of you to try Marmola. It embodies the factors which modern doctors use. It is doing more than all other methods combined to create the slender figures which you see today.

Don't waste your time and effort. Adopt the scientific method which all doctors now advise. Do it through your doctor, or with Marmola tablets. Watch the results, and decide.

Marmola costs $1 a box at drug stores. A book in each box gives the formula and explains results. Go order it today.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

MONEY MAD
Cont'd from page 73

sounded again and the amphibian plowed ungracefully up to the sandy beach and grounded. In a daze, Florida hastened after her father in its direction.

The aviator was out of the cockpit by the time the pair arrived. With a smile he inquired:

"Is this—'H. and F. Morgan, owners'?" He leaped ashore and wrung Henry Morgan's hand.

"Sure is!" the father said heartily. "I'm H. and this is F., with the dirty face. But we got clean beds. Home cooking, too. Rates reasonable. How are you, Wilmer?"

Wilmer made no answer. He was holding Florida's hands in his; he was eying her hungrily. Neither of them could find words to speak.

On the way to the house Worth explained, "Breckenridge told me where you were and showed me your advertisements. I came as soon as I could." He halted and gazed over the familiar scene; he listened to the whisper of the palm leaves overhead. Again at the threshold of the living room he halted and let his eyes take in its simple furnishings.

He laid his hand in a caressing gesture upon the door jamb; he stroked it. Plainly he was stirred by recollections.

"I have ever so many things to tell you," he announced, "but let's not talk for a little while. I'd like to—look around."

"You don't happen to be hungry, do you, Mr. Falconer?" It was the girl speaking.

"I—haven't tasted food since I left here," he said with an odd catch in his voice. "On the way down I got to thinking how frying bacon smells on this island. I—gave her the gun." For no apparent reason he laughed softly. "Bacon and eggs and coffee, if you don't mind."

"Sure! Sunny side up is how you like them, and the bacon not too crisp. Rest yourself, mister."

"Let me help—"

"You set and visit with H. Morgan. I won't be a minute."

H. MORGAN took two glasses from a shelf and from somewhere he conjured a bottle the label of which was discolored with brine.

"I hope you can take yours straight, Wilmer. Drinking water is still mighty scarce."

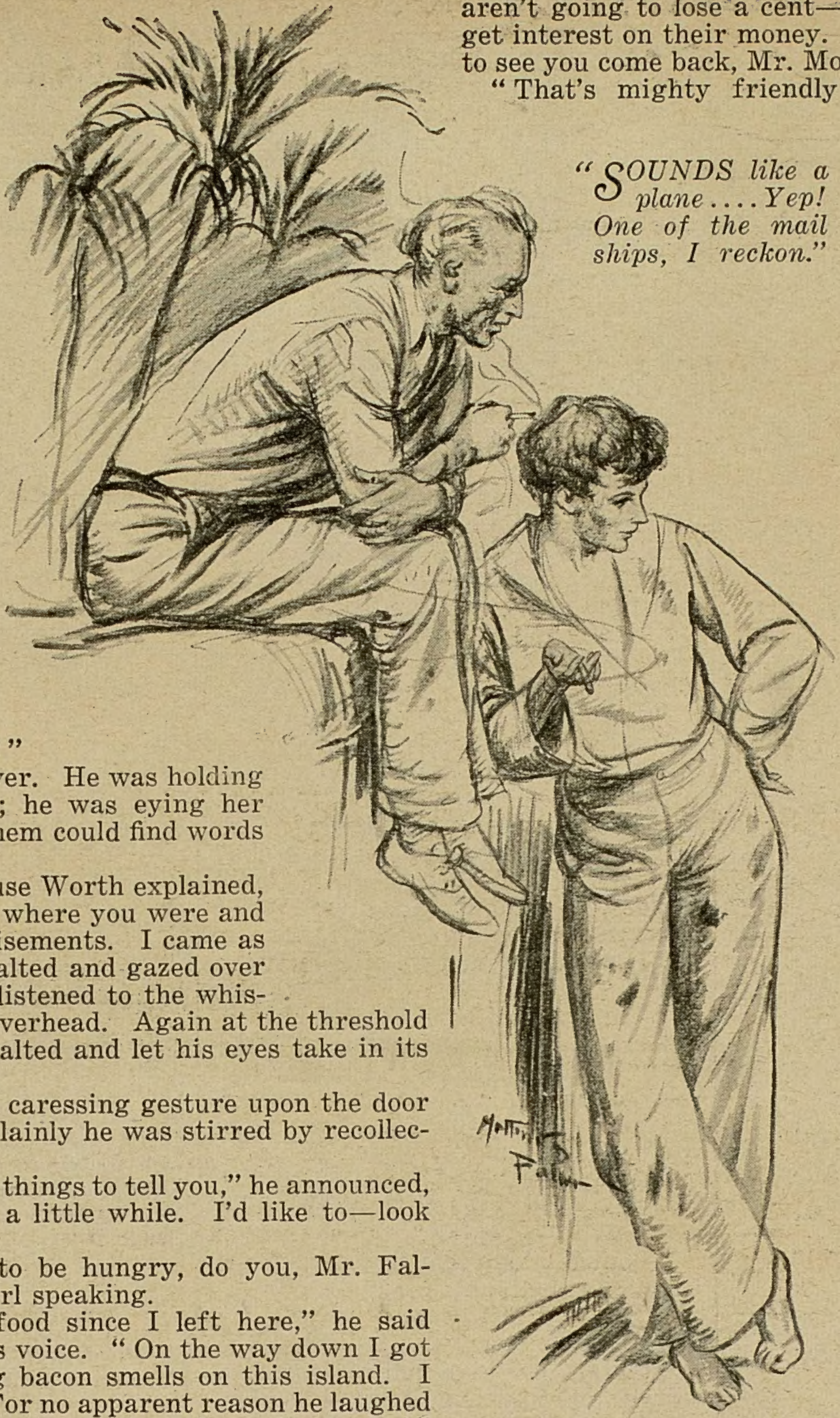
"I see the Joy liners from Bimini still put in here."

"Every few nights. I keep a drum of gas on the dock as usual. But it's a new crowd of boys. The old ones are all retired and in business."

The men clinked their glasses and drank.

. . . . .

"Now, then, let's talk," Worth said when he had polished his plate and drained his second cup. "I want you to listen, Florida, and help me. If you do I'll dry the dishes. . . . I was in Claiborne yesterday. The Merchants and Growers has opened again and the depositors aren't going to lose a cent—as a matter of fact, they'll get interest on their money. Everybody up there wants to see you come back, Mr. Morgan."



"SOUNDS like a plane.... Yep! One of the mail ships, I reckon."

"That's mighty friendly of them. They're good neighbors."

"They'd like to see somebody they know in the bank, our crowd being strangers to them. We need a strong local man like you as vice president."

Morgan spoke with an effort. "I made a bad failure of that job. I'm no banker."

"They don't care about that and we have enough hired men who *are* bankers. You see, it's really a branch of our Jacksonville institution—part of our southern chain. What we need is a man whom the people of Claiborne know and like and in whose integrity they have implicit confidence."

ABRUPTLY Morgan rose and walked out upon the porch. With blurred eyes he stared through the grove.

"He'll go," Florida promised. "He'll go, to vindicate himself." She laid her small brown hand upon Wilmer's and pressed it. He lifted it to his lips. After a while he said, "You understand, now, why I came so—soon after what happened. I mustn't see you again for a while."

"No. Not for a long, long time."

"I'm quite sure now that this is just what Wanda had in mind—what she wanted."

"I wish I knew."

"I'm very certain."

By and by they rose and went out through the palm grove. Together they walked slowly down the beach where the wavelets broke with subdued whisperings. They had little to say and when they spoke it was about the sea, or the sky, or the darting schools of minnows.

Henry Morgan heard the Falcon's motor start an hour before sunset.

He listened while it gathered speed, and finally went roaring away, but he did not go down to the landing to say good-by.

It was just as well that he did not obtrude himself, for Wilmer Worth would have scarcely noticed him, his eyes being focused upon the boyish figure that stood at the water's edge.

Long after the last faint sound had died away Florida stood with her shining face to the sky. Not until the plane had dwindled to a speck and disappeared did she turn to the house.

Later, as she washed and dried the dishes, her father heard her singing softly.

THE END

You'll be fascinated by
Agatha Christie's
new mystery serial
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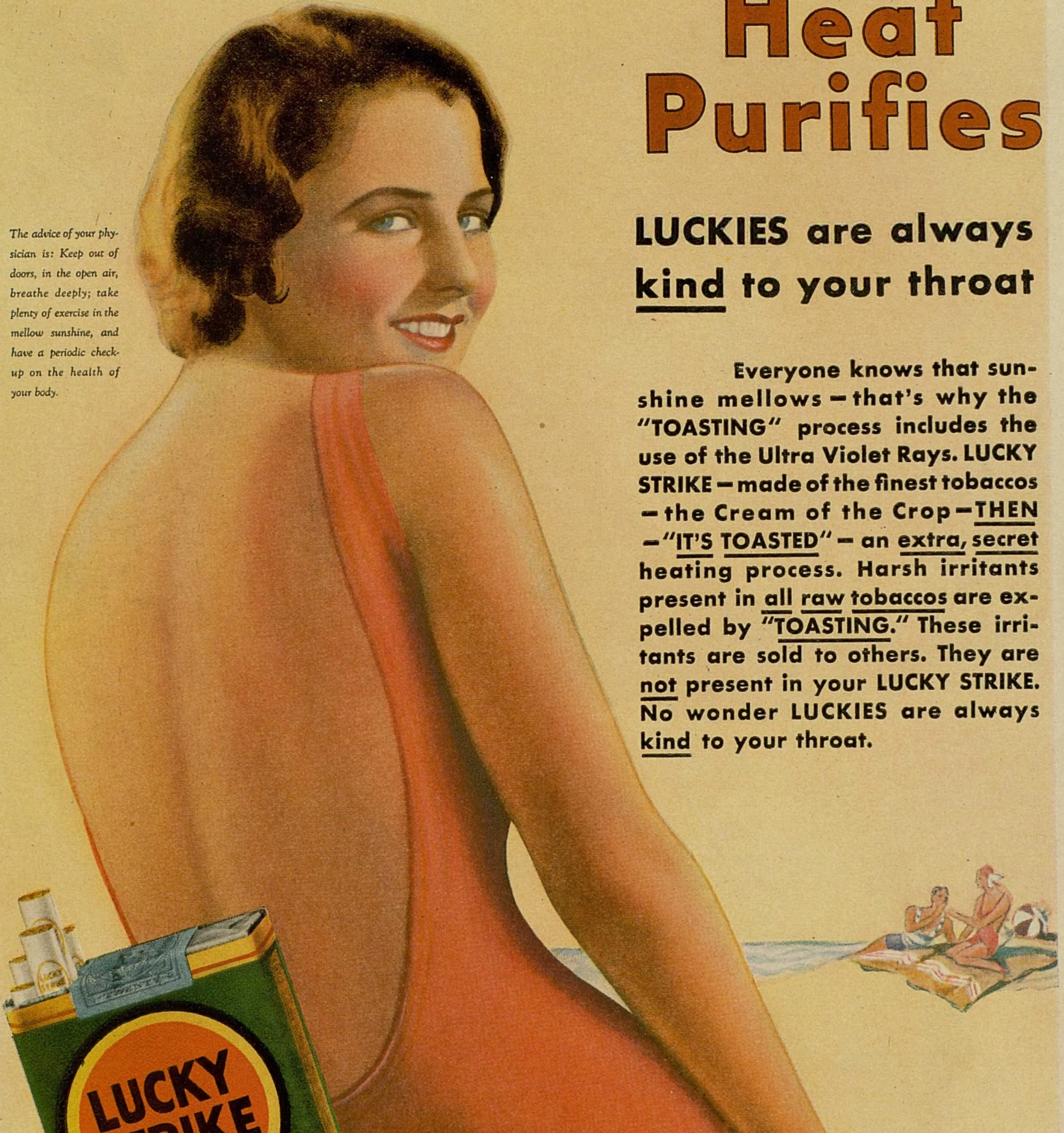
Everyone knows that sunshine mellows – that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE – made of the finest tobaccos – the Cream of the Crop – THEN – "IT'S TOASTED" – an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.



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